

May 1935

15 Cents

DELICATEATOR



He: It's the look in your eyes. What is it?

*She: Don't be silly. I'm thinking of the new
novel by Margaret Langster in this issue.*

He: Be practical. Study the food pages, too.



Everybody's
hungry for

CRISPNESS

You don't need bird-songs or budding leaves to tell you it's spring. There's a craving for crisp, tempting foods that comes at this season—your appetite tells you it's time to *change to crispness!*

Why not leave the monotony of heavy winter meals behind? Enjoy the delicious crispness of Kellogg's Corn Flakes. For breakfast tomorrow give your family this springtime thrill. Fill the bowls with crunchy golden flakes of corn and red-ripe strawberries. Pour on milk or cream. Then taste that matchless Kellogg flavor! See how much keener, fitter everybody

feels after such a meal. Kellogg's Corn Flakes are nourishing. Rich in energy and easy to digest. Splendid for lunch or the children's supper. Ready to serve.

Remember, when you buy

There's just one reason why Kellogg's Corn Flakes lead the world in sales. *Outstanding value!* No imitation can equal their delicious flavor. No other corn flakes have that extra Kellogg crispness, kept oven-fresh by the patented WAXTITE inner bag.

And no other corn flakes are made in the great, spotless Kellogg factory in Battle Creek, where quality and purity have been guaranteed for 29 years.

Don't accept substitutes. Insist on Kellogg's, in the red-and-green package, and give your family the *best*.

Kellogg's FOR CRISPNESS

"Only in Kotex can you find these 3 satisfying comforts"

CAN'T CHAFE... CAN'T FAIL... CAN'T SHOW

"Three exclusive features solve three important problems every woman faces. I explain them to you here because there is no other place for you to learn about them."

Mary Pauline Callender

Author of
"Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"



CAN'T CHAFE...

To prevent all chafing and all irritation, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton. That means lasting comfort and freedom every minute Kotex is worn. But, mind you, sides *only* are cushioned . . . the center surface is left free to absorb.



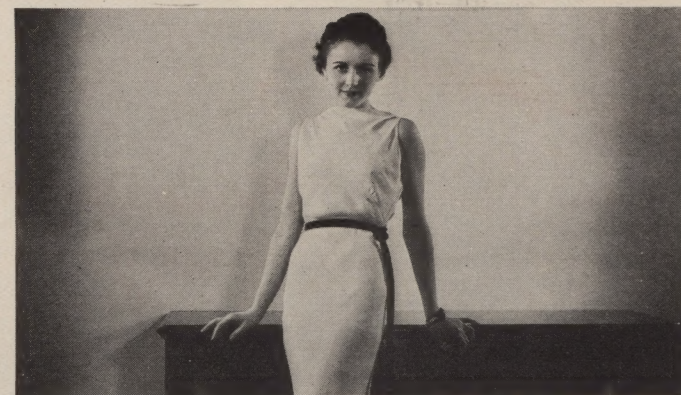
CAN'T FAIL....

There is a special center layer in the heart of the pad. It has channels that guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad—thus avoids accidents. And this special center gives "body" but not bulk to the pad in use . . . makes Kotex keep adjusting itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually *5 times* more absorbent than cotton.



CAN'T SHOW...

Now you can wear what you will without lines ever showing. Why? Kotex ends are not merely rounded as in ordinary pads, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility always. No "give away" lines or wrinkles . . . and that makes for added assurance that results in peace of mind and poise.



● I've always felt that the real facts on this intimate subject were withheld from women. So here I present information every woman should know.

I realize that most sanitary napkins look pretty much alike. Yet they aren't alike either in the way they're made or in the results they give. For only genuine Kotex offers the 3 exclusive advantages I explain on this page — the 3 features that bring you women the comfort and safety you seek.

And did you ever look at it this way? With

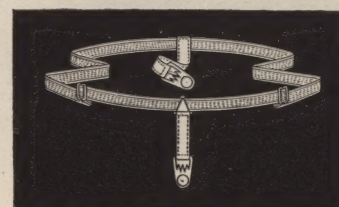
Kotex now costing so little and giving so much, there's really no economy in buying any other kind.

5 times as absorbent

Did you know this? The Kotex absorbent cellulocotton (not cotton) is 5 times as absorbent as cotton. It is the identical absorbent used in the majority of our leading hospitals.

If you require extra protection you will find Super Kotex ideal. For emergency, Kotex is in West Cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

NEW ADJUSTABLE BELT REQUIRES NO PINS!



No wonder thousands are buying this truly remarkable Kotex sanitary belt! It's conveniently narrow . . . easily adjustable to fit the figure. And the patented clasp does away with pins entirely. You'll be pleased with the comfort . . . and the low price.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

Try the New Deodorant Powder Discovery . . . QUEST, for Personal Daintiness. Available wherever Kotex is sold. Sponsored by the makers of Kotex



Wanda Gág who both writes and illustrates her children's stories. See the "Cry Away Bird"



Delineator Personalities for May, 1935

Allan Lane once acted in the movies. Decided to take pictures himself. Does the photographs that illustrate stories in Delineator. An innovation and darn good too. Below is Mildred Maddocks Bentley, director of Delineator Institute, who is preparing some new and delicious recipe for you



Helena Huntington Smith is snapped in Washington, getting material for her lively story about the White House in action

A WHOLE flock of new writers—new for us—in this issue. Five of them. That's the idea and part of our plan. In presenting this revived and livelier DELINEATOR to you, we want to fill it with new ideas, fresh features, everything briefer and, we hope, brighter. And new personalities are a necessary element.

But don't for a moment think we are going to abandon all our old favorites. There's Margaret Sangster, for instance, whose first serial for DELINEATOR, "Surgical Call," begins in this number. Her first serial—but many's the short story and poem Miss Sangster has written for us.

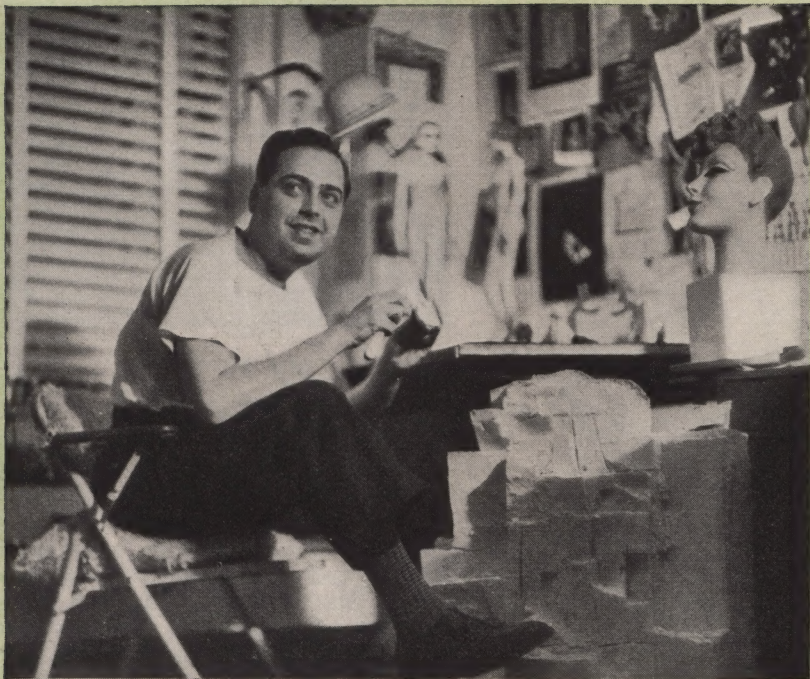
Margaret Sangster is sometimes confused with her grandmother. Naturally—for her name was Margaret Sangster too. And in her day, she also was famous as a writer and an editor. Occasionally a letter comes into our office which says in effect: "Isn't Margaret Sangster wonderful? I've been reading things by her for the last fifty years. But how does she keep it up?" Very annoying to the present Margaret.

Margaret Sangster is also confused at times with Margaret Sanger of birth control fame and sometimes receives letters intended for the latter. Very embarrassing, that. One summer when Miss Sangster was doing a lot of traveling from place to place, a letter followed her and did not succeed in catching up with her for months. When she opened and read it she realized it was not for her but for Miss Sanger. She immediately wrote the woman, explained the delay, told her where to address Miss Sanger. A few days later Miss Sangster had a resigned reply. "Thank you but it's too late anyway," wrote the woman.

Note: The girl on the cover wears a dress from Jo Copeland, fur from Bonwit Teller, coiffure by Dumas, jewels from Trifare.

The big news for June is the beginning of "Edna, His Wife," a new novel by Margaret Ayer Barnes.—OSCAR GRAEVE, Editor.





Every once in a while Procter and Gamble send Lester Gaba two one-ton cakes of soap which he models into beautiful sculpture. He made the lady at the dressing table on page 21. Made her in soap, then dressed her. It's a strange world. At right, Margaret Sangster with her cat, Mittie



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Good friends



Missy



Tommy and Rabbit



Mr. Mac (right)



Files and finds it

The President Never Rings Twice

THE WHITE HOUSE IN ACTION

A SHORT time ago a visitor to Washington, not a particularly important visitor, had occasion to telephone the White House several times on a matter of business, and was put through to Stephen Early, one of the four Presidential secretaries. Some weeks later the same visitor was in Washington again, and again called the White House. The feminine voice on the other end of the wire informed him that Mr. Early was busy, but would call back in a few minutes.

"You stay at the X Hotel, don't you?" she inquired. Somewhat flabbergasted, the visitor admitted that he did, and is still wondering how the young woman remembered it.

There was nothing accidental about this feat. It was a part of the velvet-gloved technique by which the White House staff manages to make every caller feel that he is a highly important citizen—at the same time that it rigidly guards the privacy of the President. The young woman who remembered was Wilma Meredith. She is small and blond, and she is big news in her home town of Eureka Springs, Arkansas, where the local paper makes a fuss whenever she goes back for a visit.

That is only natural, because she is the secretary of Stephen Early, who handles White House press relations, and every once in a while she is called in to take the President's dictation. She is one of seven or eight specially picked young women with demon memories and unflinching poise, who do their work a couple of rooms away from the President.

Another characteristic of the White House office workers is their air of friendliness. The principal industrialist of Peoria may have, and frequently does have, a secretary so haughty that the visitor crawls in, feeling like a human worm. But in Washington, as a rule, you will find that the high-powered secretaries of high-powered people are elaborately approachable. They are so smooth that half the time the innocent victim is eased happily out of the office, without knowing that they have been smooth at all.

The star example of this facility is Marguerite LeHand, the President's personal secretary—known to him and to all Roosevelt intimates as "Missy," because that was the nickname given her by daughter Anna Roosevelt years ago. The nation's First Private Secretary is amiable, accessible, always willing to be interviewed—and never tells much of anything. She is definitely feminine, wears, at a guess, a size sixteen, is

tall and slim-waisted, prematurely gray-haired, and good-looking. In person she appears about ten years younger than in most of her published photographs, but is resigned to what the camera does to her, and never objects to trying again.

She sits in a small, bare room next to the President's stately office, where a buzzer can summon her at any time. She keeps his checkbooks, and handles a small percentage of his five or six thousand daily letters, which are sorted in the big mail rooms outside. She shows him about fifty letters a day.

While not exactly a gossip, she doesn't mind admitting that the President has a vast fondness for quips and jests, and likes to tease his subordinates. At the end of the day she and the other three secretaries—Messrs. Howe, Early and MacIntyre—gather in his office while he signs letters. This is a light-minded occasion. If "Steve" has had trouble with his golf game, the President rubs it in. If a newspaper wit has taken a crack at the sartorial oddities of Louis Howe, who wears four-inch collars and inclines to bagginess, that comes up too.

In the words of Miss LeHand: "We're all very foolish and badly behaved."

She is an attractive and socially inclined person, and could go out a great deal, but doesn't, because the White House takes so much of her time. She lives there practically as a member of the family. Sometimes she rides with Mrs. Roosevelt in the morning; sometimes she swims with the President in the late afternoon, in the White House pool. During the First Lady's frequent absences she acts as a substitute hostess to the unending stream of semi-official visitors, presiding at the dinner table in Mrs. Roosevelt's place. She is, herself, a frequent guest at official dinners.

No influence of family or anything else is responsible for her very special position; she was a graduate of a business course at the Sommerville, Massachusetts, high school, and she has done the rest herself. Her only near relative is a sister living in Sommerville.

She has been with the Roosevelts for fourteen years—which means that she went with them through the ordeal of his terrible illness. She began as a stenographer at campaign headquarters when he ran for Vice-President in 1920.

Off the record she calls President Roosevelt "F. D."; calls Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau "Henry"—very naturally, since she has known him for years.



Hollywood face

She deplores mention of these familiarities, because she thinks they sound undignified.

Often she is up until eleven and twelve at night, working with the President in the famous oval study on the second floor of the White House. Perhaps at some of these sessions the President is tired and shows it; perhaps he lets loose uncensored cracks at the great and the near-great. But whatever he says and does, posterity will never know, because Miss LeHand has no intention of writing her memoirs.

"I never make a note," she says.

Except in the evenings, she rarely takes his dictation. Most of this work is distributed among several young women of the staff. Grace Tully, whom the President brought down from Albany, is his principal stenographer. He usually dictates to her for about an hour in the afternoon. Her sister, Paula Tully, who is dark and has Irish eyes, clips newspapers for his big scrapbooks, and when Miss LeHand is out of the office she sits in to answer his buzzer. Grace and Paula have their desks together in a big room next to Miss LeHand's.

When there is a rush—and there is often a rush—other girls are called in. Dorothy Jones took all of the dictation for his book, "On Our Way," and has done other work for him besides. She has dark hair and a Hollywood face. Wilma Meredith is another to whom he gives dictation at times, and a fourth is red-haired Roberta Barrows from Mr. MacIntyre's office—he is "Mr. Mac" to the women secretaries. Prudence Shannon doesn't work for the President directly, but she can remember six weeks later the name of the man who wrote that letter about the security plan, and can whip the answer out of the files.

They come to work at nine, and the hour at which they get away depends on the President and his return to "the House"—the White House proper, as distinguished from the long, low wing which contains the offices. Often the secretaries are kept busy until seven. When the work is heavy—at the opening or closing of Congress, or when the huge tide of letters rolls in after a radio speech—they sometimes stay until nine.

Don't they object to the long hours?

"Oh, no!" comes the answer in chorus.

"But what about the boy friends?" persisted one inquirer. "I suppose they just make the best of it."

"They have to," said the chorus.

These secretaries light cigarettes when they feel so inclined. Nobody around the White House offices is stiff or supercilious; nobody seems overawed. Part of the credit for their easy courtesy must go to certain officers on the permanent staff, who carry on White House traditions from administration to administration. But much of it is an emanation of the Roosevelt personality.

When a new secretary is coming to take dictation Miss LeHand will telephone in ahead, and the President greets her by name. As soon as he comes to know her they progress to "Hello, Wilma," or "Good morning, Dorothy." When Paula Tully (Turn to page 73)



Franklin D. Roosevelt, caught by Delineator's candid camera. Marguerite LeHand, personal secretary, is with him. Of his five thousand daily letters, she shows him fifty

Big News in Eureka Springs



The Tully Sisters



by
Helen Huntington Smith



FOR YOUR OWN
CONVENIENCE
REMEMBER THESE
4 STYLES OF PACK



TIPS—Tender, succulent—carefully graded both for size and color. Ideal for "company" salads and cocktails. In No. 1 Square cans.



PICNIC TIPS—Tips slightly longer, graded for size but not for color. Especially fine for salads or made-up dishes. In "Picnic" size cans.



EARLY GARDEN—An "economy" pack—DEL MONTE flavor and quality—but selected sizes, packed together. In No. 2 Tall cans.



ALL GREEN—A new style pack—spears fresh green in color throughout—unusually delicate and tender. In No. 2 Tall and "Picnic" cans.

Isn't this a tasty dish
to set before the King?



Especially, *Milady*, when it's asparagus grown
and packed *by Del Monte*
. to bring you finer, fresher flavor



A few tender DEL MONTE Tips,
deftly laid in cool, crisp lettuce

—or plump DEL MONTE Spears,
piping hot with your favorite sauce

—and Madam, you've a dish
that's guaranteed to make a hungry
fellow out of *any* king—or any hus-
band, either!

But may we remind you—in a

delicacy like asparagus, *quality* and
flavor mean everything to enjoyment.

And when it comes to quality—
or flavor—is there really any surer,
more dependable guide than this
same familiar DEL MONTE label?

Why accept less — when this
brand you *know* so well, is so reason-
able in price?

Remember DEL MONTE Ortho-Cut Coffee, too. Rich,
full-bodied—a flavor to tempt the most exacting husband.

This Is You

PORTRAIT OF A LADY WHO LIKES HER DELINEATOR

*S*HE is young or, if not young in years, young in mind. Mentally alert. Eager to know all that is exciting and new in this changing American world of today.

She is liberal-minded too. With a sense of humor, a twinkle in her eye, a broad tolerance for the foibles and follies, as well as a respect for the aspirations and the ideals, of current American life.

She likes good fiction but she prefers stories that have something to say, dealing with the present problems that we must all face, revealing those problems, interpreting them and sometimes, if only rarely, helping just a bit to solve them. And also she likes the work of the younger writers with their fresh, unhackneyed observation, their clear-eyed and frank appraisal of what is going on.

Running her home is a serious and yet a zestful task with her. She wants to know all the new appliances and gadgets that mean short-cuts in saving time and labor. And as to the food she prepares herself, or has prepared for her, here, too, she wants to know the unusual recipes that break the routine of the safe-and-sane, steady-and-tested dishes of the everyday menu.

Especially when she entertains her friends she wishes to know some amusing new things to serve—and how to serve them simply but with unquestionable good taste.

Just so, in bringing up her children, she requires the latest and most scientific methods of child training. Good behavior in children and correct development of character depend so much in knowing exactly how to handle children in those small crises that are constantly recurring in every home.

And she wants to know the newest ideas in interior decoration, in gardening, in many, many things, while she welcomes suggestions for the trip she plans to take sooner or later.

And of course, and almost most important, she wants lots and lots of information about fashions and the clothes she can make herself or for the children or have made for them.

Summing up, that is who she is! A portrait of the lady—of *you!*—for whom this bigger and brighter DELINEATOR is planned in its every vivid detail.





MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

An Old Plantation
SPECIAL

The Merry Month of Menus

MR. AND MRS. YOUNG WRIGHT SERVE THESE FOOD FAVORITES

MRS. YOUNG WRIGHT covets leisure and she wins it by her careful menu-planning. Rightly she capitalizes her family's enthusiasm on these sunny spring Sundays by serving their special favorites. Her skilful meals are doubly appreciated because Mr. Young Wright need not catch the 8:10 or the children hurry to school.

Alert to good value, Anne Wright markets on Friday in uncrowded shops that allow discriminating selection. Most of the food preparation and much of the cooking can be finished on Saturday. Her meals are planned generously, so that guests may be urged to join the family good-fellowship. Extra covers on the table, additional eggs in the supper omelette and more lettuce in her prized salad bowl are the only changes from the family routine.

Despite a flexible Sunday rising hour, breakfast is assembled quickly and easily. John, her young son, aids by putting the bowl of fruit, the chilled unsweetened pineapple, orange or tomato juice on the table. Little Judy proudly offers an assortment of ready-prepared and hot cereals. The main breakfast course varies. One favorite is tiny codfish balls, bacon curls, thin slices of tomato and hot pecan rolls. All of these can be prepared on Saturday and you will see them on page 10. Fragrant coffee for the grown-ups and milk for the children are the start of a perfect day.

The codfish balls are made on Saturday, ready to drop in deep fat on Sunday morning. It's easy to cut codfish with a pair of scissors, and the whipped fish mixture is improved by adding three strips of minced crisped bacon. First simmer together two cups of potato and one of codfish; drain, mash, add an egg, beat vigorously and add the bacon. Roll in balls or drop by spoonfuls in deep fat heated to 375° F. A spring-like accessory is slices of tomato covered with a French dressing, chilled in the refrigerator overnight and sprinkled with minced parsley at breakfast.

Saturday's tradition is carried on in the Wright house by baking pecan rolls which can be reheated for Sunday if they are carefully hidden from the inquisitive youngsters. Make them by scalding one cup of milk, cooling to lukewarm and adding a crumbled yeast cake, one-quarter cup of sugar, one-half teaspoon of salt, and one and one-half cups of flour. Beat well, cover and let rise till double in bulk. Then add one-quarter cup of melted butter or other shortening, one teaspoon each of lemon juice and minced lemon peel, and about two cups of flour. Beat by lifting toward the sides of the bowl until the dough blisters. Cover and let rise again till it doubles in bulk. Cut down but do not knead. Roll in a thin oblong on a lightly floured board and spread with one tablespoon shortening, one-third cup raisins or currants, two tablespoons chopped pecans, and two tablespoons of sugar blended with one-quarter teaspoon of cinnamon. Roll up like a jelly roll, cut in twelve pieces and stand cut side down in muffin rings filled with a tablespoon of shortening, three pecans and a tablespoon of brown sugar. Let the rolls rise till light and bake twenty minutes or till the bottoms are brown,

in a hot oven (400° F.). Remove by inverting the pan.

After breakfast the prepared Plantation Ham cooks without attention if baked slowly in an uncovered pan. This delicious version of ham is a legacy from early Maryland kitchens, where every spring the Mammy would honeycomb a ham with small holes made by a steel. These openings were filled with mixed mustard greens, chives, leek, spinach and parsley. Nowadays, it's easier to have the butcher bone your ham and stuff this space with a mixture of two cups of chopped spinach, one-third cup minced parsley, the same of young green onions, and one-half teaspoon each of mustard and celery seed. This can be done on Saturday for Sunday cooking. Bake the stuffed ham in a slow oven (300° F.) till tender; allow twenty minutes to the pound. Then cut off the rind, score the fat and pat in one-half cup of crumbs mixed with one-quarter cup of the mixed greens. Bake an additional half hour in a hot oven (375° F.). This ham slices well when cold.

Emphasize the color of springtime, by serving the same mixture of greens for a vegetable. Cooking them by the butter-boil method retains every bit of their

flavor and food value. It's so easy too! Just put one tablespoon of butter to each pound of vegetables in a heavy cooking utensil. Rinse the vegetables, do not drain, and put in the cold pot. Then top closely with a dripping wet sheet of cellophane or cooking parchment, cover with a tight-fitting lid and cook over the lowest possible heat till tender. Season the cooked vegetables and serve.

A favorite vegetable combination of Mr. Young Wright is a pound of green beans, a shredded green and a shredded red sweet pepper. Cook them together in the same manner.

When the family's meat is Liver Rouen, the vegetables are cooked with the meat. For it, marinate one pound and a half of calf's liver by covering it with white wine, a dozen peppercorns, a pinch of thyme, two small sliced onions and half a bay leaf. After two or more hours, wipe the liver dry, and brown in seasoned shortening. Prepare the latter by simmering in four tablespoons of shortening for five minutes, one-half cup carrot circles, one-quarter cup minced green pepper, one and one-half cups spring onions, the same of sliced

MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE





MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

radishes, and one small clove garlic. Remove the vegetables, brown the liver, sprinkle with one tablespoon flour, surround with the vegetables. Add three-quarters cup white wine, two tablespoons minced parsley, and salt and pepper to taste. Cook slowly in a heavy pot till tender, about forty minutes. The wine may be omitted by marinating the liver in water with a half lemon and cooking with meat stock.

With it, steamed rice or a rice spoon bread are Anne Wright's choice. To make the latter, scald four cups of milk and pour on one cup of cornmeal. Add one-half cup cooked rice, four well-beaten eggs, three tablespoons shortening, one teaspoon baking powder and one teaspoon salt. Beat thoroughly and bake in a well-greased baking dish for fifty minutes in a moderate oven (350° F.). Serve from the same dish.

Just note John's beaming eyes, if you wish to gauge the flavor of his Sunday dessert, Day and Night. It's a Saturday-prepared custard made by melting one-quarter cup of sugar in a heavy frying pan. When a rich caramel color, pour it in a well-buttered flat-based mold. When hardened, pour on it a cooled mixture made from two cups of scalded milk, two egg yolks, two whole eggs, one-half cup of sugar, one-half teaspoon vanilla and a pinch of salt. Stand the mold in a pan of hot water and bake until firm in a slow oven. When cool, or on the following day, invert and serve with a rich chocolate sauce.

Another simple dessert approved by the Wright children is made by blending one can of sweetened condensed milk, one cup of graham cracker crumbs,

one-quarter cup lemon juice and two well-beaten eggs. Fold in a cup of sliced strawberries, place in sherbet glasses, sprinkle with cracker crumbs and chill. Garnish with one large strawberry and a little whipped cream.

Though these desserts are self-sufficient, a Perfection Nut Cake complements them delightfully. This delicate cake is made by creaming one-half cup of shortening with one and one-half cups of sugar. Sift together two cups of pastry flour, one teaspoon of baking soda, and one teaspoon cream of tartar. Add a little of this flour, then alternately three-quarters cup milk and the remaining flour. Fold in four egg whites beaten stiff but not dry, one cup chopped walnut meats and one-half teaspoon each of vanilla and almond extract. Bake in two nine-inch layer cake pans for forty minutes at 350° F. Frost with seven-minute icing.

When Anne Wright serves this cake, she often buys commercial ice cream rolls and tops each service with a hot peach half. Heat a can of peaches, adding four tablespoons of finely minced chutney to each two cups of syrup and extra sugar if the syrup is very light.

When the Wrights have enjoyed a late Sunday dinner, a bowl of mixed salad greens is the main course at supper time. With it Mr. Young Wright likes a little of their homemade pâté that he says proves his wife is a born cook. It's not difficult or costly. For it, cover one and one-half pounds of calf's liver (after removing the skin and gristle) with a marinade made from one cup ordinary white wine, one small onion, six peppercorns and half a bay leaf. In the morning discard the mari-

A breakfast of codfish balls and bacon curls begins the perfect day when accompanied by homemade pecan rolls and chilled tomato slices



Their Sunday Best

nade. Cut one-half pound of fresh pork (order pork-back fat), one-third pound of salt pork and the liver in pieces and add one very small onion and half a bay leaf. Simmer in a double boiler over a very low fire for one and one-half to two hours. Put the meat through a food chopper and then press through a very fine sieve. Add enough of the liquid to make this pâté the consistency of mashed potato. To the smooth purée add two tablespoons white wine, three-quarters teaspoon salt, two tablespoons cognac, three dashes tabasco sauce and one-half teaspoon lemon juice. It may be chilled and served. But it is improved by adding three minced truffles and cooking another hour in a bowl lined with very thin slices of fresh pork fat. When cooked press with a spoon and discard all liquid fat. Chill the pâté before serving.

For a heartier supper two Wright favorites are Ham and Chicken Aspic and Crab Omelette. The former is made in advance and the latter is prepared quickly.

The aspic is made by dissolving a package of prepared aspic according to the manufacturer's directions. Then rinse an oblong baking pan with cold water and cover with a very thin layer of the liquid aspic. Chill and garnish with hard-cooked eggs, lemon slices, olives or pimientoes. Dip each piece in liquid aspic so that it will adhere to the hardened base. Add a little more aspic and chill. When set, add one and one-half cups cooked chicken, sliced or diced, and the remaining aspic. While this firms, prepare a second package of aspic, using tomato juice for the liquid. Pour this and one and a



MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

The pleasant contrast of golden brown caramel and creamy custard delights eyes and palate. Smiles of eager anticipation suggest that this dessert is a favorite with all the Wrights. Jellied chicken-and-ham loaf (below) is perfect for Sunday supper. Made a day in advance, it is ready for those unexpected but welcome guests who have a habit of dropping in on the Wrights just before supper time



half cups of minced cooked ham on the firm chicken aspic. Chill for two hours until well set. The aspic may be made a day in advance if you increase the water by a quarter cup to each package of prepared aspic.

Crabmeat Omelette—prize recipe of a prominent Swedish-American—is a standard omelette with the following filling: Blend two tablespoons of butter, two tablespoons of flour, one cup of evaporated milk, one teaspoon of caraway seeds, one-half teaspoon of salt and pepper to taste. Cook five minutes, then strain and add to the liquid a small can of crabmeat. A spray of dill may be substituted for the caraway seeds.

After serving this omelette, the children voice hearty approval of a colorful gelatin dessert. Simply prepare one package of raspberry-flavored gelatin, add two sliced bananas and six marshmallows, cut in pieces. Pour in a mold rinsed in cold water, and chill. A package of lemon-flavored gelatin is prepared according to the manufacturer's directions and when partly set, whip and fold in two stiffly beaten egg whites and pour on the firmed raspberry combination. Chill and unmold when well set. With it serve Scottish fancies.

DELINEATOR'S Hostess Editor selected the silver, glass, and china for these pages. The 3-dish service for meat and vegetables (*Arcadia*), 1847 Rogers Bros. Service for breakfast setting, Deruta pottery (*Maggiolino*, spring flowers on yellow background), Carbone, Inc. Linens for breakfast and dinner settings, Fallani and Cohn. Silver platter for aspic, B. Altman.

Song for Spring



PARAMOUNT

*May is so lovely that I often think
If I but could I would make fast forever
The perfume clouds of white and fairy pink
Upon the hidden branches, turning never
Toward the autumn, toward the fruit-hung tree.
But even as these blossom-years I cherish
Will shortly make way for maturity,
So May must bloom her little hour, and perish.*

*And it will be for God and trees to grow
Fruit ripening to excellence and beauty,
Just as, when my beloved Spring shall go,
This will become my privilege and duty:
To fashion carefully, surely, in its place
A generous spirit, and deep inward grace.*

*by
Elaine V. Emans*

A Ship Comes In

by

GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN

IT WAS a bathing-suit as blue as the sea, a bright, bright blue. It was a brief bathing suit. Above it, tendrils of gray hair blew from a tight rubber cap. Grandma Spain, at seventy, was as straight as an arrow.

A window went up in the long house that stood among the rustling roses.

"Grandma oughtn't to wear that thing," said the girl at the window. She was tall and blond with fiery red cheeks and eyes that glistened now blue, now green.

"Don't make such a fuss, Doris," her sister told her softly. "Grandma spent more than an hour buying it."

"It makes her look so silly!" protested Doris.

"But it doesn't," said Mary Spain. She was an absurdly small girl, absurdly tiny, absurdly brown. In a brown shirt and sailor trousers, she seemed like an infinitely merry small boy.

"Mary Spain," said Doris pityingly, "you'll never grow up!"

"Never!" called Mary Spain and ran out on the lawn.

It was so long a lawn that it ran from twisting street to sharp cliff edge, and the house, added to, improved, enlarged a dozen times, ran with it. It was the only house on the cliff that was lived in, season in, season out.

The Spains had lived here since their fortunes had failed and Grandma had sold the old Spain house at the other end of the Island. And here Grandma had surveyed the ways of the summer women and found them good. That was why she wore the bathing-suit.

She was shamelessly sprawled in the sun now. "Needn't tell me," she said. "This rig shocks Doris."

"Well, she doesn't like it much," Mary said.

"She's afraid of what people will say," said Grandma Spain. "Wants to fix me up in a lace cap and mitts. Won't do it. The Spains don't."

She stared at a tanker's smoke against the sky. "About time for Bill," she droned. "About time for Bill to propose, I think. He'll look funny when he does."

Mary lazed contentedly in the soft wind and sun. "How'd Grandpa do it?" she asked.

"He never did it properly," said Grandma Spain. "What he said was, 'I've only a sixth share in the ship. That's not much.' And I said, 'It's enough.'"

Mary knew the rest of the story. After Grandma Spain was married and her husband had gone to sea.

Three days of wind, three days of fog, three days of storm . . . all long, long ago.

Then the knocker going like mad on the broad front door, voices in the mist, and the mist beating down on

Grandma Spain's bonnet and shawl as she ran blindly toward the sea. Limp black figures waiting for a ship, and the fog before them like a gray wall. And Grandma Spain with her back against a bollard, her young face set smooth as milk, and only her heels tap-tapping against the planks and her heart a steady thunder within her.

Through the fog then, an old Spanish bell in one of the Island churches had begun to toll and the black bowsprit of a ship showed in the mist.

Mary could hear the bell too, could hear it pealing triumphantly as lights blazed through the gray smother, and Grandma Spain went swinging up the street with her shoulder against a seaman's rough blue coat.

"Mary! Mary!" Doris was shouting from the doorstep. "Bill's here!"

It was all over, it was all gone, all the tall ships and tarry seamen, all the Island's golden glory. Island girls no longer watched and waited, and Island men were all like Bill.

He stood now beside his motor car, fussing because the seconds were spinning out in the sun. He stood there, thick set, with a square face and his hair brushed back into black smoothness.

Doris stood beside him, and Mary noticed that all the glint of green had left her eyes. They were soft blue now.

"We ought to hurry," said Bill. "I want you to look at a spot for a house."

He stared disapprovingly at Mary's wide trousers. "Then there's no time to change," said Mary quickly and climbed into the car.

Behind them, the white pillar of the lighthouse dwindled and the sea's roar dimmed. Hedges went by and odd little houses, half hidden in roses.

One of them was white with blue blinds.

"That's cunning," said Mary.

"But it won't rent," Bill told her. "Too far from the water."

She wondered if he thought of the whole Island in terms of houses that would or wouldn't rent. She wondered if the sea meant to him only an added attraction for summer visitors. She supposed it did, for he sold real estate.

She had known him now for three years and each year he had come more often to loiter on the long, narrow verandah. It was appallingly evident that he would soon ask her to marry him.

If she did, they would live on the Island in the summer and sell real estate. They would live near New York in the winter and sell real estate. And soon enough Bill would be thoroughly successful.

It was silly, she knew, sometimes to wish that instead of being an exceedingly nice, exceedingly solid young man, he was of a hard-bitten, salt-water breed. There were no men like that left on the Island now.

"I wonder what's the matter with Doris?" Bill was saying. "She acts queer."

"Perhaps it's Grandma," Mary suggested. "That new bathing-suit provokes Doris nearly to death. She's



"She wants to fix me up in a lace cap. Won't do it!" said Grandma. "The Spains don't"

always afraid of what other people are going to say."

"It's a pretty bright bathing-suit for an old lady," Bill agreed. "Well, here it is."

Beside them a green meadow sloped to the grayness of the moors. Dwarf pines stood upon it and there were buttercups. There were no houses on the meadow, but across the road, half a dozen, shamelessly new, stood in a long line.

Mary stretched her arms to the wind and sun. "Wouldn't it be nice," she cried, "if all those houses weren't there?"

"Why?" Bill asked her. "They're well built. I sold two of them, myself."

She had said the wrong thing. She was always saying the wrong things to Bill. She tried again.

"What I was really thinking," she said, "was that the Island was better in the old days, the very old days."

Bill looked puzzled. "What's the matter with it now?" he asked.

She changed the subject. "I should think this was a fine place to build."

"It is pretty," he admitted. "But I don't want to be in too much of a hurry. There are other sites that are

Wind and swirling fog beat on them as they rushed from the house to the car



ILLUSTRATIONS BY GRAFSTROM

A STORY OF AN ISLAND THAT BRED HEARTY MEN AND BOLD

as good. I'll have to think it over. Pays to be safe."

It did pay to be safe, Mary knew, as the motor car went roaring down the moor road. But none of the Spains had been safe, sane people. None of them.

In a moment or two, Bill would ask her to marry him, she thought. She could almost sense his brain considering it. And she wondered what she would say. She had always liked Bill, she had liked him a great deal. But now that a proposal was in prospect, she was listless.

"Gee," said Bill suddenly, "I forgot. I've got to see a man in town. It's really important. I'm awfully sorry."

She should have been indignant, she knew, but she was merely relieved.

"That's all right," she said briskly. "Let me out anywhere."

By chance, he parked his car on Orange Street and she was left staring at the brown squareness of the old Spain house. Summer people owned it now. High above its roof, sun swept the captain's walk, and something told her she should be standing there, watching for some sailor's ship to break that circle of blue sea.

"That's silly," she told herself. "Where'd I get a sailor?"

She wandered up the wide main street with its cobblestones, its constant tide of motor cars, its bright stores of red brick, its green benches set on the sidewalk. Sailors were there certainly—sun-dried men from the seiners and draggers. Most were Portuguese, few were young.

There was a steady tide, too, of bronzed young men in wide white slacks and yachting shirts. And they all looked somewhat alike. Most of them looked a little like Bill.

The sweet wind lured her on past the old red houses, through the crooked streets, till at last she came to the top of a hill where stone gateposts were embellished by long, black tassels of iron.

It should have been a dismal place, but it never was. She paused by a stone that leaned seaward in the long grass, and the inscription was dim through the moss:

"CAPT. LEONIDAS SPAIN. BORN IN NANTUCKET"

He was not there, this Captain Leonidas: he had turned to coral long ago on a southern shoal. And all the captains, whose names were on the stones about him, were as far away. They all slept in strange seas to which their last dark adventures had driven them before the storm.

She still had half an hour to wait for Bill and she drifted down to the long wharf. All about her the town was decaying, the town was dying like the Spains. Now it was only a playground for the summer folk.

There were a crowd of them looking down at a long flight of steps and a white float and she went to stand beside them.

A boy bumped into her and cried, "Excuse me. The plane's coming in!" He was no more than fifteen and

his hair hung down in a long lock over his forehead. She wondered what made him so excited.

"Here she comes!" he called to her as he hurried down the steps. "Sandy's bringing her in! Don't stand up there! You can't see anything."

The boy's excitement must have been infectious for she ran down the steps to the float. Far above the harbor the plane was swooping down like a great red bird. It struck the water in a cloud of spray, it slowed and swung toward the landing.

A young man in shirtsleeves, a white and blue cap on one side of his head, crawled out upon one of the pontoons. He was amazingly young, his face was narrow and ruddy and alive: sunlight struck sparks of gold from his hair.

The boy caught at one of the plane's pontoons and missed. The young man flung a rope's end and shouted at Mary: "Hi, kid! Catch it!"

She caught it expertly, she wound its loop about a post. She was suddenly without a thought in the world save that she must do the young man's bidding.

The young man leaped to the float and pulled open the cabin door.

"Now, sir," he said, "if you'll please step out. Be careful, please. Just a moment, madam."

Then he turned to Mary and his face went red with embarrassment. "I'm sorry," he said jerkily. "When I threw that rope, I thought you were a boy."

Mary smiled up at him. "Well, I caught the rope all right, didn't I?"

The boy, Roger, smiled too. "Pretty good for a girl," he said excitedly. "Say, Sandy! Father's going to let me learn to fly!"

"Fine!" said Sandy and struggled into a gray coat. It was old and worn and spotted, but all the oldness and the spots seemed to make him look even more distinguished. A red-faced man came down the steps, and Sandy said hesitantly:

"On time again, Mr. Sturgis."

Mr. Sturgis scowled. "Well, don't let that swell your head, Hathaway!" he growled unpleasantly.

They left him glaring at the plane, and Roger hissed as they went up the steps, "I'd like to punch his face!"

"Doesn't mean anything by it," said Sandy. He stared curiously at Mary. "Come on over to the yacht club, sister, and I'll buy you a bottle of pop."

Mary grinned. He thought she was a friend of young Roger's. He thought she was about fifteen.

But Roger didn't. He caught at his idol's sleeve. "Sandy!" he cried. "She isn't—you shouldn't—she's a grown-up young lady!"

Sandy's neck was dyed a deep red. He was horribly embarrassed. "I didn't know," he told her uncertainly. "I thought you were only a kid. I beg your pardon."

Mary laughed. "I'm all of nineteen," she said, "and I'm not a bit insulted. But I was invited to go to the yacht club and have a drink. May I?"

Sandy was too embarrassed to do more than nod.

She had a curious sense that, at this moment, as she walked into the gray yacht club, life was quick-

ening, life was hastening like the turn of a boiling tide.

She sat on a tall stool, drinking ginger ale, and Sandy muttered, "I don't suppose this is any way to treat a young lady. You see, I don't know much about girls."

Roger seized her arm. "There's father!" he cried. "Let's go see him."

Roger's father sat facing the sea. He was gray-haired without being old, ruddy without being red-faced. He had little puckers of merriment at the corners of his eyes, as if he found all life amusing.

"Father," said Roger, suddenly becoming very solemn, "this is Miss—Miss——"

"Spain," Mary told him.

"Miss Spain," Roger repeated. "And though she looks very young, she's quite a grown-up young lady, you see."

"I see," said Roger's father. "Sit down, Miss Spain, and talk to me. It'll be a relief from my son's eternal gabble about flying."

He was nice, Mary thought. He made her feel almost at home in this world of mahogany express cruisers and sailboats that were like glittering toys.

"Been here long?" he was asking her.

"I live on the Island," she told him.

"Of course you do," he said. "Spain's an Island name. There's a Captain Leonidas Spain up on the hill, or rather there's a stone to him."

"My grandfather," Mary told him. "My grandmother's still alive. So much alive that she refuses to grow old. We all live together over on the other end of the Island."

Roger's father waved his hand at the yachts and yachtsmen. "All this must seem quite silly and amateurish to an Island girl," he said.

"I don't know," Mary confessed. "I've never been in the club before. I wouldn't be now if Roger hadn't dragged me in."

Roger's father smiled. "Then you haven't my son's fine scorn of it all. He scorns everybody but flying men. And he adores young Sandy. He'll be adoring you before you know it. I hope you won't mind."

"I won't a bit," Mary told him, "and I can see why he likes Sandy."

"Now there's a remarkable young man," said Roger's father easily. "I can see you think so too. He's the youngest pilot on the line and he reminds me of those old portraits you see here on the Island. Boys who went to sea at fourteen——"

Sandy was standing behind them. "I'm glad you're going to let Roger fly, sir," he was saying. "He's so keen on it."

"Wants to be a second edition of you," said Roger's father dryly. "He's a regular hero-worshipper."

A clock chimed somewhere, and Mary leaped to her feet. "I didn't know it was so late," she cried. "I've got to meet someone in town."

Sandy stood hesitant. "Might—might I escort you?" he said a little stiffly, and she nodded.

"Goodbye, Miss Spain," called Roger's father. "I hope that you'll let me come and see your grandmother

*"The youngest pilot on the air line,"
Roger's father had called him. Mary
had a sense that life was quickening*

some day soon. I like to hear the old Island stories."

Her eyes widened as they hurried through the town. She had never seen the streets lie so golden in the sun, the salt wind had never blown so sweet. All about her the old town was neither dead nor decaying: it was alive and stirring.

When they came to Orange Street and the car, Bill was hunched grumpily at the wheel. She could almost see Bill bristle when she introduced Sandy and he said irritably:

"I ought to be over at the other end of the Island now. Wherever have you been?"

The car started with a roar and Mary shouted to Sandy, "When do you fly back?"

"Half an hour," he told her.

The car was moving and she had to shout more loudly still:

"Come over and see us!"

She could not help looking back to see the slim, tall figure striding down the street with its white cap perked over one ear. Sandy looked, she thought, like some ghost of the old golden days going down a street of dream. But Bill didn't. "That kid," he

said bitterly; "they should never trust him with a plane."

"Why, he's one of the best pilots on the line!" Mary flared.

"What if he is," Bill asked savagely. "You can bet you wouldn't catch me being a flier! Where'd he take you?"

"To the yacht club," said Mary indifferently.

"Mary," he said with immense dignity, "You're not the kind of girl to be dazzled by some fool flier. You want——"

A dim drone came to her ears and she sat suddenly erect. "I wonder if that's Sandy's ship!" she said.

She had forgotten entirely that Bill might be about to make a proposal. And he had made none at all when he irritably left her at her rose-twined gate.

Grandma Spain, still in the blue bathing-suit, was watering the lawn. "Well, well," she said wickedly, "was it a nice young man you met?"

Mary hugged her. "You're an old devil!" she cried. "Do you know everything?"

"Most everything," Grandma admitted. "You looked like a sleepy doll when you left: now someone's woken you up. Will I like him?" (Turn to page 58)



Surgical Call



Gregory Wheelock stared at Charity as she lifted the receiver. "What is a surgical call?" he asked. "It sounds grim"

MARGARET SANGSTER BEGINS A NOVEL OF A DOCTOR WHO WAS ALSO A WOMAN

CHARITY said, "I rather guess the rest are mine."

She threw down the four cards that remained in her hand, and laughed.

Charity's partner, Bill Kellogg, said:

"A grand slam, Doc—and you had the nerve to bid it. Let's see, a grand slam, doubled and vulnerable. And seven hundred for the rubber. That makes—" he did some calculation on the back of the score, and mentioned an unbelievable figure. "If I'd been playing with Milly," he gloated, "she wouldn't have bid *game*."

Milly, his wife, pouted. She was small and demure, and she pouted well. She said:

"Honestly, Charity, if I didn't like you so much, I'd loathe you. You're so infernally clever—even at cards—that you show up your friends and turn their husbands against them. Defend me, Greg—" she was appealing to her partner.

Gregory Wheelock, the man who sat opposite Milly and on Charity's left, tossed his cards into the center of the table.

"I haven't a word to say—I was the fool who doubled," he moaned. "If you're as good at the operating table, Dr. Standish, as you are at the bridge table, you can have my appendix any day."

Charity said briefly, "Thanks. But I don't go in for male patients."

Bill chortled. "That's where she shows sense, Greg. Although"—this to Charity—"you'd have a crowded office if you called in the boys. I know—I'm always conscious of a flock of symptoms when I see you. Of course, that's why I don't see you very often; you know very well how Milly is."

Milly said, "Hush your noise, idiot! Don't let him bother you, Charity—he's just a fool."

Charity lifted her lashes and looked at Bill—they were long lashes, and they curled at the tips. A smile flickered in the corner of her mouth. She said:

"Bill doesn't bother me, ever—he's a lamb. You're a lucky woman, Milly."

"You're darn tootin' she is!" agreed Bill complacently.

Milly made a long nose at her husband. She murmured: "Not that I want to change the subject, but how about switching partners? I think we ought to pivot."

Gregory Wheelock said, "Pivot, nothing. We've got to stage a comeback, Mildred, or these two will be impossible. Let's have another rubber as we are."

Charity said pleasantly, "As I am is okay by me."

Gregory Wheelock contemplated her, appraisingly. His slate-gray eyes took on an odd look of warmth. He said:

"I should think it would be."

Bill Kellogg spoke to Charity from behind a pointedly raised hand. He said: "Be careful of that man, Charity.

He doesn't mean well by you. He's too pat with his compliments."

Charity asked, "Was that a compliment? I wouldn't know. It's my bid, isn't it?"

Milly murmured: "That's how she is—business-like. Even though she doesn't look the part. You're wasting your sweetness, Greg—"

The telephone rang sharply. Its violent brazen summons seemed to fill the room. Charity—the cards clutched tight—rose suddenly, sank back again in her seat. Milly Kellogg jumped up and trotted over to the

as lithe and nervous as quicksilver, her eyes were intent.

Bill said in an aside to the other guest, "She's on surgical call, Greg. I hope they don't want her at the hospital. It'd be a shame to break up this game."

Just outside the living-room door Charity was saying, "Yes, of course, I'll come over." There was a pause, and then, "Who's operating? . . . Dr. Evans? *Are you sure?*" She waited a moment. "All right," she said, "I won't be long."

Gregory Wheelock asked the world at large, "What is surgical call, exactly? It sounds grim."

Charity replaced the receiver on the hook. In a split second she was standing beside the bridge table.

"I'm an egg," she said, "wrecking your bridge. You were asking about surgical call, weren't you, Mr. Wheelock? It's simple to explain. Certain doctors on the staff of a hospital are subject to emergency duties at certain times. This is one of the times, so I'm on my way. Where'd you put my hat, Mrs. Kellogg?"

Milly was jerking open a closed door. She said to Charity:

"Hang it, Charity—I'm furious. I fix up a swell date for you, and now the evening's gone to bits. Greg is the grandest man I know—and you're leaving him cold."

Gregory Wheelock's voice broke in.

"But she's not leaving me cold," he said, "because I refuse to be left. I'll drive the doctor to her hospital. Oh"—to Bill's expostulation, to Milly's pleading—"the game is shot; cut-throat's no fun. If I leave, you two can play rummy or double Canfield."

Charity said slowly:

"It's awfully nice of you, Mr. Wheelock, but it's not necessary—taking me to the hospital, I mean. I can hop a taxi on the corner—hopping taxis alone is practically the best thing I do."

Gregory Wheelock peered at his wrist-watch. He said, "But it's late—it's going on eleven. It's not safe for an attractive woman to be traipsing across town at this hour."

Charity laughed. "Thanks for the adjective," she said, "but traipsing is another of the best things I do. You don't realize that I've been going it alone for years. Ambulance duty, police court, riot calls, all the rest of it. Even a morgue at midnight holds no terror for me."

Milly shuddered prettily. She said, "Uh-h—I can't understand you, Charity, when you talk about morgues and operations and dissecting rooms. You're so cold."

Charity shrugged not so prettily. She said, "It's part of the day's work. Surgery's my job."

There was a puzzled frown between Gregory Wheelock's eyes. He said:

"I've been watching you all evening and at times I find it hard to believe in this job of yours. When the Kelloggs asked me to come and meet (*Turn to page 60*)



"I'd love to let you escort me," she said. "Oh—"

Suddenly she caught her breath in remembrance.

"I'm sorry—no. I left a man waiting downstairs"

table in the hall that held the telephone. She called across her shoulder, "Don't be so edgy, Charity. It probably won't be for you." She lifted the receiver from the hook and said, "Mrs. Kellogg speaking. Yes," she sighed. "Yes, Dr. Standish is here. I'll get her."

Charity was once more on her feet. She moved swiftly to the waiting telephone. Her slim figure was

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALLAN LANE



The SECRET PATTERN

*T*HE curtain rises. The play begins. Your world drifts away from you and you sit on the edge of another world, looking in. People come, go, speak, are silent, invite you, repel you, and then one enters who stands out from the others like a figure against the sky; who speaks, and the others are wiped out with one obliterating sweep.

What has happened! You don't know—except that flags are flying, music is heard, adventure lives. Or, if you are very practical, someone interesting has stepped out on the stage.

She doesn't need to be beautiful, or distinguished, or even smart. She just is. And you don't know why or what that isness is made of, but you know it when you meet it. In less than thirty seconds you know it. You can't put your finger on it—is it the way the eyelids behave, those fascinating, diffident eyelids of Leslie Howard, for instance? Is it the voice? Or is it the hair, provocative, unusual? Poise? Wit? No, no, you can't locate it—don't try—it is something slipped in by the left hand of God, stronger than charm, finer than magnetism.

And if you have it, nothing can ever take it away from you, "nor height, nor depth, nor things present, nor things to come." Dim it, perhaps, but the flame of it is there so long as you live.

I think most people who have it are born with it but I'm not at all sure that it cannot be attained—does the left hand of God function only at birth?

You seek and seek to lift yourself into beauty, to think beautifully, to live graciously, to achieve nobly, to judge not at all, and then one day there is a little "click," and your heart swells with excitement—you've pushed through, a dream has come true, you have attained!

And ever after, you walk a bit more confidently, pray more sincerely (desire is prayer), edge more closely to the magic we call personality.

Suppose that it isn't beauty or brains—and quite frequently it isn't, this personality thing—suppose that it's a quality of compulsion in the voice as in Garbo's sleepy, gentle, drawling voice. Even if she were not beautiful and had no lovely smile, no tilt of the head, no poise, still you would be drawn to her—you would feel, by the personality of her voice, the mystery of her and be enticed.

Or perhaps it lies partly in a manner of speaking—Lynn Fontanne's—cadences you can't forget, the way her voice touches words and smooths them out. There she was, in her latest play, stripped of all the trappings of beauty, going about flat-footedly, with a middle-aged figure, dresses-off-the-rack, and spectacles, and yet her imagination, her selfness, the luminous, magnetic quality of her came through like a bolt of light,

ITS MAGIC TOLD BY CELIA CAROLINE COLE

many-colored like the flames of a fire when you have tossed color-grains into it. So by the left hand does God toss in personality. Or by the will-to-be does one come close enough to catch it.

But this we know, in every soul with personality there is courage—a brave confidence in his inner self. He doesn't believe that "singularity may be good sense at home, but it must not go much abroad." He is always bravely himself.

And in the people I know who have personality there seem to be always immense reserves, a friendliness, yes, but large areas you have not yet touched—an unknown country that only intimates can enter. Again, Leslie Howard—his intimate yet remote attitude towards you, his way of going away inside himself to some distant place where he finds all the answers!

And there is clarity. No real personality is cluttered, rushing about, terribly busy. There are pauses in him, rests, lovely silences drawing you. Nor is he blurred. He is directed, and you know it. Charming people are sometimes vague, but a real personality knows where he wants to go.

Nor is he scattered. He is painted with large, strong strokes of the brush. He has been told—like the best stories—with an economy of words and movement. "Genius obtains its effects by atmosphere, talent by words." (Take heed, all we!)

And there is unexpectedness. And responsiveness.

But as I said at starting, it defies analysis. If you came into the world with magic in you, like Shirley Temple, then have you a goodly heritage and you don't need much else. But if it wasn't born in you and you want it, I do believe with all my soul that you can get it!

And this is why I believe it. In each of us there lies a secret pattern, a divine design which we are to fulfill. Like the oak lying waiting in the acorn. There it is!

In those magnetic people who have personality, the pattern is being fulfilled. The hidden design is coming to the surface. The acorn is a little tree!

And those of us who have not personality are still hiding shyly or doubtingly in the acorn, or perhaps fighting along stubbornly, denying the divine design, following a design of our own or no design at all.

So there is war within us, wear and tear and discouragement and defeat.

Long ago Plato talked about the divine design and long long before Plato, men knew that it was there. "Greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world."

All that breath-taking power-to-be! What are we doing with it? How does one find his secret pattern? There are simple steps. What are your day-dreams? What is your refuge from the world—what is it you think

of when you must be comforted? What is your escape?

That is one key to your secret pattern. See it fulfilled. See it already come true—that dream that comforts you.

Make a habit of seeing through to the divine design in others. Brush aside all the imperfections and steadfastly see the divine design.

Not that I mean one should go about life paying no attention to imperfections and their needs. Don't run away from anything! Not even from your own ugliness or mediocrity—see it clearly and do all you can for it. But all the way through and when you can't do anything more about it—see inside to the divine design and hold to it, no matter what.

That is the secret of all the saints. That is the secret of every lovely thing in this world. That is the surest road to personality—behold the pattern.

Your decisions are another key. Your choices and decisions. Take the highest—always. And don't think of the highest as something that is always solemn! Every beautiful, gay, endearing thing in this world came because somebody chose beautifully and courageously. And be free of the responsibility of results—the law within takes care of results. You choose. Choose gloriously. And make your own decisions. It is only by your decisions that you can grow.

There within us is the mold of ourselves. Consult it. "Prayer is hospitality to the highest in you." Ask to be shown your secret pattern. You are not alone. You have a pattern. Life is a thing of dusk and mystery and many doors. You need a guide. You have it. "Follow me. I am within."

And there are external steps. Start with your hair. Don't let it be like anyone's else. Don't cut it because other people do, don't have a permanent because other people do (permanents have a tendency to make all heads look alike). Get it into good condition by a course of treatments—it's astounding how hair responds to care, and head massage is good for your face, too, and your "nerves"—or brush it faithfully yourself every day and pull it and shake your scalp, and then "do" it differently from anyone else. Make it look the way you'd like to look. Hair can give the effect of personality more swiftly than any other external thing.

Give your secret pattern little outside gates to come through. Your hair, your clothes, the way you speak.

It is not a miracle—personality—unless man himself is a miracle. It is a fulfilling of the pattern. It is as simple as Nature (if we'd get out of the way and let it work). Somewhere, in the beginning, she planted the personality of the oak in an acorn—and year after year, through the long stretch of time, it fulfills itself.

Why all this effort? Let go and be. You don't have to do it alone—you have a *pattern*!

Celia says: "An artificial face is a face without taste—it is making a scene in public."

"A face should have drawing power. Pull your face together and make it fulfill itself."

"A short-cut to external personality is your hair. Make it say something, not just repeat other heads. Why be just an echo?"

"Release your face and let its wings lift. Refuse to be an instrument of drabness."

"A starry face is a good banner to march behind. It's as heartening as music."

"Each of us is a garden in which we are trying to grow something up to spiritual bloom. How does your garden grow?"



Preview OF THE SMART SUMMER MAKE-UP

MAKE-UP GOES NATURAL. The time is past when you painted your face to make a picture. Nowadays, you must look like you in the freshness of your youth. But like *you*—not like a cosmetic display. It's smart to be natural. Blend foundation lotion, face powder, eyeshadow and rouge with that art which conceals its art. It should be so skilfully done that you could dare even a beauty expert to discover where Nature and your blending meet. Read the directions which come with the new cosmetics. Follow them. Be brave—blend your cosmetics full in the disclosing rays of a light which reveals make-up imperfections—not just straight front, turn on the side-lights too. Tricky? In a way. It's a discipline which shows up the artificial in your make-up. Satisfy it, and you'll step out to conquer as lightly, as deftly as ever damsel did.

USE A POWDER BASE. The new ones are carefully tinted to match the skin tones. Helena Rubinstein's are cool as their names. The newest trick is to use two of her foundations: first, her Cream of Lilies, then her Water-Lily Snow Lotion. The latter comes in rachel, cream, natural and mauresque. You should find your pigment tone somewhere in that quartette. It is the coolest thing you ever in your life put on your face. When you put it on, you're surprised—it brings out a bloom you didn't know you had. As a matter of fact, you can get along without powder. Primrose House Petal Bloom Finishing Lotion is in natural and beige. One shake and it is blended as smooth as mousse. It goes on smoothly too. Ask to see these preparations in your favorite department or drug store—then choose to match your skin. It's a necessary make-up beginning.

FACE POWDER NEWS. Your natural skin tone is still—and always—the important color note. Since skin—this year even more than last—will be protected against over-tanning, Coty is emphasizing the use of paler tones in the popular deep shades. An ivory face rather than a pinkish one will be worn. (There's a reason. See under "Be Sun-Kissed.") Max Factor and Primrose House continue to advise their clients to study their skin color with eagle eyes—then, to choose face powder shades which give best the desirable "unpowdered" look. Lady Esther fans will be delighted with

the new packaging of their pet cosmetic line. It now includes rouges and lipsticks. That's the new octagon-shaped powder box on the bed of roses at the foot of the page. It holds twice as much powder as the old box but—plus tax—it costs only five cents more. Helena Rubinstein suggests using two powders at night: "peachbloom" for that ethereal look and green for an exotic touch—for glamour. Where is "natural" now? Well, well, it's like this: at night you compete against electric light—and moonlight (if you're lucky)—so Madame Rubinstein's two powders are combined to return to you an illusion: the translucent skin you used to have before time and the weather worked their will. Coty sponsors two shades for daytime—read below.

BE SUN-KISSED—not sunburned. Down with violence—we blush now and wear ruffles. Being kissed is Coty's idea imported from Paris and has to do with cheek rouge. Your face must glow if you go in for being natural in a big way. Rouge all over your face—forehead, nose and ear-lobes as well as cheeks and chin. Cheeks, of course, get more color than the rest of the face. Then powder, using two shades of face powder in the same color scale. If your nose is too prominent, tone it into inconspicuousness with the *darker* shade of face powder matching your skin. If your chin would look better by a forward push, powder it into view by using a shade *lighter* than that on the rest of the face. Right powdering technique creates apparent miracles. And by the way, that Lester Gaba lady, heroine of Margaret Bourke-White's color photograph on the opposite page, knows her technique. She's "up," too, on right cosmetics.

Flash! Primrose House has two new rouge shades: Rose-petal (charming on blondes for daytime wear; brunettes look well in it by night); Primrose House Red Rouge (the clearest sort of red—flattering to brunettes day and night). This summer, rouge zooms high.

LIPSTICKS ARE YELLOW RED. The blue-reds and purples have gone the way of all flesh. They're out. Try Helena Rubinstein's new Terra Cotta shade. (Its warm russet tone is natural-looking, flattering). Tussy's new automatic lipstick still retains its well-known indelibility—and its Tea Rose is a honey. Tangee remains, regardless of fashion changes, as smart as ever with its easy-on-the lips Natural, its alluring Theatrical. Coty's best shades in yellow-red are Light and the Extra-light. Elizabeth Arden's Nasturtium Lipstick is perfect *pour le sport*. Yardley's yellow-red is Poppy. Houbigant's Tenace lipstick in yellow-red is called Poppy too.

Houbigant and Guerlain both advise you when applying lipstick to put on a generous amount at first. Wipe off the surplus with cleansing tissue. In a few moments a second application should be made—heavier in the center

of the lips—again wipe off the surplus. I have tried it. It works. My lipstick lasts twice as long.

USE TWO EYESHADOWS: At night, when about to don that black organza frock of yours, blend Helena Rubinstein's green iridescent eyeshadow on the upper portion of the eyelids, up to the brows. It's as lovely a touch as eyes can have. Kathleen Mary Quinlan suggests for pastel evening gowns the use of her violet eyeshadow on the lower edge of the upper eyelid, then the lightest shading of green blended out to the corners, a sage recipe for deepening eye-depth, adding eye allure. Blue eyeshadows are better than ever for the blue-eyed—Alexandra de Markoff has a dark blue to make your blue eyes look large, deep, lustrous. Elizabeth Arden has four lovely blues in Cream Eyeshadow; three becoming blues in Compact Eyeshadow. Ordinarily purple, dark blue or the darker greens look well on brunettes. Blondes and red-heads usually choose green, blue or gray. *Hint:* Too much eyeshadow will make you look tired. Lightly does it. The thinnest film of cleansing cream on the lids gives added smoothness to the shadow, helps in blending.

EYEBROWS ARE THEMSELVES. They protect the eyes this season. If you must pluck at all, pluck the strays. I know the perfect gadget for doing a beautiful and painless job at plucking. It's the new Twissors just put out by Kurlash. They look like manicure scissors, work like them. The tweezer part is delicately ground but broad enough to spare the skin when gripping a wandering hair. A tiny thin line of eyebrows above the eyes has always been ugly—even when it was chic—the broader eyebrow is complimentary. It softens the face and keeps the balance, and it heightens eye beauty. Speaking of eyebrows reminds me of eyelashes—and mascaras.

Helena Rubinstein's new Persian Mascara box is automatic. Press a lever, the mascara rises ready for use. Press again, it sinks out of sight behind a metal door—secure from dust. It is smart-proof, run-proof, lasting and contains an ingredient to encourage eyelash growth. It comes in black, of course; in brown, in blue—and in blue-green, the most natural-appearing and becoming of them all. Smart women use no mascara on the lower lashes—looks younger.

NAIL POLISHES ARE BRIGHT—and since they must exactly match the lips in color, yellow-red leads the field. Cutex's new Coral and Cardinal are high in favor. To make your fingers appear more tapering, apply polish over the entire nail, including tip and halfmoon. And—just as this goes to press—Glazo announces a special economy-size of its Oily Polish Remover. Good News. It contains no acetone—using it is one means of warding off brittle nails. It's a bargain at fifty cents. Ask to see it. Leading drug and cosmetic counters have it—as well as all the other cosmetics I've told you about. They're dependable. I've tried them. I like them. Now it's your turn to begin.



Candida





6243

6237

Cool Fashions

THAT WILL BE SMART

*W*HAT will you wear for summer? It is a question that has a hundred answers. For the smart women throughout America will be dressed in everything from sheer black net tailored suits for steamy days in town to bold, bright plaid woolens that make their topcoats for chill, misty days in the country.

Let us consider, to start, the kind of thing you will wear for the kind of occasion illustrated at the left—an afternoon at the races, the county dog show, a village fair, a tennis tournament. For a country costume suit, a jacket dress like 6243, you might choose a printed cotton. Something with bright field flowers on a white ground would be charming in this dress with the gathered neckline that ties high with a cord. The short sleeves, the pleats in the skirt, the wide, pointed revers of the jacket—all these tailor crisply in cotton. If you use 35-inch printed cotton you will need, for 36 (size 18), $6\frac{7}{8}$ yards of it. The jacket dress is designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44.

Again, you might pick the cool, clean chic of brown and white for an ensemble like 6237 which, by the way, would be just as smart in town as it is in the country. A crisp, clear little print, like the one on this linen, is smart to use for the dress, which has a shaped waistline, sleeves in one with its shoulder yoke, six sharp godets in its skirt, and a jabot as pert as a pinwheel. Then, for freshness, make the fitted jacket of spotless white linen. The line of the sleeves of the jacket match that of the dress. If you use 35-inch linen you will need $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of the print and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of the plain for 36 (size 18). The jacket dress is designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 42.

There are, however, a dozen other fabrics that you might choose for ensembles like this. One of the new sheer seersuckers, for instance—nothing like the heavier ones we wore last year which, incidentally, are still good for beach wear and active sports clothes where we can stand weight in our fabrics. These new ones are as fine and light and crisp as organdies. Or you might pick one of the new thin cotton matelassés in fruit colors—peach, apricot, banana, strawberry. You might make them in printed piques—and the prints are as varied as a flower garden. Sometimes they are tiny, bright little field flowers, sometimes they are bold stripes, often they have a nautical motif—anchors, knots, starfish, and such—occasionally they are stylized, geometric designs.

For a tailored jacket dress you might have dark net or heavy cotton lace, handled as severely as if it were tweed, with a big splash of white organdy at the neck and wrists. And there are new Irish linens which are softly woven and so porous it seems as if they would never crush. Then, too, don't forget the cool freshness of dotted swiss and the new lawns that are either incredibly sheer or are finished to look like linen—these are especially chic in dark colors. Many of this year's cottons of the broadcloth type are printed in cravat designs—dark grounds with neat, bright figures. And bear in mind that if the cotton that you buy is Sanforized, the dress that you make will not shrink out of fit.

in Cool Fabrics

THROUGH THE SUMMER

The shirtwaist dress is the uniform that we shall be seeing again this summer on women who know how to dress smartly for the country. There are two things they do to these dresses to make them impeccably chic. The first is this—they have them made to fit as meticulously, as painstakingly as if they were their most important evening dresses. The second is this—they pick their accessories for them with the utmost care. A hand-knitted or crocheted scarf wound around the throat, a bright-colored saddle-leather belt that may have cost as much as the fabric for the entire dress, an imaginative hat, a pair of scrupulously fresh white cotton gloves or gloves of lemon-yellow string or of butter-colored chamois—these are the things that make the difference. They may be affectations but they create smartness.

For the sharp, trim lines of 6227 pick, as accessories, a crisp, brimmed Breton sailor made of the thick, rough straw they use for men's hats. Tuck a bright red scarf in the neckline and clasp a thick leather belt in the same color around your slim waist. These show off the clean-cut lines of the dress—the long panels, the low pleats, the wide, young collar. This dress has one of the new necklines that are midway between the definitely high ones we are used to seeing and the lower ones we shall probably be seeing soon—it is slashed low but, to accustom our eyes to the change, it is filled in with a scarf. You might use linen for this dress, in one of the fresh yet sophisticated plaids that combine the very smart colors of red, natural, and blue. If you use 35-inch linen you will need, for 36 (size 18), $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The dress is designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44.

Another type of shirtwaist dress that will be smart this year is the soft, "dressmaker" kind. These have an air of femininity about them but they never lose the simplicity that makes them the perfect sports frocks. Have them in dusty or pastel colors and let your accessories be slightly more formal than those you would ordinarily choose for a shirt-frock.

A dress of this type is 6231, illustrated at the far right. It has soft fullness under its shoulder yoke, a decorative tab fastening, pleated sleeves, and a back for action. If you chose a cotton crash for it, such as the Sanforized one in which it is illustrated, you would need, for 36 (size 18), $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of it in 35-inch width. The dress is designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 46.

But perhaps you would prefer, for your shirtwaist dresses, one of the new silks or synthetics, instead of cotton or linen. If you would, you have a variety this year from which to choose. You might like one of the picture-printed crêpes—they are being made with amusing little designs on them, things like golf tees, bow-knots, toadstools, tennis balls; and one print even looks like fishnets hung up to dry. You might want a jacquard—the newest ones have picture designs, too, with turtles and polo players and such scattered bits of miscellany on them. Surahs, all silk or synthetic, are back and very smart in bold plaids. Raised stripes and checks are good, so are silk or synthetic seersuckers, and the heavy sheers. Turn to page 77 for back views.



6227

6231



6235

6234

Turn to page 77 for descriptions and back views

6238

On the Summer Calendar

Purchase Butterick Patterns at leading stores throughout the world; prices on page 80

Your Summer Wardrobe

START with a plan, if you want your clothes to be completely satisfactory this summer. We've made one here with something for every occasion and no misfits. Of course, this is a minimum wardrobe. You can expand it as far as your wishes and purse will go. Once more, let us remind you. Choose a basic color scheme so that a few accessories can be worn with



all the different outfits that you have in your wardrobe.

Item one: A silk crêpe jacket dress. You will wear this for days in town or when you take the 4:50 Friday night to the country. A printed dress with a plain jacket (6233) is our choice. The dress in a navy blue and white monotone print has a soft draped collar that is worn outside of the straight white jacket. The sleeves of the dress are short and flaring and very cool. For 36 (size 18), 3½ yards 39-inch printed crêpe and 2¾ yards 39-inch plain. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 42.

Item two: A turquoise pastel tweed suit. 6234 on the opposite page is a particularly smart one with its clipped jacket and gored skirt. Wear it on those cool days when the wind is from the east and a long walk seems much more enticing than a swim in the unquiet, cold gray water. Wear the skirt with the sweaters you knit. Wear the jacket with any odd white skirt.

Item three: A white linen dress, 6238 on the opposite page, for days when the sun is hot and bright and you

hurry through breakfast to get out in it. It can be cut deep in back if your taste is for sun-tanning.

Item four: A two-piece dress, 6235 on the opposite page, that willingly takes to the tub any time a long cool drink or damp grass stains it. The silk is striped in the colors of June, cool greens and blue and warm yellow. Have a scarf in each color.

Item five: A warm white woolen coat, 6171, that you will wear over all your sport clothes and over your evening dress when you drive ten miles out in the country to do square dancing. If you pick a swagger coat with loose, raglan sleeves and seven-eighths length it is comfortable over anything. For 36 (size 18), 2¾ yards 54-inch wool. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 48.

Item six: A sheer crêpe dress, 6226, in a flower color, rose or primrose yellow or hyacinth blue with a huge white organdy bow under your chin and bell sleeves, big below the elbow. You'll wear it to tea and to the



fair at the village church, such occasions. For 36 (size 18), 4¼ yards 39-inch heavy sheer silk and ½ yard 39-inch organdy. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44.

Item seven: An evening gown, 6232, cool and crisp in organdy with godets and a dust ruffle to spread it, fan-like, at the hemline and shoulders that are a cross between sleeves and wings. A crinkled organdy printed

with confetti dots, a plaid one, a white embroidered batiste—any of these would be charming. For 36 (size 18), 6½ yards 39-inch organdy and 1¾ yards 3-inch ribbon. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44.

Item eight: A bathing suit, 6244, of Tahitian cotton printed in the stark colors and designs that look so well against white sand and blue water. For 36 (size 18), 2 yards 35-inch cotton; 1 yard 54-inch jersey for shorts and lining for body. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 46.

These are the accessories you will need to complete this plan. Five pair of shoes—one pair navy linen oxfords piped in white for your jacket dress, one pair navy calf and white buck pumps for your tweed suit and striped dress, one pair white linen sandals for your after-



noon and evening dresses, one pair white buck or canvas tennis shoes for your white dress, one pair beach sandals. Three hats—one white straw hat for your jacket and afternoon dresses, one blue felt hat for your suit, one white felt hat for your coat. Two bags, one navy leather and one white fabric. Lots of fresh white fabric gloves, woolen socks, stockings, sweaters, lingerie, shorts and shirts, scarfs, mules, a bathrobe, gowns or pajamas.

Turn to page 77 for back views.

RUTH SEDER



6255

6257

When summer settles down upon us we will look freshest in colors cool and clear. The turquoise of 6255, at the far left, is a perfect example of one of these flattering summer colors, and is set off by the fresh white linen tie at the neck. The stitched collar, wide and young, the triangular stitched pockets that repeat the line, the fuller sleeves—all these are wearable details. For 36 (size 18), $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 39-inch crêpe, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 35-inch contrast. Designed for 12 to 20; 30 to 44.

Here is a print as ingenuous, as charmingly young as gingham—yet it is silk. Its color combination is a new one we are seeing often this year—white with blue and brown. Sleeves like the full, three-quarter ones in 6257 were persistent in the Paris collections and the fulness is flattering to the arms. Pleating, like that outlining this cowl collar, is new, too. The slightly wider skirt is gored. For 36 (size 18), $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 39-inch print. Designed for sizes 12 to 20, 30 to 40. For the back views turn to page 77.



In the smartest collections of new clothes both in New York and in Paris one detail seen over and over again is that of one-piece cutting—a sleeve and a yoke in one, a sleeve and a back in one, and such. In 6254 we see a smart example of this cutting. The yoke and the cape-collar in back are in one, the ends of the collar winding around the arms to form sleeves. The bow is young. For 36 (size 18), $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards 39-inch crêpe. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44.

Again we get the smartness of the effect of spiral lines. 6250 looks as if a long piece of fabric had been twisted and wrapped around the figure. And the spiral line is softly accentuated by ripples, in the front and back of the bodice, that are cut in one with the sleeves. If you aim at a cool, feminine look, even on hot days, you ought to concentrate on pink. For 36 (size 18), $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 39-inch printed silk. Dress designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44. For the back views turn to page 77.

6254

6250

Crisp white linen jacket, print dress—there you have the formula for looking fresh, cool, and chic on the warm days just ahead. 6253 has its white linen jacket looking completely 1935 from the cord neckline to the pleated swing-back. Its dress has a laced neckline, pleated pockets, and shoulders that are just covered enough. Make an extra green linen jacket. For 36 (size 18), $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 39-inch crêpe; $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 35-inch linen. Dress designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44.

Shantung is smart again. A shantung jacket dress like 6218 is smart for town in dark colors, for the country in light shades. It solves the silk-dress-that-can-be-washed problem. Lacings at the neck and on the belt and a collar worn over the jacket are smart points. Your monogram (16043) on one shoulder of the dress and a sleeve of the jacket is a personal touch. For 34 (size 16), $6\frac{3}{8}$ yards 32-inch shantung. Designed for Junior Miss sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38.

6253

6218
Monogram 16043

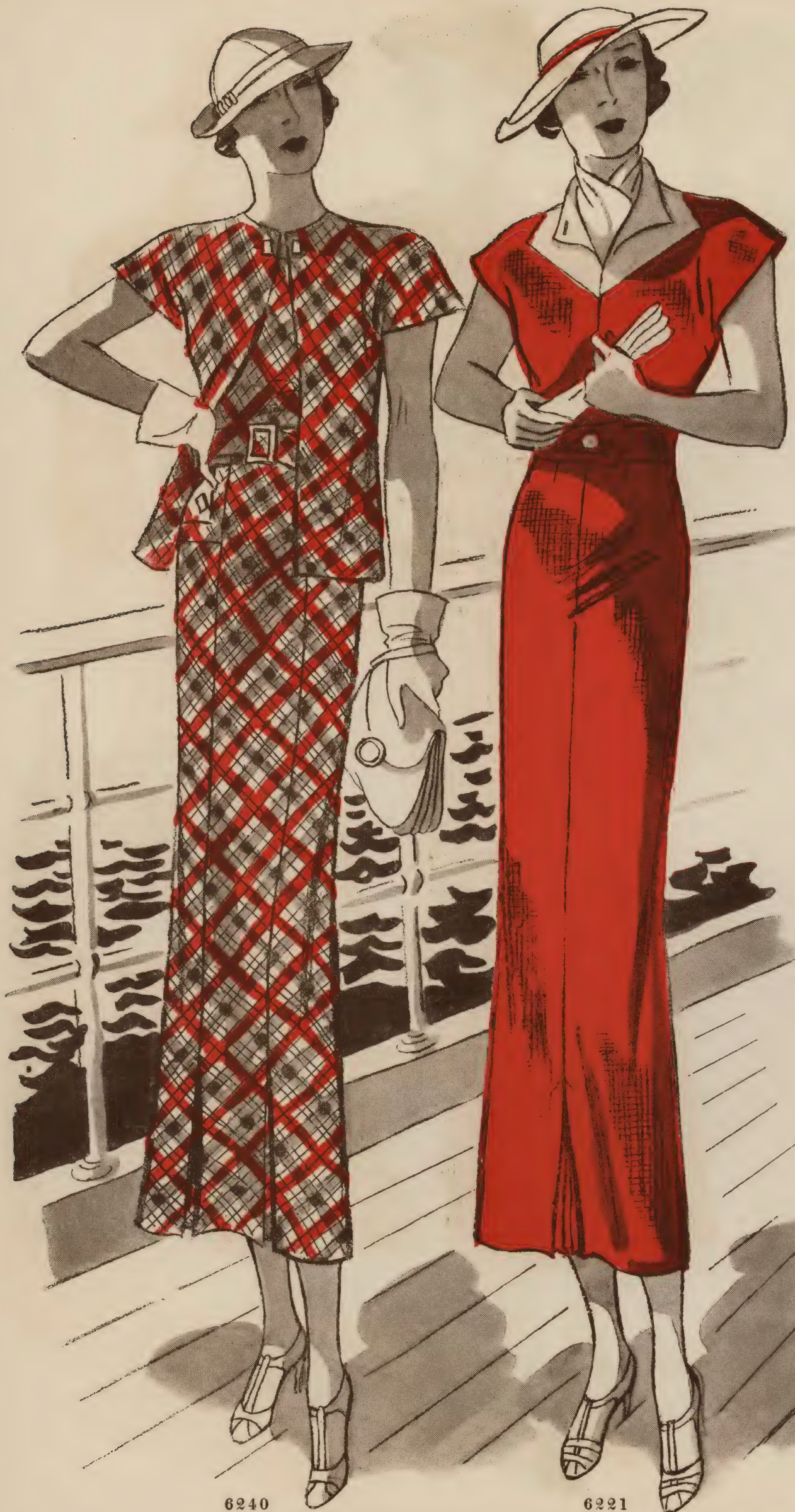


The redingote Costume puts in a dramatic appearance in 6215. Dark coat, dark dress, with flashes of dazzling white pique as focal points. There is a strip of pique down the front of the dress, another on each cuff, another for its collar—much of which is revealed with the redingote on. The frogs are also of white pique. For 34 (size 16), $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 54-inch wool (coat); $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 39-inch crêpe (dress); 1 yard 35-inch pique. Designed for Junior Miss sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38.

The checked suit, 6213, has a new silhouette—the Russian one that flares from the waist down. Its chic rests on several points—the checks which, as we've kept repeating, have never been so important before; the color, for yellow is unbeatable this season; the length of the jacket, following in the wake of the fashion for tunic blouses; and raglan sleeves which are good in suits and coats. For 36 (size 18), $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards 54-inch checked wool. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44.

6215

6213



6240

6221

Wherever you see a backless sports dress this season, look for a jacket. It gives the dress a chance to work overtime as a spectator outfit. Look at 6240. The dress has a square, almost waist-deep sun back and a square neckline in front—a dress to play tennis or to tan in. Add the jacket, with the same brief sleeves the dress has, and you've a costume of quite a different type. It's smart in plaid gingham. For 36 (size 18), $5\frac{5}{8}$ yards 32-inch gingham. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44.

The white neckline of the bright red linen dress, 6221, is the one that looks newest at the moment. Cut lower than any we've been wearing, it's filled in by a scarf which immediately makes it look high again. It's the "transition" neckline that may be prophetic of lower necklines in the future. When you feel like changing the looks of this dress, wear it without a scarf or buttoned high. For 36 (size 18), $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 35-inch linen; $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 35-inch contrast. Dress designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44. For the back views turn to page 77.



First place in the wardrobe of the smart mature woman is occupied by a redingote costume this spring. 6228 explains why. It's a complete outfit—a simple print dress with a flattering soft neckline and an unlined wool coat—as self-assured at tea-time as it is for a morning's shopping. The dress is nice alone, the cool coat serves as a spring and summer coat for other dresses, and its lines are tall and slimming. For 40, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54-inch thin wool; 5 yards 39-inch print. Designed for sizes 34 to 52.

Dark prints for town, to be sure, but for afternoon affairs—a dress with plenty of white or light background in its print is not rushing the season a bit. 6247 is made of such a print and the dress is the soft but not-too-dressed-up variety you'll wear and wear all through the warm months. The neckline, caught into bow-like revers, is enormously flattering. The sleeves, moderately full at the elbows, are an important, new length. For 40, $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 39-inch printed silk. Dress designed for sizes 34 to 52. For the back views turn to page 77.

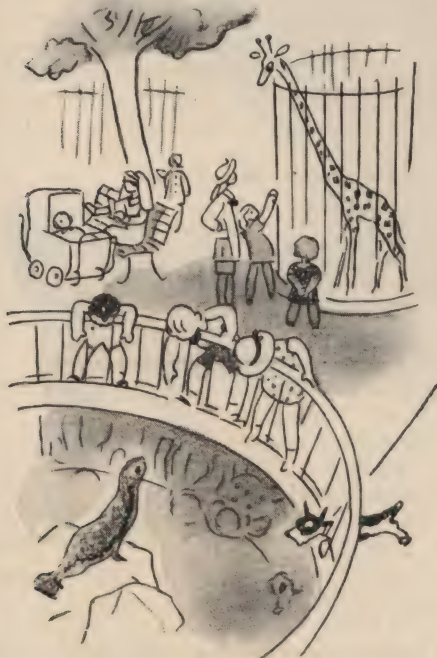
6228

6247



The Good Old Summer Time

THE last day of school is in sight. Your small fry are probably already chanting that blasphemous old classic, "No more lessons, no more books" and counting the days as excitedly as they do before Christmas. Giddy plans are in the making for using up every hour of those enchanting days ahead. Last summer's pails and shovels will have to be hunted up, the lemonade stand will have to be re-decorated, and all the rest of last summer's play relics overhauled. Be assured, however, that most of last summer's clothes will not do. Just as surely as those hard-on-clothes young



ones of yours will need new shoes because they've outgrown the old white bucks, so will new dresses and play-suits and bathing-suits be in order—a new crop in fresh, clear colors to rival the sea, the sun, and the bright cabañas on the beach. And with all this new time on their hands, it's a grand idea to get the older ones interested in making some of their own clothes, many of which are so simple that they wouldn't daunt the veriest amateur.

What clothes? First of all, a whole closet or trunk full of cool cotton and linen play frocks so that there are always fresh ones to wear, a clean one for every day if necessary—which most mothers discover it to be! (Sanforized fabrics that won't shrink are a good tip, considering those constant tubbings.) If they're very young, set them out to play in the back yard or on the beach in a minimum of sun-suit—for complete comfort and to turn them into brown-as-Indian babies. If they've reached the leggy age, shorts and shirts or halters are the thing for beachwear. Dresses for all day are nicest in printed lawn, seersucker, gingham, pique, and linen—both plain and printed. Pleats—and plenty

of them—are indispensable in active clothes. Two-piece dresses are young and smart, and a sailor dress is something that should be in every vacation wardrobe, especially if it goes to a lake or seashore. When the clean-up hour arrives and young hoydens must change to more lady-like clothes and activities, softer but equally simple dresses are in order. Little capes are smart on these dresses and flared skirts are usually substituted for pleats. They are made of more fragile fabrics like dotted swiss, batiste, and handkerchief linen.

A sun-suit is twice as useful to a young lady if it has a dress she can slip on over it to wear to and from the beach, as 6262 has. The sun-suit has criss-cross straps for a back and bloomer legs to keep the sand out. The dress ties in bows on the shoulders and has pockets for treasures. And a sun-hat to complete the fetching ensemble. For 23 (size 4), $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 35-inch printed cotton for dress and hat; 1 yard 32-inch gingham for sun suit. Designed for 21 to 25 (sizes 2 to 7).

The sailor dress is a perfect resort fashion. 6209 is nautically correct in every detail—collar, pocket insignia, and tie. The dress is best in immaculate white linen or pique with navy blue, or in sky blue with navy. For 30 (size 12), $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards 35-inch linen; $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 35-inch contrast. Designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).

The two-piece dress is a year-round favorite. One like 6224 with a top that opens like a jacket is easy to



get into on hot days. The organdy frill comes off, for laundering, when an extra collar of pique or self-material would come in handy. For 30 (size 12), $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 35-inch printed cotton; $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 39-inch organdy. Designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).

Really dressing up hasn't much part in the vacation



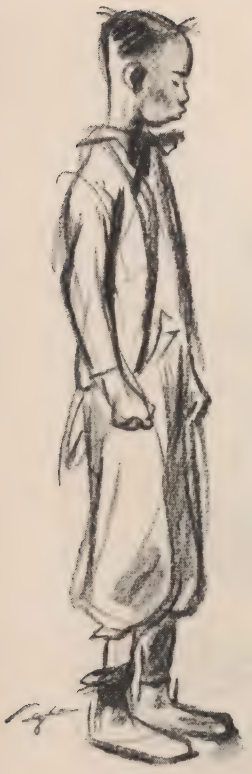
programme. One party frock per girl is usually enough. One hard to resist is 6217, made of frothy white organdy with a bertha collar and a wide taffeta sash which would be nice in any soft pastel. We can also picture it in pink or blue or yellow, all pale tones, with a sash of bright deep blue. For 30 (size 12), 3 yards 39-inch white crinkled organdy; $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 5-inch taffeta ribbon. Designed for 26 to 35 (sizes 8 to 17).

Solid comfort—that is the motto of the young thing with bangs who wears a crisp dotted swiss dress, 6211. There are no confining sleeves—just a frilly cape collar of organdy. The dress looks as cool and sheer as it undoubtedly feels, with its panties made of the same fabric. Pick for it one of the white swisses with dots of bright red or blue or green, for extra charm. For 23 (size 4), $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 32-inch dotted swiss (including panties); $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 39-inch organdy. Designed for 21 to 25 (sizes 2 to 7).

The fashion for separate capes has spread to girls' clothes too. 6222 has one of its own in the same vivid cotton print as the dress. On, it makes a complete ensemble. Off, and the dress displays a softly shirred neckline with the same little collar as the cape. For 25 (size 7), $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 35-inch printed cotton. Designed for 24 to 28 (sizes 6 to 10).

Polka-dotted linen makes the workman-like smock, 6230, that any girl would find useful and fun to wear at home for puttering around the house or working in the garden. It has two big patch pockets and a bow tie. And, as you can see, it buttons up in the back. For 30 (size 12), $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 35-inch printed linen; $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 35-inch plain. Designed for 23 to 32 (sizes 4 to 14).

Turn to page 77 for other views.



Li Tsang's First Party

AMERICANS ARE FUNNY—FROM A CHINESE POINT OF VIEW

WONG, the laundryman, beamed at his young son, Li Tsang, and patted him gently on the shoulder. "So," he said, "the Americans have invited you to their party."

"Yes, Father," replied Li Tsang, who was only twelve years old. He beamed as his father had done, and thus displayed his good manners and

showed the proper respect for his parent.

"It will be a rare experience for you," said Wong. "One that you will profit by and long remember. The customs of the Americans are not our customs. But if you keep your eyes and ears open, you will learn much. Your experiences at this party will be something you can tell with great relish to your grandchildren. I am delighted that you have been honored with an invitation."

Mrs. Wong beamed too. Then her face sobered and she asked patiently, "Will he be safe?"

"Quite safe," replied Wong. "I presume the Americans conduct their parties with more decorum and good manners than they display on the streets. They do amazing things, it is true. But we must be patient with them. They are very young as yet, and their culture is as fragile as the wings of a butterfly."

It was the hour of *shew yeh*, the midnight meal, which the Wongs were enjoying in seclusion and comfort in the back room of their laundry on the main street of Manahassee, Florida.

Present besides Wong and his wife and their son, Li Tsang, were the three young daughters of Mrs. Wong. Wong was their father, too, of course, but he always thought of these three little girls as belonging entirely to his wife. It was his Chinese way.

They were finishing the last of a delicious dish of fish, pineapple, ginger, and peppers, covered with a thick sweet-sour sauce; and even the five-year-old daughter knew how to handle her chopsticks correctly and refrain from conversation at the serious ceremony of eating. In the secret hearts of the daughters there was envy that they, too, had not been invited to the party. There was great pride, also, in knowing that their brother had been so highly honored.

When the last bit of juicy pineapple had vanished, the children and Mrs. Wong laid aside their chopsticks, folded their hands, cast down their eyes, and politely listened to Wong, who told them stories of their ancestral home in China. It was the custom observed following dinner.

The children loved these tales. They loved the story

of their honorable ancestor who three hundred years ago became governor of a province, and slew single-handed eight bandits who tried to rob him. They loved to hear about the forty rooms and courtyards in the Wong family home near Hanchow, now, alas, seized by a captain of the wrong political party, thus cutting off Wong's generous allowance.

Time, however, would restore the grandeur of the family fortunes. Meanwhile Wong must be patient and save his money, so that some day he would be able to return to China and again do his duty as the eldest son of his worthy father.

He was a man of great learning, although those who brought their dirty linens to his shop did not know it. Didn't he have three degrees from as many universities? There was one from Harvard, another from Columbia, and a third, which was somewhat experimental, from a small church school in Ohio, where Wong had gone to study the religion of this country.

When he left home to study in America—this was before the family fortunes had waned—his father, a true philosopher, had said: "My son, in a foreign country, one must in one's heart remember always the home of one's ancestors, for that is where one returns in one's old age to meditate and die in peace. But you are young. You will be among strangers. Do as they expect and ask you. It will make your way easier."

So Wong in his college days wore white flannels, carried a tennis racket, and indulged his fancy in bright ties and his comfort by going without garters. He even allowed himself to be converted three times, for he felt he could not graciously decline the polite invitations of his American friends who wanted him to be as they were. It also gave him a great insight into their manners and customs. And after making many observations both of their religious ceremonies and of their daily lives—which offered many startling contrasts—he felt he had, in his own humble way, a certain understanding. He then began to devote his spare time to the composition of a very poetical but humorous book, entitled, "The Exquisite Need of Converting the Western World to Christianity."

He did not enjoy his labors in the laundry. His heart was not in it. But there are so few occupations open to a cultured Chinese gentleman in a foreign country. To open a laundry had been the course of least resistance. Moreover he had found it was expected of him. When he arrived in the Florida town, a red-faced and portly real estate agent met him and said: "Here to startee laundry, mebbe?"

"Yes, please," said Wong demurely, looking modestly at the large feet of the real estate agent.

"What this town needs is a good Chink laundry," the real estate agent said. "I know the place. Come with me."

Wong went. There were three rooms, and in the back a courtyard where hibiscus bloomed and the orange flame vine trailed along the walls. It was not like the courtyards of his home in China, but it was secluded and his wife could sit undisturbed here in the sun.

The laundry thrived, many bundles were deposited at the door, Wong's bank account grew larger every year, and he indulged himself in one extravagance—a second-hand automobile that he bought for forty dollars.

The car sputtered and rattled, but it gave great pleasure to Wong and his family. Often on Sundays they would drive soberly along the winding roads that led past the stucco villas of the wealthy Northerners who wintered in Manahassee and brought their laundry to Wong.

Often they would drive by the In-the-Open-School, where the party to which Li Tsang had been invited was to be held. Wong wanted his family to admire the well-kept lawns and the hedge of hibiscus and the palms so correctly planted. Once he had considered sending Li Tsang to the school, as the public school was not wholly to his liking and he had ambitions to raise Li Tsang to become a scholar and a philosopher capable of continuing the poetical but amusing book. The In-the-Open School, so Wong explained patiently to his wife, was conducted by a retired female teacher.

"Old maid school marms are what these ancient females are called when they are no longer useful in public life," he said. "The children who attend this school are from the best families in the town."

But Wong did not place Li Tsang in the In-the-Open School. He called politely one day upon the head mistress, and asked if she would honor him by accepting his son as a day pupil.

Miss Austin was noticeably amused. "Why, my dear man," she said, "I doubt if you can afford it."

Wong bowed and looked humbly away. "I work perhaps a little harder," he said.

But Miss Austin was blunt. "I'm sorry," she said, and then gave the usual excuse to parents whose children were undesirable. "All our classes are full."

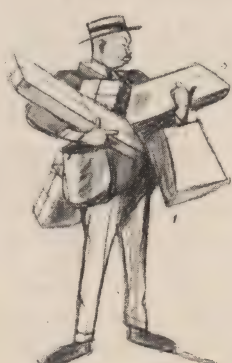
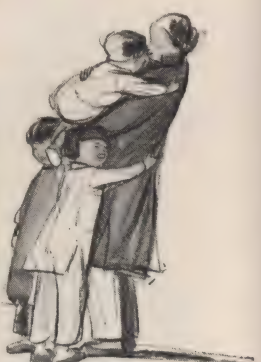
Wong bowed again and retired. He understood, but no flicker of emotion disturbed his countenance.

Miss Austin, with screams of laughter, told of this interview to her wealthiest patron, Mrs. Hightower.

"I never heard anything so funny in my life," said Mrs. Hightower, who came from Massachusetts where she had always been sheltered from the crudities of the world. "Can you imagine the influence of that child? My children behave enough like heathens as it is."

Happily Wong did not know of this conversation, so when the invitation to the party came, he was eager for Li Tsang to attend. It was all a part of his education, he felt.

As it happened, the party was three days before Christmas, but Wong did not realize this. Now that he





He had bowed most politely, started to apologize—and here he was on the floor again. It was no fault of his

by Carl Glick

was out of college and no longer under obligation to please his American friends, he rarely thought of observing the American holidays.

On the day of the party he said to Li Tsang, who was dressed neatly and cleanly, and was smiling and eager at the thought of his first party: "Have a pleasant time, my son. Remember your good manners. No matter what happens that is amusing, do not smile unless your hosts smile first."

Wong rattled gaily in the car through the main streets, with Li Tsang sitting soberly beside him, his hands folded. He was trying to appear not too pleased, yet his eyes danced with joy at the thought of the adventure that awaited him.

Depositing his precious son at the gates of the school, Wong gave final words of instruction. "When it is over, you must come home. And tonight at the evening meal, you must tell us about it. It will be your turn, my son, to instruct your untutored sisters."

"Yes, Father." And Li Tsang bowed a polite farewell to his parent and then with great dignity, trotted across the lawn where the other guests were assembled. These were children from the public schools, frowsy little imps, with patched and ragged pants, and sniffing noses. Standing safely in the background were the hosts,

immaculate in white trousers, faces clean and pink, and hair neatly combed. Wong, driving away, cast a glance back. Li Tsang was standing quietly at one side like a perfect gentleman, as impassive and serene as a diminutive Buddha.

"He will not disgrace me," thought Wong. And he considered adding a chapter to his book, entitled, "The Humble Adventures of My Small Son at His First American Party." But just how this would fit into the main philosophical thought of the book—the need of converting the Christians—was not obvious at the moment. It would require great meditation. And so, happy and at peace with the world, Wong returned to his laundry.

AT SIX o'clock Li Tsang came home. He walked into the laundry as quietly and with as much dignity as when he had left. But when Wong saw him, he laid down his iron. And when Mrs. Wong saw him, she let forth a low moan.

Li Tsang's hair was tangled. His clean white shirt was ripped straight up the back. One stocking was undone and hung flopping about his ankle. His usually serene face was clouded, and little dried red spots on his upper lip betrayed the fact that he had had a nose bleed. The

joy that danced in his eyes was gone. In his hands were some packages, which he laid upon the counter. Then he faced his father, and looked him boldly in the eyes.

"What happened, my son?" asked Wong gently.

"I had a fight."

"A fight?"

"Yes, Father. A very nice fight."

"Have your mother wash your face and put proper clothes on you. Then at the evening meal you shall tell me what happened." And Wong returned to his ironing.

Li Tsang picked up the packages from the counter and strode manfully to his curious sisters, who were clinging to their mother's skirts, staring in open-mouthed wonder at their untidy brother. Li Tsang thrust the packages into their hands.

"For you," he said. "Presents."

Then he walked quickly into the garden and secretly wiped away a tear. The pleasure of being safely home again had for a moment made him lose his composure. His mother hastened to him, and not letting her good husband see the tears in Li Tsang's eyes, washed his little face with a sweet-smelling towel. Then she proceeded to comfort him and restore him to his natural dignified self; while the sisters, opening the packages with squeals of delight, found toys (Turn to page 83)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GALBRAITH



Stop That, John!

"TEASING, teasing, I was only teasing you." So ran a popular song of the late nineties; and so say countless children and adults today. Anything goes, they imply, if only it comes under the head of teasing. Some look upon it as a familiar children's disease—prevalent, annoying, but rarely dangerous. One child has a severe attack, one has it lightly, an occasional fortunate one seems to be immune.

But we cannot dismiss teasing just by admitting that it is a common complaint. If we scrutinize it a little more closely, and try to study it from the point of view of "him that gives and him that takes," we cannot fail to see that often we include, under a blanket term, situations which arise from varied motives and which range in their effect from harmless or even innocently amusing pranks to pernicious meanness.

Let us look at a few familiar scenes and ask ourselves, "What brand is this?"

Tommy is "six, going on seven" and has recently lost his front teeth. He is trying hard to tell the family about his trip to the zoo with his schoolmates. His ten-year-old brother, secure in the possession of a full quota of teeth, interrupts: "You thaw the thnaketh, did you? And thay, did you count the thripeth on the thebra?" Since Tommy is rather proud of his gaping gums, and since he is enjoying the center of the stage for the moment, he is not much annoyed. A nudge from father and an encouraging smile for Tommy and the incident is closed with no casualties on either side.

Much of the teasing of young children is like this—simply an attempt to get a rise out of the other fellow. It becomes important only if the same child is always the butt, or if one child is the chronic tease.

It is not always the older child who teases the younger. How often does mother's little pet become brother's little pest! She buzzes around him like a fly, she jogs his elbow, she upsets his things, she lies in wait for the moment when she can deftly disturb him. And most of the time she goes unscathed, protected from her big brother's wrath because "You mustn't hit a girl" or because "She is too little to understand what she's doing."

Teasing of this sort is very common. Just as a poor lawyer often takes refuge in slandering his opponent, so a child too young or too immature to hold his own in any other way may use teasing as a defense.

There are some children whose only contact with their older brothers and sisters is through teasing and who seek revenge for their own littleness by bringing down wrath on the head of the stronger one. The problem here is one of understanding and managing. The child has given us a clue to her own difficulties and it remains for us to teach her a better way to manage.

A great deal of teasing is, of course, pure imitation. We might almost say that teasing runs in some families. If the minute the door is closed, big sister's beau is mimicked by Dad, who sees only the callowness and awkwardness of youth, and is in his heart of hearts a little impatient that any daughter of his should as much as look at such a "half-baked" youth, then what more natural than that Junior should mock him as loudly as he dares?

Though much teasing is a perfectly acceptable and even interesting circumstance of family life, it all depends upon the way it is done and the reasons why a particular person uses that particular way to make himself felt.

Teasing that really worries us is compounded with a strong element of cruelty. It is well known that in olden times unfortunate people—those who were crippled or insane and should arouse pity and concern—were commonly held up to ridicule in the public streets and even stoned and tortured. Perhaps the world has grown a little more civilized, but among children, to be different from the crowd still means in altogether too many cases to be inferior to it. The child with a different hat from his companions or a different way of speaking may be the target for taunts and gibes.

A family of my acquaintance spent a number of years in England while the children were small. The mother prided herself on the cultured speech of her young son and was amazed and chagrined to overhear him, shortly after their return home, practising such



expressions as "Aw, gee," "Oh, yeah" and similar inelegant Americanisms. He had learned within a day or two that to be different was to be scorned and it was the teasing of his companions that had taught him correct speech.

Another boy of twelve belonged to a club which went swimming once a week after school. The first week he was delighted at the prospect but thereafter he invented one excuse after another to avoid swimming. Knowing that he was an ambitious swimmer and enjoyed the sport, his mother was at a loss to understand this sudden change of heart until she discovered that her son's underwear was different from that of his companions and their teasing in the locker rooms was just more than he could bear.

Ordinarily we think of fashion and style in terms of grown-ups, but the rules of the game on the playground, in regard to speech, looks, clothes or manners, are firmly defined for young children and up to a certain point might just as well be observed. It is as hard to have to wear shorts and sailor blouses when all the other boys wear knickers and shirts, as it is to wear high-buttoned shoes in an age of oxfords.

Of course it is unreasonable to expect every home to follow the fickle trend of childish fashion but there are times in the life of practically every child when it is advisable to conform with the prevailing styles even though it may mean the discarding of a suit or a hat before it is outworn. To expect one child to stand out against a crowd is to expect the impossible, and many a child is unhappy, unable to do his school work, and in

RUTH ALEXANDER NICHOLS



PUTTING A CURB ON THE GENTLE ART OF TEASING

danger of becoming a truant for no more serious reason than that he is a target for the teasing of his companions.

Unfortunately mass teasing of this sort cannot be regulated for the group as a whole. Each home can do its own bit toward a better understanding of child nature and each home can try to give its own children a more human point of view toward differences. But the general level rises very slowly and in the meantime some children suffer excessively and unnecessarily. Some even develop warped personalities from which they only partially recover in later years.

So far we have spoken almost entirely of children's teasing. A word should be said about adults as well. Many grown-ups seem to lose every drop of common-sense they ever had when they try to talk to children, either their own or other people's. They are ill at ease, and cover their inability in one of several ways. The most usual method is to tease. Teasing in itself is an exciting process and there are many persons who derive definite pleasure from it. The response is quick and very often amusing but it cannot be justified as a legitimate pursuit.

Even when, or, I might almost say, especially when a child seems to enjoy being teased, it is inadvisable. The chronic tease is proving his own weakness and many times his own cruelty in the process. This is evidenced by the fact that very few persons who are expert in the art of teasing are equally agreeable when they themselves are teased. Practically none of them can take it with as good grace as one might expect. Moreover, the child who is habitually teased becomes irritable and unhappy. This very irritability calls out further teasing and the unavoidable result is an endless chain of unfortunate explosions that react badly on the temper of the child and on the relationship of the child with others.

A family whose medium of exchange is teasing loses much of the fine flavor of family living and develops rather those harsher, more suspicious qualities that endanger harmony. It is a good thing to be on the alert; but it is exhausting to have to be continually on guard. This is the effect of constant teasing.

For fear that we may paint too dark a picture and rob family life of much of its humor and gaiety by ruling out teasing altogether, let us hasten to say that the harmful effects depend entirely on the basic relationship which exists within the group. If people are genuinely fond of one another and if they are truly appreciative of one another's worth, then that affection will shine through their contacts and their relationship at every point. If, however, the underlying feelings are those of envy, jealousy, depreciation, disappointment, and unreasonable criticism, then teasing will bring these attitudes more and more out into the open.

The home should be a preparation for life outside and we cannot expect the outside world to be as kindly disposed toward our children as we are. We must, therefore, prepare them to take the rebuffs of the world with whatever firmness of character we can develop in them. A certain amount of rough-and-ready give and take

may help this toughening process. If our teasing merely adds to the child's feeling of insecurity and inferiority, if it makes him conscious of his shortcomings instead of strengthening his ability to overcome them, we shall have accomplished the very thing we would want to avoid.

In a very real sense behavior is a symptom rather than an end result. The child that lies or steals or

destroys property or is unduly impertinent is a child not so much in need of punishment as a child in need of study and understanding. The same holds true of teasing. There are instances, fortunately few in number, when teasing takes on a pathological form. The child who delights in teasing or hurting animals or other children is as truly a sick child as one who suffers from a physical infection. When situations such as this are observed, no time should be lost in seeking for the child the most expert help available. The child who teases (or the adult, for that matter) or the child who is more than normally the butt for teasing is showing symptoms of maladjustment. To clamp down the lid will not help us to understand why; to shrug our shoulders and disregard it will prevent our seeing the problem in its true light.

It happens very often that teasing results from jealousy. The younger child has been petted and admired as a baby. She may be winning and charming, whereas the older child is at the awkward, ugly-duckling stage. Soon the older child begins to torment the younger. By calling on the older child's chivalry or by punishing him for his ungallant attitude, the situation is made constantly worse. Only by realizing his difficulties and by giving him his full share of legitimate attention can we hope to improve the situation. Or it may be that an older child is active and intelligent and is commended and praised by his father. The younger child is still more or less of a baby and has no claims to distinction. His only way of putting himself across is by teasing. Again the answer lies in an understanding of both children, rather than in more direct means.

Parents are likely to respond to teasing in many different ways, depending upon their own attitude and their own childhood experiences. Intelligent parents will be neither unduly alarmed and indignant nor indifferent; they will regard teasing as a reaction which can be utilized for good and which must be kept within bounds so that it avoids the dangers which have been pointed out as possible consequences and helps to develop the sturdier qualities which will become an asset in social relationships and in character development.



by Marion M. Miller

Plenty to Grow On

BY DR. L. JEAN BOGERT

PHOTO BY ALEXANDER NICHOLS



IN RUSH Sally and Jack, aged nine and eleven respectively, drop their coats and hats anywhere, and race to the pantry for their afternoon lunch. This is only one of the signs that children of elementary school age are growing rapidly and need plenty of food to grow on. People sometimes assume that youngsters make the greatest proportion of their growth in the earliest years, and of course, the baby and pre-school child do make relatively large gains in weight and height; but the eight-year-old boy usually has about two-thirds of his weight and two-fifths of his height still to gain. And he makes about half of this gain in the five years (eight to thirteen inclusive), which we are discussing here.

Girls begin to show accelerated growth at about ten years of age, and gain an even greater proportion of their full height and weight during the elementary school period.

Obviously it takes lots of food and the right kind of food to build all the new tissues represented by these decided gains in height and weight. Then children of this age use up an enormous amount of energy in boundless physical activity. If fuel foods are not provided in a considerable surplus over the amount used up by work and play, the child may keep on growing in height but be unable to fill out or put on the proper amount of weight, and such children are apt to be physically frail. Extra rest may be needed as much as extra food, for children often cannot utilize their food well when overfatigued. It is surprising how much food children of this age really need.

The requirements for vitamins and tissue-building materials (such as protein, calcium, phosphorus and iron) are naturally high during the period of rapid growth. This means it is necessary that a good deal of the food consumed come from the apple barrel (figuratively speaking), the vegetable cart and the dairy wagon!

In brief, foods which should be included in the *daily* food supply of these growing children, in order to insure an ample amount of building materials and vitamins, are:

Milk, one quart; butter; eggs; some raw fruit or vegetable, preferably citrus fruit or tomato; some leafy vegetable; at least one other fruit and vegetable.

Other foods such as cereals, bread, potato, nourishing soups and desserts may be added to make up the energy supply, but the above list should form the basis of the diet.

From the age of seven or eight, the range of foods given the child is gradually widened, and foods used with caution in the early years may be more freely taken. New foods which may be introduced at this time are a few raw vegetables, such as tender lettuce, a little shredded young cabbage or grated raw carrot, or finely cut-up celery hearts. These may be arranged as salads with orange or lemon juice as dressing, or small amounts of these raw foods may be used for sandwich fillings. Almost any cooked vegetable can be taken in moderate amounts now. Raw fruits may be (Turn to page 81)

The Cry Away Bird

IT WAS a starry night in the mountains. The birds were sitting in their nests, the rabbits had hopped off to their haunts among the grasses, and the little field mice had crept into their snuggeries. All were sound asleep, and everything was quiet.

Bobo, the good old man of the mountains, was in his cosy mountain cave, dreaming happily about all the little birds and animals whom he loved so well.

Suddenly he heard a loud wail at the door of his mountain cave. He jumped up.

"It can't be one of my own birds or animals," he thought, "for they are all so tiny and this is the big voice of some big thing."

He was right. At the door stood a big, big bird, weeping with all its might. Around its long neck dangled a book on a red string.

"My poor friend," said kind old Bobo to the bird, "what makes you cry so?"

"I am the Cry-away Bird, and that is why I cry."

"But do you have to cry?" asked Bobo.

"I must live up to my name," wept the bird. "And I really wouldn't mind it, but it's so hard to find enough things to cry about. Besides, that's the only way I can be happy."

"But what are you crying about now?" said Bobo.

"Just now," said the bird, "I am crying because you haven't asked to see my book. It is full of beautiful reasons for crying. Won't you take it off and look?"

"Gladly, if it will make you feel any better," said Bobo, as he untied the book.

"Please read it aloud," pleaded the Cry-away Bird.

"Very well," said Bobo; so he read:

"Cry because winter is coming."

Here the Cry-away Bird shed a big tear.

"Cry because summer is gone," continued Bobo.

The sad bird shed two big tears.

"Cry because leaves fall in the fall, fall, fall."

Three tears splashed from each of the bird's eyes.

"Cry because Christmas comes only once a year——"

By this time the Cry-away Bird was weeping very hard, and Bobo was relieved when he saw that there were only two reasons left.

"Cry because ink makes black spots——"

Cry because no one can find nowhere."

"That was wonderful!" sighed the Cry-away Bird, when Bobo had come to the end of the list. "Now won't you please add a few reasons? The list is not long enough, and I get through it all too soon."

"Do you mean I'm to make you cry some more?"

"Yes, please," begged the bird. "That's why I looked you up."

Bobo did not know what to do. "The poor creature!" he thought. "He can't be really happy, crying all the time, and I dare say he doesn't even know that laughing makes one much happier than crying. I must think of some way to show him his mistake."

So he took the book and said to the Cry-away Bird, "Just sit down here and wait until I return."

"But what shall I cry about while you are gone?" asked the bird helplessly.

"It's so hard to find things to cry about," wept the big bird

"Oh, cry because there's nothing special to cry about," replied Bobo.

The bird promptly began to cry heartily, while Bobo went into his cave and wrote and wrote. When he had filled two pages, he went out to the Cry-away Bird, who was just drying his eyes.

"You're in the nick of time," said the bird. "I've just finished crying about that last reason. I hope you have a lovely sad list for me."

"I'll read it to you," said Bobo, and began:

"Cry because cats are never green."

The bird shed five tears and his mouth opened in a queer way.

"Cry because purple can never be yellow."

Cry-away shed four tears, and his mouth opened a little wider.

"Cry because shoes are not made of candle grease."

Cry-away shed three tears, and his mouth opened still wider.

"Cry because we don't eat food with our ears."

Cry-away shed two tears, one out of each eye, and his mouth looked very much like a smile.

"Cry because your feathers aren't made of molasses."

Cry-away shed only one tear, and he was actually smiling.

"Cry because grass doesn't grow on your head."

Cry-away couldn't squeeze a single tear from his eyes and his smile spread into a laugh. In fact he laughed so hard that the tears began to roll down his cheeks as though he were crying!

At last the bird stopped laughing. "That was the happiest cry that I ever had," he said, wiping his eyes. "What do you call that kind of crying?"

"We call it laughing," replied Bobo.

"It certainly is much more fun than my old way of crying," said the bird. "Won't you please write me a long enough list to last me forever?"

"Certainly," said Bobo.

He took the book into his cave and wrote and wrote and wrote. He wrote for a long, long time, and when the book was filled from cover to cover with reasons for laughing, he took it out to the bird and said: "There, Smile-away—for that is your new name—use this and you'll be happy forever after."

And Smile-away was, for the list was so funny that he did nothing but smile and laugh the rest of his life.

STORY AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY WANDA GÁC



The Flowering Face

by

MIGNON G. EBERHART



Study this drawing closely: it shows in clear detail the scene of the crime

THERE was a knock and then another knock, and Susan Dare left a murder half completed and went to the door.

The murder—that particular murder—was, however, entirely fictional. The caller was Katherine Vandeman, who said, “Darling,” breezily, entered with a rush and then saw the sheet of paper on the typewriter.

“Oh, my dear,” she said contritely. “I’ve interrupted you. Sorry. But I had to see you.”

She rushed on breathlessly: “We are going up on French Crescent today. And we want you to go along. Now please don’t say you can’t.”

Susan hesitated, and Katherine came closer to her so that Susan caught a whiff of cigarette smoke and lemon verbenas, curiously mingled. Katherine Vandeman was a tall woman, angularly built; there was about her a kind of hard, bright surface which made people feel that she was herself hard and superficial. Only her eyes, to Susan, were like bright clear holes through a stage curtain, for they were sober and clear, and somehow let you through to the Katherine Vandeman who was behind all that brightness and loudness and hardness. Her eyes and, amended Susan, the way she cared for and nursed her invalid brother-in-law. His name was Cecil Vandeman, he was perhaps ten years younger than Katherine and had been, since the death of Katherine’s husband, her only close personal tie. Thinking of him Susan said:

“Who’s he?”

“Cecil,” said Katherine, bright eyes looking past Susan. “Norman Bridges. Sally Lee Sully. You.”

“How’s Cecil?” asked Susan because it was the customary inquiry. Katherine was slow about replying.

“We’ve had another specialist,” she said finally. “I’m not altogether sure that I agree with him.”

“He doesn’t think Cecil is worse,” said Susan quickly.

“Oh, no, no. He thinks—or says he thinks—there’s definite improvement.” Katherine pulled off her gloves slowly. “You’ll go with us, won’t you? We’ll drive up to the inn, then leave the car and take the trail to the top. It isn’t much of a climb—two hours, perhaps. And Norman just telephoned the weather bureau and says it will be clear.”

She looked again into Susan’s eyes and caught the indecision. And quite suddenly she said in a still voice that had lost all its bright vivacity.

“Please come, Susan Dare.”

There was something urgent, something indefinably compelling about it. Susan said lamely: “But you see there’s a friend of mine coming from Chicago.”

“Who?” said Katherine.

“His name is Byrne. Jim Byrne. I had a note this morning—written sort of hurriedly.” Susan fished among the papers on the table and found a sheet of yellow copy paper with a few scrawled lines on it—“Dear Susie: Have an unexpected week-end and am coming down to stay at Hunt Club. Find two good riding horses and don’t plan any work. Arrive Thursday or Friday night ten o’clock train. Have greatest regard for you and your stories but kindly do not mention

six-letter word meaning to destroy by violence in my hearing. Jim.”

“He’s just finished reporting the Blank case,” said Susan explanatorily. “It must have been pretty awful.”

“Reporting. Why, that’s—” Katherine stopped abruptly.

“Yes, that’s the Jim Byrne.”

“Oh—oh, yes, I see. I remember his name now. Well—we shall be home before ten. But you might leave a message at the Hunt Club, just in case we are delayed. Tell him”—Katherine hesitated again. “Tell him to join us—if he wants to. We’ll stop for you just after lunch. Goodbye, my dear. Goodbye.”

Susan didn’t really know Katherine Vandeman very well, although the Vandeman place, a huge old Southern home with stables and blue-grass meadows, lay in the valley only two miles distant from Susan’s own small cabin. Susan knew in a vague way that Katherine’s husband, considerably older than Katherine, had left his widow a sizable chunk of the Vandeman money. She knew, too, that Norman Bridges, a lawyer and an old friend of the Vandeman family, was, in a rather prolonged and desultory way, a suitor of Katherine’s.

THEY called for Susan shortly after noon. Katherine at the wheel of her long convertible coupé, with Cecil beside her and Norman Bridges’ tweed shoulders beside Sally Lee Sully’s green sweater in the rumble.

Sally Lee Sully, a slim, dark-eyed girl with the sweet languid loveliness of a magnolia, waved prettily to Susan. Norman Bridges’ white teeth flashed below his dark moustache, and Cecil got out slowly, unfolding his slender length and explaining to Susan that the seat was wide enough for the three of them if Susan didn’t mind a little crowding.

Afterward Susan tried desperately to recall anything at all significant that was said or done during the trip to French Crescent. But there was nothing. Katherine drove furiously with bursts of speed and sudden brakings which threatened to send her passengers through the windshield but somehow never did.

They wound higher and higher. The road became narrow and the hairpin curves sharper. Great expanses of sky and space would appear suddenly ahead and then would vanish as the car swerved, and be replaced by a tangled wall of pines and mountain growth.

It was perhaps four o’clock when they reached the inn, from which only a footpath continued to the mountain top. Katherine parked expertly in the space reserved for cars. And it took expert parking. They had emerged upon a small plateau backed by the steep rise of the mountain but dropping suddenly away upon sheer space and distance with only a little line of white stones to mark that irregular, precipitous edge. Katherine turned, backed, turned until Cecil, looking rather pale, said: “That’s enough, K. You’re only a few feet from the edge.”

Katherine stopped at last, and Susan took a long breath of relief and Cecil slid out of the car. He turned and smiled, holding out his thin hand to Susan

to help her. "Are your legs cramped?" he asked. "A little," said Susan, "I've kept my foot on a brake that wasn't there practically all the way up the mountain."

"I know," said Cecil. "One does when K is driving. She"—He stopped so abruptly that Susan glanced up into his thin young face and followed the direction of his gaze. Norman Bridges had climbed down from the rumble seat and was holding up his arms for Sally Lee Sully. He was laughing, his white teeth flashing and his face red from the wind, and Sally Lee, blown and lovely, was looking down and laughing, too, so that her eyes were half-closed and darkly shadowed. As she stood above them her green sweater and knitted skirt clung to her body like wet cloth to a clay model and outlined breast and hips and slim young waist against the dull sky. Still smiling gently she brought up one knee in order to step over the side of the car and poised there for an unforgettable instant, one lovely line of grace flowing into another.

The instant that she stood there against the sky became sharp and terribly clear. The still, pearly sky. The pines. The consciousness of space and a plateau and a precipice at its edge, and a great spreading valley below.

And Norman Bridges holding his strong arms up toward Sally, with the laugh on his face becoming fixed while Sally Lee Sully poised there with her beautiful body against the sky.

Katherine banged the heavy door of the car, and the scene dissolved. Sally Lee slid into Norman's arms. Somebody cried: "What a view!" And Katherine was walking away from the car, and they had all turned to look out across space and valley and mountains.

"Don't go too near the edge," said Katherine sharply to somebody and Susan realized that she was speaking to Cecil and that, insensibly drawn, they had all drifted toward the little line of stones that marked the edge of the cliff.

Susan stepped nearer, resisting her inborn dread of high places, and looked over. A sheer drop of how many feet—a hundred—three hundred? She couldn't guess and the perspective was deceiving.

"Over here," said Cecil to Susan, "is the Crescent. At the right. Just behind the car." She turned at his gesture toward the car again. "It's really just a ravine but it's so sharp and sudden that it's like a gash. It's a queer sort of thing—like a cleft in the face of the plateau. Probably made in some past geological age by a mountain torrent, though its dry now. Nothing but rocks at the bottom of it."

No wonder he'd been uneasy when Katherine backed and turned and maneuvered! Susan stood at the rear of the long car and observed with frozen horror that the gleaming left fenders of the car were actually not more than four feet from that sharp, jagged cut.

It was, as Cecil said, an irregular, gash-like cleft interrupting the smooth floor of the plateau. The ravine was narrow, not more than fifteen feet wide where it began at the cliff edge and narrowing to a point. Beyond

it was the small plateau again, except that, there, it was not cleared except for a path that ran from the edge of the parking space, around the end of the short sharp ravine and out again to a bench which was almost directly opposite the car. Katherine spoke quickly and loudly.

"There's a grand view from the other side of the Crescent," she said. "The view from the bench over there is better even than from the plateau on this side. Shall we walk around on the other side?"

But Sally Lee Sully, strolling toward them across the parking space, vetoed that. "We'd better get started up the mountain, if we're going."

"Right," agreed Cecil. "Weather-man to the contrary, it's going to be cloudy."

So they started, Katherine plunging ahead and becoming flushed and panting after the first half-mile. Norman trudged along easily beside Susan, smoking a pipe. Sally Lee Sully strolled behind them with an appearance of laziness and fatigue until you realized that she remained exactly twenty feet behind the whole way and might as easily have kept with them. Cecil stayed behind. It was the accustomed thing and occasioned no comment and no offers of company. As they reached a turn in the sharply climbing path that brought them out above the inn and the plateau, they could see him, clear and small below them. It was Norman who saw him first.

"There's Cecil—over on the Crescent. On the bench. See him? He's reading."

"He's always reading." That was Sally Lee.

They went on. And it was a pleasant enough climb. Except that it was cloudy. So cloudy that by the time they reached the top there was no view at all and nothing to do but sit on dampish boulders above a faintly moving, pearly gray blanket and smoke and rest before they started down again.

By the time they reached the inn it was twilight, with the car looming ghostly out of the mist, its sleek gray sides wet, and the windows of the inn lighted and showing distant-looking blobs of radiance.

"Light looks good," said Norman who was by that time merely a thick black bulk trudging beside Susan. "Hope they've got a fire. Hi, Katherine—I'd better turn on the car lights—did you lock the door?"

"Only the ignition. Do turn on the lights, Norm. I don't suppose anybody will be coming up tonight in this fog, though."

Norman vanished, a glow appeared before the car, and Katherine was the first to reach the inn. And at the sound of her step on the porch, the door flung open, letting out light and warmth, with Cecil outlined against the light welcoming them and exclaiming about the fog.

And it was Cecil who suggested that they have dinner at the inn before attempting the descent.

"You are all tired and cold. And the fog is bad. Anyway I've already ordered dinner."

Katherine hesitated and looked at Susan, and afterward Susan wondered what would have happened had she herself insisted on undertaking their trip down the



Cecil looked up jealously as Sally Lee stood ready to jump into Norman's arms

ILLUSTRATED BY
MARSHALL FRANTZ

SUSAN DARE DISCOVERS MURDER ON A MOUNTAIN

mountain at once. Or rather when it would have happened.

But she did not insist. The open fire leaping in the huge fireplace, the smells of dinner, the table already laid and drawn up to the fire, and more than anything, the prospect of the fog's eventually lifting, were irresistible. And Norman, entering, looked at Katherine and looked at Cecil and closed the door behind him.

"The fog can't get worse," he said. "And it may lift a bit. Tell the girl to bring on the steaks, Cecil. I'm hungry as a bear." Then Norman added abruptly: "Golly, I forgot to bring in the champagne."

"Champagne!" Katherine's voice was strained.

Sally Lee Sully lifted languorous dark eyes to look at Katherine, and Norman said: "Of course. Champagne is the official betrothal toaster. I doubt very much if an engagement to marry is legal without champagne."

There was a curious sharp moment of stillness. It was as if the events of the afternoon had rambled along leisurely, carelessly, without direction, until that moment. And quite suddenly they became fixed and intentional and significant.

"Engagement," said Katherine in a strange voice.

"Engagement," said Norman, facing her solidly. "Sally Lee Sully engaged to marry Cecil Vandeman. Announcement made by old friend of family, Norman Bridges." He paused. Cecil somehow was standing between Sally Lee Sully and Katherine—his hand was on Sally Lee but he looked at Katherine. Then Norman crossed to Katherine and forced her to look away from Cecil and at him. "Come now, dear—they've waited patiently till Cecil is better. Now he's well enough to marry—"

Katherine jerked away from him.

"He's not well enough!" she cried.

In the stricken, uncomfortable silence, the door from the kitchen opened brusquely and the waitress entered, laden tray in her hands.

"How do you do?" she said chattily to Norman who was nearest the table. "Shall I serve dinner now?"

"All right," said Cecil. His hand on Sally Lee increased its pressure, as if comfortingly, before he left her. "I'll get the champagne," he said, obviously thankful for the interruption. And Norman nodded quickly: "Do. It's in the rumble seat."

Cecil picked up his hat and reached the door and paused there, looking at Katherine's rigid back and Norman said: "Fog is bad, Cecil. Don't stumble and drop the champagne. The car lights are on, you can see all right. Look here, my girl, have you got some glasses?"

Cecil's eyes waited another instant for Katherine to turn. She did not move and he glanced then at Sally Lee, made a cheerful little gesture with his hand, and the door opened, letting in black fog, and closed.

"Goblets will do," said Norman to the waitress. "Bring 'em on. Anything will do when it's champagne."

Katherine whirled from the window.

"You had planned this all along," she said harshly. "You and Cecil. You were going to tell me like this

Sally Lee screamed frantically: "I didn't do it! Don't accuse me"— Then she said, "But I know who did"



when Sally Lee was here—and Susan—because you thought that in their presence I would say nothing."

"It was Cecil's plan—"

"And yours too, Norman. And Sally Lee's. Probably Sally Lee's plan first. She knew I would object."

"Suppose we did plan it, Katherine," Norman said with stubborn gentleness. "I have waited too."

Sally Lee looked at her ankles and drawled: "Don't be that way, Katherine. I won't eat Cecil."

"You!" said Katherine simply.

"The main thing," drawled Sally Lee, "is that Cecil loves me. And he's free, white and twenty-one, in spite of the sick baby you've tried to make him."

It was a dreadful silence—dreadful to sit there and see Sally Lee's languid sweetness, to watch that dull red slowly sweep out of Katherine's face and her long angular hands double themselves as if she could strike Sally Lee's smiling pretty face.

Finally Norman said fumblingly: "Now, Sally Lee—" And Katherine said in a choked way: "Did you

hear that, Norman? Did you hear what she said? And I've put everything away, you and everything, to nurse and care for Cecil. Yet you say let them marry. Norman, is it possible you do not realize that she's marrying him only for his money?"

Sally Lee Sully showed herself suddenly and pettishly angry.

"I meant you were making him spineless and childish. He's not half the invalid you've made him think he is. You've tried to dominate him. Well, you can't any more. He loves me. Suppose I am marrying him for his money. It's going to make him happy. If you are so devoted to him I should think that would please you."

Katherine's clenched hands relaxed hopelessly. Her long face was still white and her earnest eyes terribly bright. She said to Norman:

"You see what you've done."

"I've done nothing," said Norman, standing his ground solidly. "Be reasonable, Katherine. Sally Lee



isn't marrying him just for his money. He wants her. And she'll make him a good wife."

"It divides the Vandeman fortune in half if Cecil—" Sally Lee Sully checked herself as if frightened at what her vicious little tongue had been about to say and looked from Katherine quickly and supplicatingly to Norman. "You see, Norm—if Cecil doesn't marry, the whole thing would come to Katherine."

"Be reasonable," said Norman pleadingly again. "You angered her, Katherine. After all, you didn't exactly welcome her into the family." He approached Katherine and put his hand on her arm but she jerked savagely away from him and went to the door, her sport shoes making heavy angry footfalls. She opened the door and fog poured in and it was black beyond.

"Cecil ought to be coming," she said as if detached from the painful, ugly quarrel. She peered into the fog.

"He'll be back in a minute," said Norman, relievedly pouncing upon a new topic. "Hope the fog lifts before

we go down the mountain. Ah, here come the glasses. And the steaks."

The waitress entered again, glasses clinking faintly and musically and the fragrance of broiling steaks filling the room.

Sally Lee Sully looked at the steaks smoking on the table, hesitated, shrugged, let her skirt drop over her beautiful knees, and rose. Her walk across to where Katherine stood, still peering into the fog beyond the open door, was to Susan's awakened eyes a thing of potent grace. Odd, she'd never perceived the danger in the girl before.

Sally Lee put her hand on Katherine's arm. She was all wooing, all tender and sweet. "K, dear, forgive me. I didn't mean anything— You've been so good to Cecil. I'll try to be as good a wife as you've been a sister."

Norman beamed. Katherine finally tore her seeking eyes from the fog and darkness and looked slowly and searchingly into the girl's flower-like face. And it was then that she said a very strange and dreadful thing.

"Sally Lee," she said, "you will never be Cecil's wife."

Under that searching bright regard, Sally Lee shrank back. And Norman said roughly: "Shut the door, Katherine. It's cold. Cecil will be here in a moment."

"He ought to be here now," said Katherine. "I'm going to look for him."

"Don't be silly, K, he's all right."

"He ought to have returned," she said stubbornly. "You know, Norm, he has no sense of direction. He's probably wandering about somewhere."

"Nonsense. He can see the lights from the inn."

It was just there, Susan realized later, that from somewhere, stealthily, cautiously, scarcely observed, there crept into the situation a strange sense of tension, of foreshadowing.

But it was a good ten minutes before it became definite. Observable. Tangible, even.

Ten minutes of discussion—of increasingly anxious watching, of Norman first and then Katherine vanishing into the fog and shouting from the edge of the porch into the whirling darkness beyond, soft and black and impenetrable, with not a gleam of light anywhere except from the open door and windows behind them.

But Cecil did not return. And did not reply.

And he was not at the dark and silent car, nor anywhere between the car and the inn; and the lights and the hurriedly summoned proprietor and the two servants and themselves could not discover him and could not make him hear. They were all somehow out in the fog and there were blobs of lights from electric torches and the streaming lights again from the car, and shouting voices everywhere and then that diapason of sound became suddenly still, silenced by one scream.


That was Katherine's scream when they found him.

He was at the bottom of the ravine, huddled on the rocks, dead.

It was the proprietor and Norman who crawled down there with flashlights and ropes. Mercifully the darkness and the fog veiled the thing from Katherine's eyes. And during those black moments while the men painfully, slowly, with difficulties which were too readily to be surmised, managed to remove the slender, broken body and carry it at last toward the inn, Susan sat in the blank dampness beside Katherine and held the woman's strong, angular hands.

Norman, panting, returned at last and put his arm around Katherine and drew her toward the inn. Susan and Sally Lee followed. The light gravel crunched under their feet.

All at once after that black interlude of horror they were again in the long dining room. The fire was stirred to flames. Katherine, looking like a sleep-walker, was sitting before it. The men, Norman and the proprietor and the fat, frightened cook, were talking—talking in circles, repeating themselves, exclaiming, saying how it happened. Sally Lee Sully was crouched, slim and white and silent. The waitress—white, now, and incoherent with excitement—was saying they ought to have turned on the (Turn to page 74)



Mexico: Just Next Door

IT SEEMS to me that just as surely as day follows night, as masculine eyes follow a pretty girl—travel conversation follows the coffee at a dinner party. One I attended the other night was no exception. There was a brisk hour of talk on places we'd visited.

A shy girl listened hungrily. Then she interrupted quietly, "Has anyone here been to Mexico? I'm going next month and I'd love to know a bit about it."

That was my big moment. I'd been pretty quiet myself up to this point. Why get excited about places everyone's been to? Mexico, on the other hand, has just begun to come into its own as the smart place to go. You can still say "I've been to Mexico" with the pride of exclusivity.

To many Americans it seems like a faraway place that is difficult of access and full of tourist regulations. That is far from being the case. As a matter of fact, Mexico City is just three-and-a-half days from New York or Los Angeles by train, less than two days by plane—and even if you go by ship you can have a grand holiday there in a two week's vacation! As for the entrance regulations, all you need is a tourist card, issued by the Mexican consulate, which costs all of one dollar. And it's one of the most inexpensive trips you can imagine, with the rate of exchange very much in your favor.

Should you go by ship—either directly from New York or via rail to New Orleans and then proceed from there by boat—Progreso is the first stop. If you're the kind of person who loves to wallow about in ruins, by all means disembark at Progreso. For only twenty-four miles from there is Merida, the capital of the state of Yucatan, and gateway to the most famous ruins of Mayan civilization. However, despite the glory that was Mayaland, most of your fellow-passengers will proceed to Vera Cruz.

And there begins one of the most fantastic, exciting climbs I have ever known. Your train takes you soaring from sea level to a city thousands of feet above the sea . . . from tropical summer to exhilarating spring. And on the way you make the discovery that in Mexico they say "Welcome" in the loveliest way in the world—they say it with flowers! Such lush blossoms—and yours for less than a song. If you've met some very attractive lad on the ship, don't be upset and feel you mustn't accept them if he presents you with a cluster of fifty gardenias on the train. His intentions are undoubtedly perfectly honorable, for he has merely gone to the trouble of accepting them from a flower vendor at the expense of about five cents!

But here we are climbing to Mexico City. And when you can take your eyes off the flowers—glance around at the breath-taking views of snow-topped mountains.

Mexico City (which you will learn to call just Mexico; the "City" is silent as in New York) is so full of a number of things that you'll be tempted to forget all about your plans for a grand tour of all Mexico.

You'll want to see a bull fight there. Spain sends to Mexico her most famous matadors, and the spectacle is as colorful, as vibrant and, I'm afraid, as gory as it is in its native land. If you don't go for another thing, stay

Street scene near Mexico City—and by the way, the word "City" is silent there as in New York

AND YOU'LL COME BACK CALLING IT MAY-HEE-KO, ACCORDING TO TRAVEL-EXPERT LEONORE MULLER

long enough to see the participants enter the bull ring. And I venture to say that, much as you adore animals and hate combat, you'll sit through to the end.

You owe it to posterity, I suppose, to see the sights. As a matter of fact, this is no hardship in Mexico. The vivid, richly colored churches will attract you. As will the Aztec relics in the museum and the recently completed Palace of Fine Arts—functionally a theatre and concert hall—with its fine dome and its front stage curtain presenting a view of the Valley of Mexico done in gold and crystals. And the government buildings, to the seasoned sightseer, will be part of the routine.

If you are a dilettante who counts dabbling in archeology among your interests, the famous Pyramids of the Sun and Moon nearby will delight you.

And what to do for fun? A bull fight hardly comes under the heading of fun. Night life in Mexico City is as merry and diversified as it is in Europe's most sophisticated cities. Gamble at one of the casinos, dance the carioca at a night club. Gambling is a national sport in Mexico, along with bull-fighting and *amor*.

Pulque is the national drink, though tequilla is the one you'll probably write home about. If you are one of those adventurous souls who believe no holiday is complete without going through fire and water to achieve some objective—then tequilla most certainly is *your* drink. For tequilla is certainly fire water in every sense of the word. Until you've become accustomed to it, it's wise to take it with a few grains of salt—sprinkled on the back of your hand—and a little lemon.

If you've wondered how one gets about in Mexico City, now's the time to tell you that you can hire a car for extended trips for two pesos (less than sixty cents) an hour, and the taxi fares are proportionately little.

One of these cars should take you to Cuernavaca, about two hours out of Mexico City. This has been Mexico's smartest resort ever since Cortez built a palace there, and many Americans have come for a fortnight and themselves stayed to build palaces! Its many hotels are bristling with cosmopolites in search of a holiday, and golf, tennis, swimming and other sports are accessible and popular. After you've had your fill of fun, wander in the outskirts. In contrast with Cuernavaca's magnificent estates and opulence are the adobe huts of the Indians, equipped with only the barest necessities. That's life in Mexico!

The urge to compare the newly discovered with the familiar is strong in all of us. When I got my first glimpse of Taxco I couldn't help thinking of Woodstock, New York—for they are both artists' colonies, both picturesque, both fascinating. Taxco is so happily situated, and the air is so stimulating that you envy the people who have elected to live there and paint or write away in everlasting content.

Then there's Puebla, 'way, 'way up in the mountains with awe-inspiring views of Popocatepetl and Ixfacci-huatl. And that reminds me that if you were taught, at school, to pronounce it any other way but Poe-poe-cat-éh-petl with the accent on the eh, you were as misinformed as I was. To return to Puebla—the exquisitely

tinted houses of blazed tiles; the shops gleaming with onyx jewelry; the enchanting churches; the opportunity to go through the famous pottery works; these will make it one of your favorite cities. Here's where you'll want to stock up on souvenirs.

I am always so glad to be guided about clothing, tipping and the other appurtenances to traveling that you may be interested in this part of "What Every Traveler to Mexico Should Know." Tipping can best be summed up by telling you it's customary to tip the usual ten percent in Mexico City and anywhere from five to ten percent in other parts of Mexico.

As for clothes—you'll need summer things for the trip and for Yucatan and Vera Cruz. But—and this will come as a surprise to most people—Mexico City and its surrounding towns enjoy a perpetually spring-time temperature! Therefore you will need wraps for the evening and light woollens as well as silks and cottons for the daytime. Since Mexico has greatly influenced fashion trends during the past few years, you will undoubtedly want to adapt the vivid colorings of serapes to your own costumes.

The Indians you will find shy, quiet, detached and courteous withal. If you meet up with Mexicans with whom you are *simpatico*, you will have an opportunity to use your Spanish. And, like Dorothy Parker's touring heroine who spent a few weeks in Paris and wouldn't let a soul forget it—you'll be wanting to shriek whenever anyone calls Mexico anything but May-hee-ko with the accent on the first syllable.

In any case, Mexico is pronounced swell by everyone who's ever been there.

The glamour of Spain and the primitive culture of the Indians make the picture on the opposite page typical of what the traveler will revel in in Mexico. On the way she can dip into the ruins of Mayan civilization (upper right); once in Mexico City, she may attend a bull fight. She later trips lightly to Taxco (see below), and there hobnobs with American artists and writers





GOTTSCHO

High, Wide and Handsome

ENGLISH REGENCY BRINGS BACK LAVISH SILKS AND GRACES



YES, the high style mode—especially for country houses—has changed. Cottage curtains give way to architectural draperies. English Regency chairs and sofas now echo the pure line of early Greece. Newer even than Classic Modern is this formal, chaste, beautifully sculptured furniture trend.

A motion picture can intensify and spread a rising fashion. Thus "The Scarlet Pimpernel" advanced the good work for Regency already done this winter by Noel Coward's stage production, "Conversation Piece," and the annual Beaux Arts ball, which was Regency-costumed. The 1935 glass of fashion suddenly mirrored English Regency. Architects, furniture manufacturers, fabric and wallpaper designers all looked upon it and saw that it was good. With confidence they created this popular renaissance of the days when iron men were clad in silks and ruffles, when high adventures took place in lustrous boudoirs—and Napoleon had not yet met his Waterloo.

DELINEATOR proudly took part in the excitement. A little house beside a merry river in Connecticut is witness to our activity. The neighbors in Greenwich and the surrounding countryside drive out to see that house, so modern in its construction, so interesting as to architecture, and so important in its complete and exquisite English Regency decoration.

Refresh your memory with our April issue and look at the lovely exterior of that six-room, one-story house. Imagine that you are opening the front door. You step into the room which we are showing you this month.

Facing you as you stand in the doorway is the long and welcoming wall, shown above. Outside these great windows, rising from floor to ceiling, is the sun-drenched terrace featured in DELINEATOR last month.

The window treatment here is worthy of special notice. Not infrequently one meets the triple-window problem. Here it has been pulled into one large unit—by means of a splendid valance-and-curtain treatment,

Delineator says: Save money by building a prefabricated house and then spend your savings for that long longed-for luxury of interior

done in ivory silk satin. There is one long valance, made over buckram and slightly bowed, festooned with cords and tassels, and edged with fringe. This valance is carried across all three windows and the mirror panels between them. There are three full pairs of long full curtains.

To achieve curtains of this distinction, not only must the fabric be lovely but the finishing details must be perfect. So note especially the fringe and tie-backs shown in detail on page 48. They are reproductions of the correct trimming of the Regency period.

The Regency mode demands luxury. And now is our chance to be more luxurious with our furnishing budgets. Prefabricated houses cost less. Why not use the extra saving for a degree of furnishing splendor that would not have been dreamed of in the days when it took almost one's last cent to construct four walls and a roof?

This room glows with a pale terra cotta pink color: walls, trim and ceiling. The floor is interestingly laid in a pattern of hardwood squares, and is polished and left bare except for two small rugs which help to group the furnishings at either end of the room.

Flanking the fireplace, a pair of comfortable short couches are upholstered in a deeper terra cotta silk satin with a fine white stripe. Those beautiful Regency armchairs in front of the fire are dark green lacquer,

trimmed in gold and upholstered in salmon-pink silk satin. Silk tufts ornament the back rests. The rug here, and also the one at the other end of the room, is a lapis-lazuli blue, fringed in matching tone, and with a cut and uncut texture in simple geometric pattern. A low round table of generous size, in the center of this grouping, is an important member for that laden tray of drinkables or the after-dinner coffee service. Have you noticed how the right table at the right spot makes a spontaneous and sociable gathering place?

The Regency air of Bath, Beau Brummel and the Scarlet Pimpernel is even more apparent at the opposite end of this long and many-windowed living room. For here you find the gaming table, all set up, waiting and ready for whatever is called by the merrymakers. There is no furnishing feature that can more readily and hospitably establish an air of ease and pleasurable festivity than a fine, substantial game corner such as this. The card table with its carved apron has a matching leather



by
Joseph B. Platt



The lovely formality of English Regency brings a changed importance to country living. It is worth while to invest in genuine silk upholstery and satin curtains. Left: Regency fringe and tassel

top. And the card chairs, matching in profile the armchairs in front of the fireplace, are upholstered in brown silk moiré.

In front of a window next to the front door, and balancing the gaming group, is the writing table unit. The writing table and its armchair are beautiful and unusual, with sweeping lines. The writing chair is upholstered in rose silk velvet, gleaming and lustrous. A well-supplied letter-paper holder and blotter furnish the desk.

At the far end of this salon, opposite the fireplace and balancing it, is a simple cabinet and bookshelf, convenient and formal.

With all this classic feeling, our lamps had to be urn-shaped. Look at the pair on their lapis-lazuli-colored columns in front of the mirrored panels. These too were copied from documents of the Regency period. They shed a clear and cheerful light through their white shades. The lamp on the desk, while of different design, has the same tradition.

Times were when we thought we could relax in the country only with sturdy, feet-on-the-table furniture to keep us company. We wanted our houses to be modi-

fied versions of the great outdoors—a background for country clothes and informal ways.

Now a wholly new attitude is winning wide acceptance. We see that the Englishman's love of the country springs from the variety of interest and activity which he creates for himself there. Woods and fields and gardens, rivers and lakes, the sun, the wind and the rain are hearty companions right outside the door. Why not, then, inside our door make for ourselves a wholly contrasting atmosphere? It is the vitality of such contrasts that explains the great and memorable distinction of famous English country houses.

Nothing seems "little" about DELINEATOR's little house by a river, when you enter its long and lovely drawing-room. Here are all space and quality and ease. We were able to afford this air of opulence by reason of a new and special type of house construction, described in detail in these columns last month. The outside and inside walls, the mantelpiece and even all the moldings are cast in single slabs, and then the whole house is durably and lastingly erected in three or four days. Economy of money (Turn to page 68)



The cut-and-uncut lapis-lazuli rug. A useful cabinet. A corner of the desk

Hours and hours of patient cooking —but not in your home!

WHAT makes good soup? The right recipe, fine ingredients, a skillful cook—and *time*! And along with these—*patience*. Hurry and good soup just don't go together. Soup is one of the kitchen's most notorious time-takers—delicious when it's finished, but a long, long while in the making. Without that, it is not worthy the name of soup.

The good home cook can instantly "spot" the real thing in soup. Her taste telegraphs to her home-taught soup-sense that Campbell's have the true home-made flavor. She knows that such through-and-through goodness, such sparkle, such finish and nicety in soup can only be born of slow, patient cooking, in small kettles, and with all the individual attention she herself would give in her own kitchen.

21 kinds to choose from...



Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mushroom (Cream of)
Mutton
Noodle with chicken
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef

LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



Take vegetable soup, for instance. Marketing for, preparing and cooking fifteen different vegetables in a soup is no small job. But you need that many vegetables—and each one the best—to make really splendid vegetable soup. Beef broth is the life of delicious vegetable soup—and it takes time to make good beef broth. In relieving you of all this work, Campbell's Vegetable Soup also gives your taste the real home-cooking thrill—the richness and flavor you once thought only the home-kitchen could "create". Hours and hours of patient cooking, but not by *you*!

Double rich! Double strength!

Campbell's Soups are made as in your own home kitchen, except that the broth is double strength. So when you add an equal quantity of water, you obtain twice as much full-flavored soup at no extra cost.



Eat your Campbell's daily—
Then you'll be
Healthy, strong and happy,
Just like me!

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

CONTAINING RICH BEEF BROTH PLUS 15 GARDEN VEGETABLES

New Table Graces

GLASS, SILVER, CHINA, AND LINENS



MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

Romantic Regency festoons and smart modern lines combine harmoniously in this table-setting. Graceful swags and tassels on the Regency linen. Rhythmic festoons cut on the glasses. Silver and china of excellent modern design. The central decorations combine the old order and the new

T

HERE'S romance in Regency festoons and swags and tassels. And there's a vital smartness in sleek modern lines. Both are high fashion these days, in interior decoration . . . and in table-settings. And it's high fashion, too, to combine them, the romance of the "high and far-off" Regency tradition with the smart elegance of the modern.

That's what we did here, in the table-setting on the left . . . combined Regency and modern.

A famous artist in linens is Max Klein, the presiding genius of Mosse, Inc.; and his handsome shop on Fifth Avenue is one of the glamorous "sights" of New York. The exciting interest in Regency decoration inspired this linen maestro to design this "Regency" dinner cloth and serviettes. Of dramatic red linen. Graceful swags of white circles, garlanded in rhythmic variations of sizes. Enchanting tassels. And to continue the rhythm, a center panel of white, merrily scalloped. The modern feeling creeps in in the geometric design outlining the edge of the table. A cloth of such a festive color and striking originality should start dinner table conversation in an eloquent fashion!

The Fostoria "Regency" glasses are perfect companions of this table linen. Regency swags that are beautifully cut on sheer crystal, and a lovely stem that continues the flowing grace of the bowl.

Living in harmony with the cloth and glasses of traditional design, are the china and silver, modern in their feeling and with the excellent grace of adaptation.

In key with the rhythmic mood of the setting is the china, "Cascade Rouge," made by the James River Pottery. Cascade it does gently, from rim to almost the center of the plate. And "rouge" are the three delicate lines that echo the red in the cloth.

The handsome silverpieces are Community Plate's new pattern, "Berkeley Square." Surely here is a name associated with romantic traditions . . . and still, withal, the design leans definitely toward the modern. The outline of these silverpieces, the plain surfaces, the simple ornament—all modern treatment. The flat edge has occasional notches that give an unusual flowing quality to the design; and the shank is decorated with flat bands and two disks. Now that sparkle has entered furnishings in general, Community decided to produce this pattern in a "Continental Bright" finish.

To the gloriously beautiful Steuben crystal items of our central decorations we sing special hallelujahs. The centerpiece, of perfect proportion—it too has a Regency design on its bowl. The wondrous candelabra, of crystal and chromium, with the classic column in crystal, a star'd crystal globe, and lovely pendant stars. And the engagingly graceful dish for fruit . . . it has a glass lining to use with flowers.

The candles used in both table settings are from Will and Baumer. They are white, appropriate for both settings, and fit perfectly into both types of candelabra.

by

Helen Ufford



Now let's look at the all-modern setting on this page. If you're an earnest devotee of the modern, you'll find artistic satisfaction in this setting. Every item of this ensemble comes from the entrancing New York shop of Rena Rosenthal. Mr. and Mrs. Rosenthal are one of New York's finest and most distinguished traditions. And they have, for many years, interpreted to the smart world the simple charm of modern table accessories.

The ensemble we show here is a masterpiece in simplicity. Look at the place-doily . . . sheer linen as a background for the china; net, a perfect background for

the silverpieces. The charming restraint of the design of the china—the courtly husband insisted that it should be called "Rena china." The crystal . . . glistening glasses, the simplest of centerpieces with two-part crystal fruits, the candle-holders. And, in perfect harmony, the "Modern Classic" silver pattern of Rogers, Lunt and Bowlen, and the compact salt and pepper set of International Silver Company.

Three other new glass designs shown at the top of this page make their bows this month. From left to right: Heisey's aristocratic "Neo-Classic"; Cambridge's sparkling "Brentwood"; and Seneca's impressive "Gothic."

WYNN RICHARDS



Spring Cleaning

BEAUTY TREATMENTS FOR ROOMS AND FURNISHINGS

*I*N THE spring, a woman's fancy turns—and not too lightly—to thoughts of house-cleaning. For at no other time does the house need more attention. It has grown dingy during the winter, and blemishes that passed unnoticed on duller days, now show up clearly in the bright spring sunshine.

Give a glance at your upholstered furniture. You will probably find that it is the worse for winter smoke and soot. But there's no need for discouragement. It can be brought back to the pink of condition at home by a special treatment with a familiar old cleaner—soap.

The first step, always, is a thorough dusting. Get down into the corners and remove all loose dust with a vacuum cleaner.

Then you prepare for the really stubborn soil by dissolving a quarter of a cupful of mild soap in a quart of water. Of this you beat up three-fourths of a cupful at a time, until all the soapy liquid is converted into a mass of thick dry suds, close and creamy like a shaving lather. This makes a large bowlful.

Apply this froth to the upholstery with a small scrubbing brush of medium stiffness. Dip the brush into the suds and scrub about two square feet of the upholstery at a time, finishing the job as you go along. Using plenty of suds, scrub until all the dirt is removed. Wipe spatters from the wood with a dry cloth as soon as they occur. When the dirt is all out, sponge away the suds with a slightly damp cloth, going over the upholstery repeatedly and wringing the sponging cloth out of clear water several times during the process. This done, rub the surface as dry as possible with a soft spongy piece of cloth. Repeat the scrubbing, rinsing and wiping until you have covered the entire surface; then leave your moist but spotless furniture to



dry. Smooth a velvet pile, when partially dried, by brushing it first against, then with the lay of the pile.

This cleaning method presupposes fast colors, and most upholstery can be depended on to have them. But, when you are in doubt, experiment first on a small, inconspicuous part of the material. If there are covered metal buttons, this method is not advisable. Drying is necessarily slow and rust is likely to come through.

When it comes to moths in the upholstered furniture, an ounce of prevention is worth many pounds of cure. Once a moth has made itself at home in the interior of your favorite chair, it is in a strategic position. And its large, hungry family will have many a costly meal at your expense before you discover and oust them.

See that the linings on the bottoms of the upholstered pieces are intact and all cracks and crevices closed. This will prevent moths entering via the back-door route. Guard the upper approaches by treating the upholstery, if mohair or woolen, with a mothproofing spray.

Without this protection, upholstery should be gone over with a vacuum cleaner or brushed at least every two weeks. Slip covers are a protection against dust and light but are no hindrance to the wily moth.

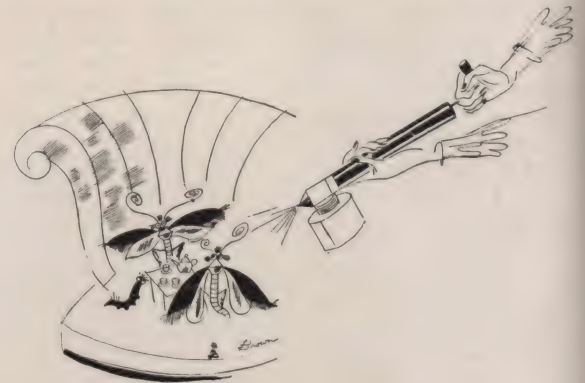
Furniture that has become dull, clouded, or finger-marked needs cleaning first of all. Polishing is necessary, too, but cannot be done successfully unless soil and film are first removed. A high grade furniture polish will clean as well as polish. It should rub dry without too much labor, and leave no residue to collect dust and cloud the furniture later on. Dust the furniture first, then go over it thoroughly with the furniture polish. Rub the soil loose and take it up with the same cloth that you used to apply the polish. Then finish with a fresh cloth, polishing at the end with the grain of the wood.

White marks from heat and moisture are removed from furniture and floors by going over them lightly with a soft cloth first wrung from clear water, then moistened slightly with a few drops of spirits of camphor or alcohol. After the spot is gone and the finish dry, go over it with a little furniture polish.

Rugs, too, may be brightened by removing that last coat of film that clings to the fibers and dulls them in

the same way it dulls a mirror. Make up a soap jelly for this—one-quarter cup of pure soap to a quart of water, and scrub the surface of the rug, about two square feet at a time, using a small scrubbing brush. Sponge out soap and dirt with clear water and rub partly dry with a soft cloth.

Chewing gum tramped into the rug is one of those unpleasant accidents that occasionally have to be dealt with. It is not removed by the shampooing process just described. To get rid of it, scrape away all that can be removed easily with the blunt edge of a knife. Then sponge out the remainder with your favorite spotting fluid or any of the so called "dry" cleaners. The chewing gum dissolves slowly at first, but as you continue sponging, softens more rapidly and then



disappears entirely, with no harm done to the rug.

Grease spots can be removed from wallpaper without roughening the surface or spreading the colors. All you need to do is to cover the spots with a thick paste made from French chalk and your favorite spot remover. Spread the paste over the spots with a spatula or flexible knife blade. Leave it there several hours. Then brush it away and you'll find that the spots have gone with it.

A few light strokes with an eraser or art gum will often remove furniture marks and smudges.

The Cleaning Specialist



3 shoppers in search of 3 sheets

EACH ONE FINDS HER RIGHT ANSWER IN A CANNON SHEET



"Yes, Cannon Sheets are Stronger"

Shopping for sheets can be confusing—especially to bright, new housekeepers who really want to know what's what and why. . . . But remember this as you ask at the store—and the problem gets simpler: *Whatever you pay, the Cannon name on a sheet means more quality for less money.*

Suppose that you're interested first in long wear at low cost. You find both these extremes in the Cannon Muslin sheet. Muslin, yes, but muslin *so* even in weave, *so* white in color! A sheet that is soft but strong, smooth but sturdy, having all the good points of other popular sheets, but yours at a lower purchase price—about \$1. (Look for this sheet in the new Cellophane wrap, which saves you the cost and bother of a first laundering.)

"Yes, Cannon Sheets are Whiter"

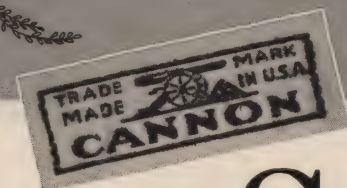
Or, if you're willing to pay a *little* more for a *lot* more bedtime ease—you go to the best store in town and ask for a finer texture and an even smoother surface. The salesgirl, if she's smart, knows exactly what to show you.

And you've discovered Cannon's Utility Percale! This is a sheet wonderfully fine, even and clear in weave—luxuriously smooth and snowy white—strong and durable because of selected cotton and careful making, but quite light in weight, saving time and trouble in washing. A sheet that costs little more than top-grade muslin and brings a new luxury to every night's sleep. (About \$1.50.)

"Yes, Cannon Sheets are Smoother"

Now we're coming very, very close to the top. There are many homes that know the utter, delicious ease of percale sheets. And they're learning fast that top quality in a percale sheet doesn't always demand top price.

We refer, frankly and fairly, to Cannon's Fine Percale. . . . This is a sheet that bows to no other on the score of quality. So fine it feels almost like silk against the skin. Made of combed yarns to give new smoothness and strength. Protected by a tight ribbon selvage. Exquisitely hemstitched. Doubly inspected for flawless uniformity. . . . Yet Cannon's Fine Percale is now sold at easy-to-pay prices to save you money. (About \$2.50.)



ALL FIRST-CHOICE SHEETS

Cannon makes three leading sheets, each First Choice in its field, each offering most-for-the-money. Remember: on sheets as on towels—the familiar Cannon label is your guarantee of the best possible quality at the least possible cost.

Cannon Sheets

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CANNON TOWELS, WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCERS OF HOUSEHOLD TEXTILES. CANNON MILLS, INC., 70 WORTH ST., NEW YORK CITY.

The Song of the Needle



LET'S SEW A FINE SEAM

BY

MARY BROOKS PICKEN

*A*LL my life, as a student, as a teacher, as a writer, I have worked with women. Especially have I sought to find the greatest common denominator of their interests. And I think I have found it in the almost universal desire for self-expression.

For many years I directed the work of the largest educational institution in the world engaged in teaching women in the home. During a period of nine years, actually five percent of all the women in the United States wrote to us seeking help. For a time I was in almost constant contact with nearly a quarter of a million women and girls. My daily mail was a revelation of their hopes and ambitions. They wanted to express their desire to be attractive, and they found the way in the needle and in the use of beautiful fabrics.

Sometimes we hear discussions as to whether women dress themselves for men or for other women. I believe that neither of these reasons is important. I believe that women dress themselves for the soul-satisfaction they find in expressing beauty.

Some women can paint beautiful pictures, some can write beautiful poetry or prose, some have a talent for music. Only a few are creative in these fields. But the needle provides a common language which is given to us all to use and enjoy.

I remember my own pride in the very first dress I ever made. I was fortunate in having a grandmother who was expert in spinning, weaving, sewing, and cooking. She had an innate love of materials that came from her

own creative instinct, and a thorough knowledge of how fabrics were made. I learned as a very little girl to share with her an appreciation of the infinite care that went into the weaving of fabrics.

Grandmother told me something I have never forgotten—that "environment is the warp of life; education the woof; and experience the pattern."

One thing that Grandmother always insisted on when she was weaving fabric was to have the very best quality of wool or flax or cotton that she could obtain. The integrity of the fiber itself is what makes a fabric permanently beautiful; whether it be an exquisite piece of taffeta, a lustrous satin, or a fine wool or cotton. When I feel a piece of quality fabric on the piece goods counter, I have profound respect for everyone who had a part in its making because someone, 'way back at the beginning, insisted on fine fibers which both inspired and made possible the fine weaving and finishing and dyeing, and, ultimately, a splendid garment for someone to enjoy. When I see a shabby material, limp and lifeless and without beauty, I know that its shabbiness goes all the way back to the fiber from which it was woven.

And surely the pattern of life is much like that of a fabric. When I think of the thousands of women who have met and risen above the problems of the depression years, when I see women every day accomplishing true greatness in the shaping of their own lives, often in spite of the greatest handicaps, I know that within

them there is an integrity of material that makes the richness of such patterns possible.

Grandmother wove many, many things for her own household. She was equally expert in the arts of the needle. I have taught many women to make a knot in thread as she did, and have urged that they buy needles and thread of the correct sizes for beautiful work. These were things I learned when I first learned to sew.

When I was eager to make a dress for myself, Grandmother wanted me to have a sense of the value of the material. So I bought three yards of 27-inch calico at one dozen eggs per yard. I gathered up the eggs day after day until I had enough. Grandmother could easily have given the material to me, but she knew that by earning it I would treasure it the more.

Later on, we ripped and pressed a navy blue wool skirt of Grandmother's to make a school dress for me. First she showed me a picture of sheep in her Bible and told me about wool. She taught me how to card wool and how to spin the yarn for weaving, how to dye fabrics and assemble colors, and how actually to weave.

I often regret that all women cannot know more of how the fabrics which they wear and with which they work are made. Their enthusiasm would be stimulated, and they would take even greater pride in the dresses they fashion from the yards of tempting materials they now find so conveniently waiting for them on the store counter. Perhaps it is too much to hope that children might again be taught very early (Turn to page 73)

*Say Ah...
look at your tongue*

COATED TONGUE
found in 75% of cases of bad
breath. If your tongue is
coated, don't risk offending.
Use Pepsodent Antiseptic.

it's the new test for BAD BREATH!

Pepsodent Antiseptic offers you
a pure, fresh breath at $\frac{1}{3}$ the usual cost

NOW there's a simple, easy way to tell whether *you may* have bad breath. Thus you are enabled to make your breath wholesome *before* others suspect. Just look in the mirror. If your mirror reveals a grey "coated tongue," the chances are your breath is impure. For recent scientific findings indicate that in 75% of cases of bad breath, a "coated tongue" condition is present.

For safety, do this

The sensible thing to do is to use Pepsodent Antiseptic . . . as thousands do. Rinse out your mouth with it. Pepsodent acts to remove tiny food particles from between the teeth. It helps to cleanse the lining of the mouth . . . to sweep away dead cells and particles from the tongue. It kills the germs it reaches . . . the germs often responsible for unpleasant breath odors. Your whole mouth feels more refreshed—you are confident that your breath is purer, sweeter.

We do not claim that "coated tongue" *always* means bad breath. But take no chances. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic.

Goes 3 times as far . . . makes \$1 equal \$3

But never forget the vital difference between leading mouth antiseptics. So many mouth antiseptics, you see, have to be used full strength to be effective. Pepsodent is safe when used full strength—yet it is powerful enough to be diluted with 2 parts of water and still *kill* germs in 10 seconds. Thus Pepsodent gives you 3 times as much for your money—offers added protection against unwholesome breath.

Look at your tongue TONIGHT. See what it tells about you. Then use Pepsodent Antiseptic to be sure your breath is above reproach. And always remember—a clean mouth and throat are among your best defenses against colds.



*A naturally fresh breath
invites Romance*

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC KEEPS BREATH PURE 1 TO 2 HOURS LONGER

Sabre Tooth

by

I. A. R. WYLIE

A BLIZZARD brought Gay Peters and Perry Holt together, marooned them for three idyllic days in Perry's Connecticut farmhouse. Then the snow-plow came and Perry's lovely guest continued her drive home. Perry followed her. Soon he found himself dancing like a marionette on strings pulled by the sophisticated New Yorkers with whom Gay was surrounded.

This was in part Gay's fault. She wanted her family and friends to respect this disturbing, serious young man who lived alone in Connecticut, writing a book. Perry saw that, and because he loved Gay more than anything in the world, bought for her the smallest pearl of a twenty-thousand dollar necklace. Like the sabre tooth (a love token of primitive times), it would prove something that Gay needed to have proved. It was a pitiful gesture. After it, Perry went blindly, recklessly, into Wall Street—and developed a flair for making money.

By the time he and Gay were married, the twenty-thousand-dollar necklace was hers.

Perry had started something that he couldn't stop. Instead of the Connecticut farmhouse, there were Palm Beach, Park Avenue, a smart new country house, a partnership in a brokerage firm. Feeling cheated of their heart's desires, they turned, despite themselves, to others—Perry to the enigmatic Jane Lambert, Gay to an idealistic young playwright, Len Willard. In her youthful despair, Gay thought that at least she could make Len happy: *Here is the conclusion of the story:*

PERRY ended a frantic afternoon at his father-in-law's office. The younger man was showing signs of wear and tear, Mr. Peters thought with a flash of satisfaction—heavier about the neck and shoulders and with pouches under the eyes. Mr. Peters couldn't have explained his satisfaction, but it added to the warmth of his friendliness.

"Good of you to come around, Perry. Guess you're up to the neck like the rest of us. No letting up these days. But I wanted to ask you—got any line on Bensonas?"

"They're good. Good for a steep rise. Between ourselves, there's a little group of us pushing for all we're worth—"

Mr. Peters fidgeted with his pencil.

"I see. Well, it's in the family. And when the time comes—"

"You'll know about it."

"Thanks." He sighed like a man relieved of a heavy burden. "Well, I'm proud of you. Wouldn't have guessed it two years ago. It's a sky-rocketing age, but you've gone higher in less time than the best of them." He had begun to scrawl meaningless hieroglyphics on his note-pad. The younger man's cool assurance made him feel steadier. "Gay tells me you've settled on that house near Westport."

"We're signing the deeds tomorrow."

"Sure you can stand for it?"

Perry ran his hand through his thick fair hair and laughed. "Well, it's a bit uphill. But I can manage.

One's got to keep the ball rolling. Things like that create confidence."

"That's right," Mr. Peters said heartily. "It's the right spirit. But I was thinking—safe's safe. A line of retreat isn't a bad thing, even in these days—"

Perry grinned. It amused him to jump right over the older man's cumbersome approaches to the real issue.

"I've thought of that. The house will be made over in Gay's name. It's to be a nest-egg."

Mr. Peters smiled back slowly.

"Can't teach you anything. Wives useful as well as ornamental, eh? And it'll tickle Gay to death. She's a lucky girl, Perry."

"I'm lucky too," Perry said earnestly.

Incredibly lucky. In everything. A bit lonely perhaps. Though sometimes, for a moment, one had the illusion of a simple perfect unity with another human being. But it didn't last. A few days at most. Then you went on alone again.

He and Gay didn't talk to each other any more.

At his favorite flower shop he stopped, caught by a sudden thought, and then went in and bought an armful of yellow roses. It was the yellow roses that had given him the idea. They were Jane Lambert's favorite flower. Her house was just round the corner. He had time to stop in for a moment.

He found her reading by the open window.

She did not rise to meet him but held out her hand, smiling with that ironical, friendly wisdom that he had at first feared and disliked, but now found curiously consolatory.

"I had a feeling you'd come—at least I wanted you so much that I felt you had to."

"I've got ten minutes," Perry said.

"All right. If you swear not to tell me all about the market—"

"Cross my heart—"

"We'll talk of the things that really matter to us—"

He wanted to protest. He was aware of danger—not directly from her, but from something desperate and hungry within himself that might betray him—

"What does really matter to us?" he asked.

"You know quite well. You choose not to remember because if you did your whole world would crumble about your ears . . . How did it begin?" she asked.

He did not choose to misunderstand her.

"It began with a fifty-dollar pearl on a long string," he said.

"I told you it was the beginning," she flung back at him with a strange bitterness. "One good pearl demands another."

"I gambled for them—just as one gambles on a horse. When I won, it looked like a huge joke. But it wasn't a joke."

"You had to go on—"

He nodded, flushed with a sudden, almost angry triumph.

"Poor young Perry."

He stood by the window, looking directly down at her, defying her, his heart thudding. "Why do you care

what becomes of me? You don't care for people—"

Her eyes dropped. "You remind me of someone I loved desperately—and whom I couldn't save—"

"You mean—he died?"

She smiled faintly—with profound irony.

"Yes," she said, "the most tragic of all deaths. He doesn't even know he's dead."

GAY hung up the receiver and came quickly back to her place.

"Perry's detained on business," she said casually. "You must stay to dinner and keep me company, Len. You can go on telling me about the play—"

He looked at her quickly. The whiteness of her face frightened him. It wasn't his business—it must not become his business. But it wrung his heart that she should be unhappy too. Obediently he went on talking. It was the kindest thing he could do for her. The play was to go in rehearsal in September. They would open at Westport in the fall. Gay and Perry must come for the first night.

Gay nodded. Of course they'd come. But she wasn't really listening. She was remembering what Cicely had said: "When husbands get detained on business, darling, it's time to watch their step." It had been a great joke to Cicely. Husbands were a joke. The whole of life was a huge joke. A rather vulgar joke. Perhaps Cicely was right. At any rate she didn't break her heart—

Gay started. She became aware that Len's voice had trailed off into silence. She couldn't bear to look at him. There would be something in his worn young face that would hurt too much—reminding her. She said unevenly:

"Go on—please go on. Why do you stop?"

"Because you're crying."

"Am I? How utterly stupid—" At all costs, however wild and reckless, she had to hide from him, keep the bedrock truth even from herself. "Well, I always understood women got that way—"

"Gay—"

She nodded.

"Yes—I'm going to have a baby, Len."

"Doesn't Perry know?"

"I haven't told him. I've been trying to—I was waiting—I don't know for what—I guess a miracle. I don't know why I told you. It's indecent. It's all wrong. I must be crazy—"

"No," he said, "You're not crazy at all. You're just so young. And besides, you know, I love you." He came over to her and took her hand and kissed it. "It does you no harm. You don't love me. And it makes me happy—"

Then suddenly to his consternation and incredulous joy she crumpled against him, weeping helplessly.

THE whole crowd was going down to see Len's play. It was a three-mile drive to the theatre, and they began the evening with a happy-go-lucky buffet supper, everyone helping themselves and wandering around

CONCLUDING THIS LIVELY NOVEL OF LOVE IN A CHANGING WORLD

with plates and glasses, spilling things and roaring with laughter.

They laughed at anything anyway. The best joke of all was when Cicely poured the contents of her cocktail glass into the piano.

"Now we'll get real jazz out of it," Stan Walker shouted. "Hot stuff——"

But Cicely herself seemed suddenly to become sober. She stood leaning against the piano and staring stupidly in front of her as though she had seen a ghost. And something in her over-painted baby face—so haggard that it was hard to believe how young she really was—reminded Gay that there were all sorts of ugly rumors about Steve Harding and some other woman. And about his business. Things were rocking a bit, Bill had muttered to her. Only temporary, of course.

So life, even for Cicely, wasn't always funny.

Gay slipped her arm through hers.

"It doesn't matter——"

"Sure, it doesn't matter," Cicely giggled, suddenly wildly herself again. "We're all going to hell anyway. The darned old piano can come along too——"

Gay didn't know why, at that moment, she had an impulse to go to Perry and take his hand and walk with him out of the house that he had given her and that didn't belong to anyone—out of everything. And when they were alone at last, she would tell him. All these weeks she had been waiting for the moment. It was so

significant, so vital that she had not dared risk a casual occasion. She was like a gambler with a last throw. And somehow the moment had never come. They were never alone—or when they were, something awkward and hostile rose like a wall between them.

She looked across the room at him.

She saw a servant speak to him. Someone on the telephone. He nodded and went out, and a few moments later she followed him. Just because she was desperate and the whole thing unpremeditated she might be able to rush the barrier between them——

Whatever his telephone conversation had been, it was over when she reached him. He was still standing with his hand on the receiver, looking, she thought, with a flash of premonition, both reckless and dangerously cool and sober. He glanced in her direction but with curiously empty eyes that did not really take account of her.

"Sorry, Gay, you'll have to take the crowd along without me. I've had a hurry call to town——"

"At this hour? What for?"

"Business——"

"On Saturday night?"

"No, something serious. The Lamberts were calling."

"You mean—Jane Lambert?"

He nodded.

"Yes. She was urgent. It was something she couldn't discuss over the phone——" He saw the look on Gay's

face and crushed his clenched fist down on the table in a movement of tense exasperation. "Don't be a damn' fool, Gay——"

She laughed. The sound of her own laughter frightened her.

"As it happens I'm not a fool. I know all about Jane Lambert. But this is just a little flagrant, isn't it?"

"Lambert's in business with us. She brought him in. It's something to do with him. She told me——"

"You're not going?"

"I've got to——"

"All right. I don't care."

"I know you don't. And I know what you do care for—so we're quits. And I'll tell you something else—I'm glad of the excuse. I'm sick of trailing in Len Willard's wake. I'm sick of standing by like some idiotic husband in a French farce——"

"Perry, take care——"

"Why should I? Take care yourself. Or don't let's either of us care. Much more sensible——"

They were both stammering—incoherent with sheer rage.

Things like this happened between Cicely and Steve Harding, Gay thought. They happened, sooner or later, between everyone. Silly, ugly, vulgar brawls. Gay turned away. It seemed to her that she blundered on the door by sheer accident. "Much more sensible," she agreed. "Give Jane my love. (Turn to page 65)

He looked at her over his shoulder. "You're still my wife," he reminded her. The blood rushed to her face



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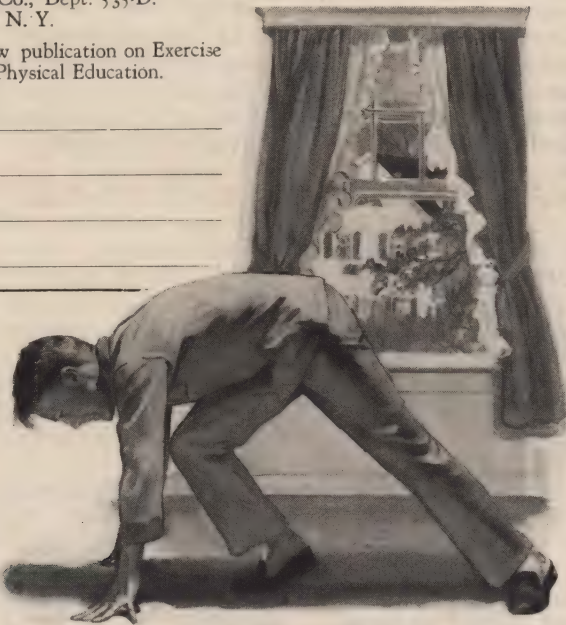
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A Ship Comes In

(Continued from page 15)

"You'll have to," cried Mary and ran into the house.

Doris was waiting for her, curled up on the sofa with a suspiciously damp handkerchief by her side.

"Look here, Mary Spain," she said roughly, "did Bill ask you to marry him?" Mary stared and shook her head.

Doris stood up and her hands twitched. "Are you going to marry him?"

Mary said "No." She said it without thinking.

Doris' eyes blazed. "Well, I am, if he'll have me," she said huskily. "I don't care if people say you threw him over and I was only second best."

Mary stared at her sister as if she was a stranger.

"I thought you cared awfully about what people said," she told Doris.

"I don't now," Doris cried. "I don't care about anything."

Her eyes were like blue sparks and Mary hugged her. "You fool sister!" she said. "Why didn't you tell me long ago?"

Mary went upstairs, whistling. Even the house seemed gay and reckless now.

The sea wind was blowing strong next day when a motor roared in the drive, and she could see Roger's father standing on the cliff edge, chatting to Grandma Spain for all the world like an old friend. Grandma's bathing-suit was as blue as ever and she was laughing.

She half started to her feet in the living room as Sandy came in, cap in hand.

"Hullo," he said. "Your Grandma told me you'd be here. Isn't she great?"

"Immense," Mary told him. "You don't think, do you, that her bathing-suit's too bright?"

"Of course not," said Sandy. "Makes her look like a girl. Isn't this fine?"

He sprawled luxuriously in the easiest chair and lit a pipe. His voice was a soft drawl and he looked, Mary thought, as if he had been lounging forever in the long room. He seemed as much a part of it as the dark-daubed portraits of the old Spains upon the wall.

She felt as if the house, the room, the pictures had been waiting for him for a long time, that their pattern had been incomplete before he came.

"It's an awfully homelike room," he sighed, and his eyes roved toward the old Spains. Who were they, he wanted to know, and what had they done?

She was just beginning to tell him when the telephone jangled.

"It's Sturgis," an angry voice roared at the other end of the line. "Is that lazy, useless Hathaway kid over there? Tell him I want him! Burns is sick and he's got to take the two o'clock plane out. Hurry up!"

Mary's voice was curt and crisp. "If you can't have any better manners, Mr. Sturgis, I won't tell him at all."

Mr. Sturgis gurgled. "All right, Miss Spitfire! Will you please tell my distinguished junior pilot that I need him? Thank you."

Sandy had his cap in his hand when she came back. "I'm awfully sorry," he said shyly. "I really have to go. But might I come back—some time?"

"Of course you may," said Mary Spain.

As she stood waving at the big car, she could hear Grandma grumbling at her elbow: "Just like a Spain to get a datted man she can only see in snatches. You're as bad as I was. Worse."

Yet even if Mary did see Sandy in snatches, it was surprising how many times he managed to tumble into the old house, only to tumble out again because his time was up and he must be flying again.

It was equally surprising how many times Mary rattled over to town in her shabby old car and parked it on the long wharf. These

visits always occurred when the plane was due, and oddly enough, she made a friend in Mr. Sturgis, the Island agent of the airplane line. She would sit on a shelf in his cubicle while he smiled at her and described Sandy as a "tow-headed ruffian" and a "swollen-headed little mutt."

Grandma Spain never called Sandy anything of the sort. She knew all about him at once, knew that his parents had died in a train wreck when he was fourteen, knew that he had put himself through Technology and that he had a hard time making a living.

"Ho, hum," she would say whenever Mary made one of her sudden starts for town, "I spent most of my life waitin' on a wharf and now you're doin' the same. All the Spains are fools."

It was on a certain Saturday that Sandy sprinted up the steps from the plane in double-quick time. "Mary Spain," he cried, "I'm staying on the Island tonight. There's a dance in town. Could—could you come?"

"Of course I'd like to come," Mary said. "I didn't know," Sandy stammered.

"There's no reason why you should. I'm just a tramp pilot and —"

"—At times an awfully shy and difficult young man," said Mary Spain.

But the dance was a dismal, flat failure. It was atrociously hot in the rooms over the long line of stores; drums and saxophones beat brazenly in their ears; awkward couples collided with them.

They circled dully in the noise and the heat. They were silent. All talk had gone dead between them.

"Mary Spain," Sandy said suddenly, "let's get out of here!"

Beyond the broad windows, a soft wind was whistling down the main street and little lights were dim among the trees.

"Let's," cried Mary.

They went down the stairs like two truants from school. They went running into the soft sweet night and the sea wind was cool upon their faces.

"Wasn't that simply terrible!" cried Mary Spain.

"Awful!" said Sandy.

There was no constraint between them now: they were like two children laughing in the dark. They swung toward the wharf where the seiners lay and the harbor was a broad black mirror.

They sat on the wharf's edge and let their legs dangle and the golden moon came out of the sea. There was soft magic in the sea wind and they were silent for a long time.

It was Sandy who spoke first. "Of course," he said "I don't make much money—"

"It's enough," said Mary Spain and drew his face down to hers. All about them the moonlight was a golden flood.

ALL the gold had gone to gray next afternoon as she sat in the long room where the old Spains smiled stiffly down from the wall. Outside, flecks of high fog flung by, the sea pounded dully, the very windows rattled in their frames.

There was a leaping fire on the hearth and in its light she could see Doris and Bill, side by side. Bill had a blueprint on his lap but Doris was as intent upon it as if it had been a plan for Paradise.

Mary smiled at the old Spains and the old Spains smiled back. Soon they would be staring down at Sandy with that same warm smile. He was so much like them he might almost have been a Spain himself. The fog came thicker now: she could scarcely see from the west window.

A little quiver of dull dread ran through her, and her knuckles tapped on the window pane.

On the verandah there was a crash as a chair went over. The fog was blind now:

it was groping among the houses. Through it came the thunder of, the rising sea.

"Don't look so worried, Mary," Doris was saying. "Don't—"

The telephone rang and Grandma's voice answered it, a voice that was sharp, even against the storm.

It was sharper still when she came into the room, her hands fumbling at a battered hat. Her face was grim and white and set.

"Mary Spain," she said. "Get your coat!"

The room whirled about her, a gust of wind drowned the fire to a dead blackness. She seemed always to have been standing by the gray window, always to have seen Bill looming helplessly above her, always to have been jerking her arm into a yellow oilskin coat.

Grandma flung open the side door, and the wind and the rain beat in.

"Mary Spain," she said. "Come on."

The storm tore at them as they staggered to the car. The surf was roaring in a steady thunder, the thin line of trees were whipped half over by the wind.

Automatically, Mary crept beside the wheel of the battered old car.

"Sandy," she said dully. "Did he—is he?"

Grandma bent to button her coat. "Sandy's plane left the mainland at noon," she said. "It hasn't been heard from. Start the car, child."

They swung down the driveway and the rain beat upon them. It rattled on the roof, it stung their faces. The lights made little golden paths through the mist. There were lights in the houses, too, that went swinging by so crazily. But then the lights all died away and they were out on the moors with the wind shrieking in their ears.

Somewhere off the coast Sandy had been flying in a bright red plane, flying into fog and a screaming storm.

"He's quite alone," said Grandma Spain.

Sandy was quite alone in a dim, dull smother, alone with the sky and the sea and the wind. Mary's foot pressed down, and the old car rattled and roared.

It rattled and roared through the streets of the town, and those streets were strewn with broken branches. On the wharf, all the lights were staring through the fog and the harbor was a dull gray pit of wreathing mist as they jerked to a stop and Roger's father, tall in oilers, came running up.

"I heard about Mary and Sandy yesterday," he told Grandma, "and I knew she'd want to come."

They struggled to the airplane office, three black figures bent against the wind and the rain.

The door to the office stood open wide: the office itself was a golden circle of light. Roger was hunched on a desk and his face was a white fury.

Mr. Sturgis, his coat unbuttoned, a dead cigarette between his lips, was endlessly fiddling with a pencil, his ear to a telephone. "Can't you get through?" he was saying dully. "Coast guard base! Coast guard base, please!"

He only nodded as Mary came in, and shoved the telephone away as if it would never be of the slightest use again.

"The lousy little fool," he droned and the cigarette dropped from his lips.

Roger came erect, wild-eyed and snarling. His voice screamed into the fog, "You filthy pig! You hated him!"

Mr. Sturgis fumbled dully in his pockets as if he had lost something he would never find. "Take the poor kid away," he said.

Roger's hands were over his face. He was sobbing. He shook. He half fell against Mary Spain and she sat down in a chair. Roger's knees buckled. His head was in her

lap. Automatically, her cool hands ran through his hair.

"Don't cry, Roger," she said. She could not believe it was her own voice, she could not believe she was sitting in this circle of light with the sea beating like a blind thing against the shivering wharf outside.

She did not seem to be there at all: she was out in the fog where a red plane rolled and the sharp waves tore at its wings.

Mr. Sturgis' eyes were dull and dead. "Cheest," he said. "There's so much fog. And that big bum out there all alone!"

Grandma Spain sat on a desk, a shriveled little figure with her heels tapping. "You're fond of him, aren't you?" she said.

Mr. Sturgis writhed in his chair. "Aw!" he droned. "Aw, hell, no!"

Roger's father tapped at Mary's arm. "The coast guard's out looking," he said. "A cutter and a picket boat. There's nothing to worry about . . . nothing."

MARY slowly shook her head. She sat erect as wind screamed through the open door and rain made a darkening pool on the floor. Outside it was dusk, and that seemed strange, for in her mind, time seemed to have stopped dead still. It was not possible that it would ever go on again, it was not possible that the fog would lift or that the sea would ever stop its roar.

She would be here always, slumped in a great chair, endlessly stroking the head of a sobbing boy while a red plane splintered and sank and a gay white and blue cap went bobbing on the gray waves.

Yet she knew suddenly, sharply, that it would not be so. The fog would lift: life would go on. Roger would grow older, grow up—forget.

But she would never forget: she would always see Sandy as she had seen him once; a slim, tall figure, endlessly going down a golden street of dream.

Mr. Sturgis rose. He rose because he could not stand those dark eyes smoldering in that set white face.

"Got to see a guy—" he mumbled. "Steamboat office—can't tell—got to do something."

Behind him the door crashed shut in the wind, but Grandma Spain's heels never stopped their tap-tapping on the desk.

There was only dull emptiness in Mary's head now, a conviction that Roger must be soothed and comforted, that he must not cry so terribly. Sandy wouldn't like Roger to cry so. And Sandy—

A great sea crashed and the whole wharf shook. Then, through the fog, an old Spanish bell in one of the Island churches began to toll.

Feet came running across the planks, the door slammed open, Mr. Sturgis crashed into the room.

"He's coming in!" he shouted. "He's coming in! The steamer picked him up! They just radioed."

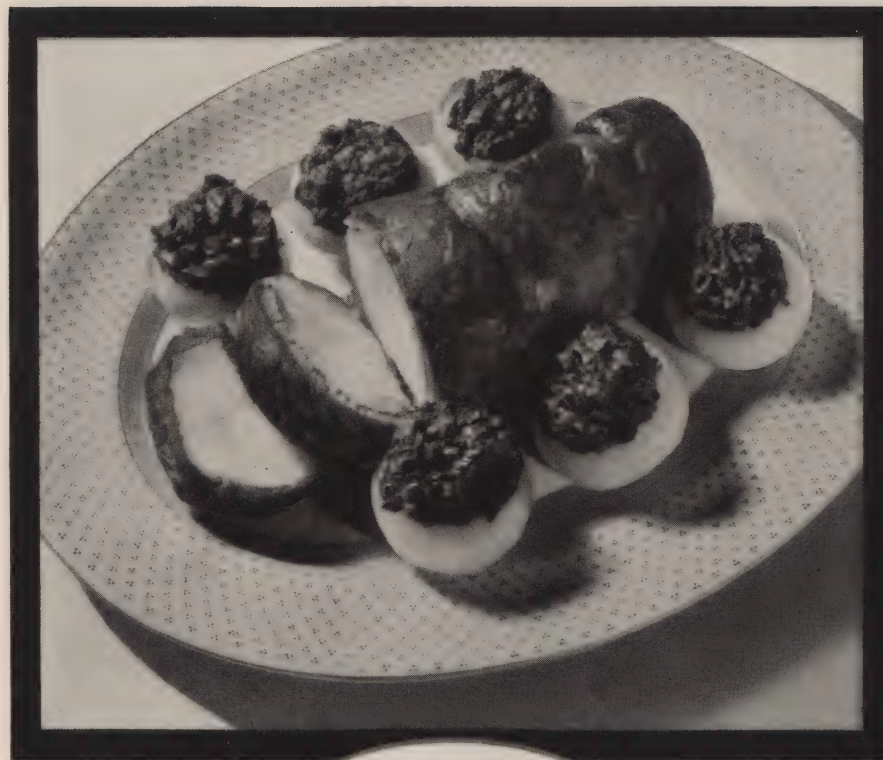
Mary Spain couldn't see him any more. She couldn't see any of them. They were all in a mist. For she was crying very quietly.

Grandma Spain was stroking her shoulder. Roger's father was helping her to her feet.

And Mr. Sturgis was saying over and over again: "Now, sister! Now, sister! He's safe! He's safe! He's only got a busted arm."

Suddenly, they were standing in the mist—mist so heavy that the lights beared through and the dusk came down. They stood in a long line on the wharf with the fog before them like a great gray wall.

Mary's back was against a bollard and her heart was a steady thunder within her. Through the fog, the old Spanish bell was still tolling, and soon a ship was coming in.



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ALLAN LANE

He'd promised romance, said the next kiss would be different. It was

Surgical Call

(Continued from page 17)

a female doctor, I expected a square-toed, flat-heeled lady with spectacles. Does she always look like this, Bill?"

The Kelloggs chorused a simultaneous affirmative. Bill answered:

"Yes—only more so. You ought to have seen her the day she did away with Milly's tonsils. She might have been on her way to a costume party. She wore the cutest cap."

Charity said, "We won't go into that. I didn't enjoy doing a tonsillectomy on Milly—Milly's my best friend. Come on, Mr. Wheelock, if you insist."

Together they left the warm, cosy apartment. They stood in the little hall and rang for an elevator.

Charity said, as they waited for it, "I adore spending an evening with these people—they're so happy. They're the kind of people I don't run into very often. A doctor's path is cast in a good many domestically unpleasant places."

Gregory said, "That's why I can't understand you—or any other woman—being a doctor. Why should a girl choose such disagreeable work? A woman's place is in the center of a home, with a husband and a couple of kids."

Charity said, "I've brought so many babies into the world that I've about lost my taste for them—taken personally."

Gregory laughed, "I never heard a woman talk like that who didn't end up by having a dozen." He added, "Not that I ever heard a woman talk like that."

The elevator door swung open, and they stepped into it. As the door clanged shut, Charity glanced sideways at her escort and felt a pleasurable thrill. How tall and

good-looking he was! The elevator was lined with mirrors—without turning her head she could see four Gregorys, each one equally personable. For a second she knew a sense of revolt—it would have been great fun to stay on in the Kelloggs' apartment playing bridge.

She sighed, and Gregory said: "A penny for them."

The elevator, stopping at the ground floor, gave Charity an excuse for further silence. But she was smiling as she walked through the lobby and into the street. She had been helped into a low-slung, shiny car, and Gregory had climbed in beside her, before he spoke again.

"You didn't answer my question," he persisted, as he tucked a soft camel's hair rug about her knees.

Charity asked, "What question?"

"I offered you a penny for your thoughts," Greg told her. "Maybe they weren't worth it."

Charity laughed. "Actually they weren't—they were cheap thoughts, as I look back. I was resenting the fact that I had to go into the cold, cold world when it would have been such sport to stay in a cosy, warm room. But I'm not resentful now. This is very pleasant."

Gregory started the car. He said seriously:

"I'm against women working. I suppose I'm an old reactionary, more or less, but I don't see why—with jobs as scarce as they are—"

Charity relaxed into the well-upholstered seat. She said, "You haven't asked me where my hospital is, so I'll tell you. It's as far across town as you can go without

falling in the river, and then turn to the right." She laughed, "In other words, it's in the heart of the slums. I'm on the staff of Cathcart Memorial."

Gregory said, "I'm afraid you're changing the subject—letting pass my remark about women working. Well, I'd as soon you wouldn't let it pass, because I am against it."

Charity said, "No, I'm not letting anything pass—it's refreshing, every once in so often, to meet a man who thinks women ought to be supported, that their place is a sheltered one. Maybe, if I'd met your type early enough I wouldn't be earning a precarious living by sticking knives in people."

Gregory asked abruptly, "How old are you? Not that I expect you to answer me."

"Oh"—Charity cuddled further down under the robe and sighed—"this *is* better than a taxi! To tell you the truth, I'm crowding thirty. In the medical profession that's not as old as it sounds."

Gregory told her, "I'm crowding thirty-five, myself."

Charity said, "And you're not married or anything? How come? I don't meet many eligible bachelors old enough to have cut their wisdom teeth. You, I take it, have finished with your teething?"

Gregory said, "No, I'm not married. I've never met the right girl, I suppose. That sounds bromidic, doesn't it?"

"Most everything true does sound bromidic," murmured Charity. "Oh, look out—there's a kitten—"

Gregory slowed the roadster and swerved sharply.

"If there were fewer kittens in the city," he snapped, "and fewer people, for that matter"—he swerved once more to avoid a man who was unsteadily trying to cross—"life would be easier for drivers."

"And for doctors, too," said Charity.

They drove on in a complete and not uncomfortable state of wordlessness. They went as far across town as they could without falling in the river, and then turned to the right. It was indeed slummy over near Cathcart Memorial—there were pushcarts going wearily home, and any number of children who should have been in bed, and dregs of humanity in rags, and other dregs of humanity in satins.

"It's fortunate," said Charity, as the crowds thickened, "that there's a park in front of the hospital. At least it gives one a breathing space."

"Yes," agreed Gregory, "it is lucky. I should think you'd need a breathing space."

And then they turned down the street marked "Quiet" that led to the hospital. And an ambulance hurried past.

Charity said, musingly, "It's funny. I'm all through with that side of it, but an ambulance still gives me a kick. I'm like a fire-horse that's been put to pasture and hears the bell clanging."

Greg said, "You—put to pasture? It seems to me you're still hurrying to your fires."

"Fires, yes," grinned Charity.

The roadster stopped in front of the hospital. Greg climbed out, disentangled Charity's feet from the rug, and offered a hand.

"Here we are," he told her, "and where do I wait for you?"

Charity said, "That's silly. You're not waiting—you're going home to bed or to a night club or to call on another girl, or—in a pinch—back to the Kelloggs."

Gregory's chin was aggressive. He said, "I'm not the sort of a guy that takes a lady to the slums because it's too late for her to go alone, and then leaves her there. Any time! I'll be waiting, my dear, when you're finished."

Charity shrugged ever so slightly. She said, "If you must wait, better lock your car and come inside. It's a shivery night, and we've a warm reception room, with a red-headed nurse at the desk and a table full of magazines."

Greg said, "That sounds enticing."

He locked the car and followed Charity into the building. He couldn't help noticing

the change that came over her as she crossed the threshold. It was as if she'd removed something fluffy and feminine and put on something hard, though pliant, like chain armor. It was evident in the way she nodded to the girl at the desk, in the way she said:

"I'll try to be quick."

After Charity signed the register and entered the elevator that bore her upward to an unexplored zone of quiet (what is more silent than a hospital at night?) Gregory reached for a magazine and sank into the easiest chair. It was a wicker chair and it squeaked protestingly under his weight. He loosened his coat and unwound his muffler and opened the magazine. But he didn't want to read, somehow. Neither was he interested in the red-headed nurse, although she decidedly had her points. Instead he fell to thinking about Charity—Charity, the surgeon. He hadn't known her more than a few hours and yet she appealed to him intensely.

"Come to the house for dinner?" Bill Kellogg had asked him, only that morning. "My wife's having a girl friend over—a doctor."

Greg had demurred. "A woman doctor! I don't think I'm overly excited at the prospect."

But Bill had said, "Wait'll you see this one."

Greg arrived at the Kellogg diggings almost twenty minutes in advance of Charity. He hadn't much hope for the evening. But when Charity finally arrived, pink of cheek from the crisp air, dressed after the fashion of the Rue de la Paix, he changed his mind.

As he sat in the reception room, Greg went over the absent Charity with a fine tooth comb.

"Good ankles," he itemized, "good figure, fine eyes. Funny mouth—it's as if she holds it firm when she'd rather be laughing. Good hands—might have played the piano if she hadn't gone off on a tangent. Good clothes, and a sense of humor. And card sense."

So he catalogued Charity's better qualities while the clock kept time with his thoughts and the magazine lay unread in his lap. There was a faint ether smell in the air. It bothered him in the beginning, but after a while he got used to it and rather liked it. He found that his mind was wandering from Charity's dimple—it was dramatically wrong for a doctor to have a dimple—to the grand slam she'd made. He wondered if she was as sure of herself as she was sure of her bridge. He hoped not; he hated women who stood alone. He remembered, for no reason, the sound of her voice crying, "Oh, look out—there's a kitten"—And then he wondered what was going on beyond the elevator. Rummy thing, this, for him to be doing—spending a night stone well and cold sober, in a hospital. His head drooped. The first time he brought it up with a jerk. The second time he didn't bother.

CHARITY went upstairs to the operating floor. She removed her coat and hat washed her hands and slipped into the linen gown that a nurse held waiting. She didn't take the powder from her nose, neither did she rub away the red of her lipstick—one could see what Bill meant about a costume party. She paused on the threshold of the operating room to ask:

"How come Evans sent for me?"

The nurse answered, "His assistant's out of town," and flushed sharply when she realized that she had made a blunder.

Charity laughed—a soft little laugh—and winked naughtily at the nurse.

"Don't you care, Miss Kendrick," she said. "I'm not one of those sensitive violets you read about. I know Evans would rather have his own man . . . What's up?"

The nurse said, "It's an emergency—a woman was brought in with her foot crushed to a jelly. I'm afraid it's to be an amputation—and nasty, at that."

Charity peered into the square of mirror that hung at a crazy angle. She said, "I've

never really learned to enjoy amputations. Who's giving the anesthetic?"

The nurse answered, "God knows. Anybody we can get, I guess. Incidentally, the patient's on her way up—you were just under the wire. Shall I tie on your mask?"

Charity said, "Okay," and allowed her face to be covered and went into the operating room.

Dr. Hugh Evans—chief of staff—was there already. He was brilliant and young, so brilliant and so young that the older members of the staff referred to him as "the boy wonder." He said, as Charity scrubbed and submitted to a second sterile gown, and rubber gloves:

"Sorry I had to send for you, Dr. Standish, but there isn't a man available."

Charity replied, "Don't be too sorry. After all, I'm on duty. I'll try to do as well as possible."

Dr. Evans flushed. The color rose above the line of his mask—it was well known that he was no ladies' man. He was straight and thin and dark—almost too thin, almost too intense. He said stiffly, "I'm sure you will."

There was a sound of wheels—rubber-tired—in the hall. The door opened and the patient was trundled in—her head bound in a white towel, a white sheet drawn close under her chin. She was quite pretty by the bright light of the operating lamp, young and pretty. Charity thought in the breathing space before she became a smooth, efficient machine, that it was a pity this girl had to lose her foot, because she wouldn't be able to dance any more, and she looked like the dancing sort . . . She was unconscious—they'd begun the anesthetic in the patient's room. The doctor who was giving it was with her. He nodded to Dr. Evans, grinned at Charity.

Charity asked, "How are things?"

The anesthetist said, "Lousy," as the woman was shifted to the table.

Dr. Evans didn't speak. He merely reached for an instrument from a tray that a silent operating room nurse extended. Another nurse pulled down the sheet and started to apply iodine.

The operation went smoothly. It was a beautiful amputation. Charity, watching

Dr. Evans' hands perform miracles, wished involuntarily that he were less sure, more clumsy.

"The patient'll wish so, too, when she comes out of it," Charity thought, "and finds that her foot's somewhere else."

But even as she thought pessimistic thoughts, she was applying clamps, closing off bleeders.

Once Dr. Evans stepped aside and said, "You carry on—your fingers are smaller."

CHARITY, realizing the implied compliment rather than the need, did a neat job of tying.

And then the operation was over and the patient was being slid back on the stretcher and wheeled from sight, and Charity and the two doctors were walking to the wash room. As she peeled off her rubber gloves, as she allowed one of the nurses to untie her gown and mask, Charity said:

"It was a joy to work with you, Dr. Evans. I've never seen a nicer amputation."

The anesthetist chimed in. "Yes, it was swell," he said. "Well, see you in church. I've another operation in ten minutes." He hurried out.

Dr. Evans made a slight bow to Charity. It was so stiff and formal that she said laughingly, "You know, Hugh as a first name suits you. There's an Old English quality about it—and about you."

Dr. Evans said, "I wasn't aware that you knew I had a first name. We've had so few contacts, you and I. It's rather a shame too."

He washed his hands and struggled into his coat.

"Chiefs-of-staff," Charity said, "seldom have much contact with the lesser members of the staff. I'm beginning to think it was my luck that all the men were busy or at the movies."

Dr. Evans laughed embarrassedly. "So am I," he said. He flushed again—seemed to struggle for words. "May I"—he asked, finally—"may I take you home? This must be a long way from where you live."

Charity said, "Cathcart Memorial is a long way from where anybody lives. Yes, I'd love to let you (Turn to page 62)

HURDLE

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THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Surgical Call

(Continued from page 61)

escort me home. Oh"—suddenly she caught her breath in remembrance—"oh, I am sorry—no, I'll have to decline your invitation. I left a man waiting for me downstairs."

Dr. Evans said, "You answer your surgical call with an escort, eh?"

Charity dimpled. She said, "Not usually, but tonight I was playing bridge—winning, too, I might say—when the message came. The man who brought me over was in the party. I"—she added this for no reason—"I never met him before tonight—I don't know why he bothered."

Dr. Evans said, "I do. After all, I never met you before tonight, actually." He added, "Well, maybe you'll give me a break in another way. How about dinner some time?"

The nurses in the operating room were clearing away certain remnants of the amputation. The big light—an eerie light that cast no shadow—was dimmed. Other lights were flickering low.

Charity said, "That's a hospital, isn't it—jiggling fate in one hand and balancing a menu in the other. Of course, I'd like to go to dinner with you. I'm flattered that you ask me."

Dr. Evans said, "When?"

Charity was putting on her coat, was pulling her tight small hat over her dark hair. She said:

"You name the day, Doctor. That sounds perilously," she laughed, "like something else, doesn't it?"

Dr. Hugh Evans was very serious. One could see that he wasn't the sort who went coasting lightly through life. He asked:

"Tomorrow?"

Charity agreed, "Tomorrow."

She went hurriedly out of the door—rather too hurriedly—and trotted briskly along the corridor. The nurse in charge of the floor glanced up as she passed and said, "Time you were going home to get your beauty sleep, Dr. Standish."

Charity said, "Am I looking as bad as that? My lord, I must be growing old."

She stepped into the elevator. The operator yawned and said: "That man's still waiting for you downstairs, Doctor."

Charity answered, "I know, and I feel dreadfully about it. But he'll have to wait a shade longer. Let me off at the third, Tim; I've a couple of patients I want to see while I'm here."

The elevator came to a noiseless stop at the third floor. Charity stepped from it and nodded to another floor nurse and went down a long corridor. Somebody was groaning behind one of the muffled doors, with an odd, rhythmic groan. It was like the whimper of a sick animal. Charity went on, steadily. She came to a turn in the corridor. Everything was silent here, but through the crack of the corner door she could see the flicker of a light—it meant that a night nurse was there reading.

She went past the turn, to the end of the corridor, and stepped softly into a room and over to a bed. There wasn't any light in this room, or any night nurse, but fingers reached up from the shadows and caught Charity's sleeve. They were thin fingers, no bigger than a child's. A voice said: "Oh, I didn't expect you. It's too wonderful—you've cut the night in half with a pair of golden scissors."

Charity sank into a chair beside the bed. She said, "It's a nice change—cutting the night in two instead of a patient."

The voice from the bed was muted. "But you put them together again," said the voice, "the way you put me together, eh,

Doctor? I'll be getting up soon, won't I? I'll be going home soon, won't I?"

Charity detached the fingers from her sleeve. They were soft and very fragile. It was as if she touched a skeleton's hand in a glove of transparent satin. She said:

"Yes, Helen, you'll be getting up soon. You'll be going home soon. But don't worry about that now—try to sleep."

The voice from the bed said, "Somehow I can't sleep. It's as if I'm anxious to live the hours—every second of them—even the night hours."

Charity didn't answer that. There wasn't much that she could say. She spoke irrelevantly, when she did speak.

"Is there anything you'd like?" she asked. "Anything from the diet kitchen?"

The voice from the bed laughed softly.

"You know," said the voice, "you'll think I'm foolish, but there's only one thing in the world that I've wanted for ages. When I was a youngster my mother used to make crab-apple jelly with a rose geranium leaf in it. The rose geranium leaf gave it a—fragrance. I loved it. I don't suppose there'd be any crab-apple jelly in the diet kitchen?"

Charity said, "Miracles can happen—" Her throat grew fuzzy on the word "miracles." She said, "You'll have rose geranium jelly tomorrow, believe it or not. And I'll be seeing you about noon."

THE voice from the bed said, "What are you wearing tonight, Doctor? It's so long since I've worn a dress that I'm desperately interested."

Charity told her, "I'd turn on the light and show you, except that it's time for the supervisor to be making her rounds. I've been to a party—I'm wearing a lace dress—it's rose, and it has long sleeves. I'm wearing a lace hat to match."

The soft, skeleton hand reached weakly over the edge of the bed and caught at a fragment of the dress. The voice from the bed said: "Good night, Doctor; you've been awfully kind."

Charity patted a pillow into place and went silently from the room. She was biting her lower lip sharply to keep that lip from trembling.

At the turn in the corridor she stopped at another door. It was the door with the gleam of light showing beneath it. She went into the room. The nurse started up from under her tiny reading lamp as she saw who it was. The patient, lying in bed, swathed in the silk and marabou of a stagy nightgown, didn't waken.

Charity made a sign to the nurse and together they tiptoed from the room. Once outside the nurse said:

"It's a mercy she's asleep—she's been a devil tonight."

Charity said guardedly, "Well, I guess there's some pain."

"My eye!" expostulated the nurse, and she added, "She says she's got to have squab for dinner, and hot-house grapes. Shall I leave an order as I go off duty?"

Charity told her: "You've had your hands full—we'll let tomorrow take care of that."

She patted the tired shoulder of the nurse who had been reading. "Get all the rest you can," she ordered, and went on down the hall and re-entered the elevator.

The lobby of the hospital was shrouded in semi-darkness. The red-headed receptionist dozed quietly by her desk. But Gregory Wheelock—collapsed in his chair, with his head bent at a curious broken

In Allan Lane's vivid photographic illustrations for "Surgical Call," the smart dresses shown are by courtesy of Bergdorf Goodman, New York

angle—was fast asleep. On his lap lay an unopened magazine.

Charity's hand was very gentle as she laid it on his forehead. A hand on the forehead is an easy and pleasant way to wake someone who is sleeping. She didn't say anything, but after a moment the dark lashes flicked up and surprised, sleep-bewildered eyes looked into hers.

"Why," stammered Gregory, "why—" Charity laughed. "You're going to ask where you are, and who I am," she said. Gregory was wide awake now. He answered, "Quite so."

"Well," Charity said, "I'm Dr. Standish and you're in a hospital. How do you like that?"

Gregory said, "How many centuries have I been in the hospital?" He struggled to his feet and was adjusting the wrinkled folds of his overcoat.

Charity said, "You've been on that chair for nearly two hours, boy and man. No wonder you went to sleep. I don't like to pull an 'I told you so,' but you'd have done better to have gone home as I suggested."

"Would you have done better?" Charity said, "I couldn't have done better. I assisted at the grandest amputation that's ever been performed in this hospital." She said over her shoulder to the drowsy girl at the desk, "Has Dr. Evans left yet?"

The girl yawned. "No, Dr. Standish, he's not signed out. I guess he's with the emergency."

Charity said, "That's where he's different from me." She went over to the register and marked the hour.

She explained to Gregory: "Dr. Evans is the man I assisted. He's a wonder. I wouldn't have given up seeing him work for anything."

"Not to finish the bridge game?" Charity chuckled. "That's different. That's play. This is—splendid."

They were walking out of the door. Gregory said, a shade ponderously, "Work and play must be separate and distinct things, else the soul grows tired and the mind very dull."

Charity said, "Not when the work is so interwoven with your life that there's no dividing line. Incidentally, what do you do?"

Gregory said, "I'm in Wall Street. Legalized gambling's my job. To put it plainly, stocks and municipal bonds."

Charity told him: "We're in the same line. I'm a legalized gambler, myself. I'm gambling most of the hours—against death. Sometimes death wins, but most of the time I do."

They climbed into the car. Gregory tucked the robe about her. She said, "Home, James! Not that you know where home is, any more than you knew where the hospital was! But it isn't such a trek. I've a flat in Greenwich Village."

"I was hoping you lived in the extreme end of town!" said Gregory.

Charity told him, "You're the prettiest liar."

Gregory said, "East Side, and the Village. As long as we're making a tour of the city, I think we might include the park. What do you say? Remember that I've had a long, lonely evening since we left the Kelloggs. You owe me a swift circle around the park."

Charity said, "I'm so tired that I don't much care what we do. I'm going in circles already, but I suppose I can sleep in the park as efficiently as I can at home, when you come down to it."

Gregory asked, "Is that nice? Do you hint that I'm so dull that girls go to sleep when I take them through the park?"

IN THE darkness Charity was smiling. She didn't look like the serious young woman who had taken over the reins from Dr. Evans during the operation. She didn't look like the girl who had bit her lip to keep back unasked emotion as she went down a shadowed corridor from a room

filled with other shadows. She looked like a very young, rather mischievous girl who was embarking on an adventure, toward dawn, with a handsome, gay young man. Which, after all, was a fairly accurate picture of the situation.

"You don't seem dull," she answered, at last. "You appear to be the sort of young man who could keep a girl awake. For many reasons."

Gregory said, "What do you mean by that?"

"What do you think I mean?" They were cutting through the slums again, but the streets were almost empty. Somewhere, somehow, the teeming population had gone to bed. There were stragglers—some who were homeless, some who were helpless, some who were hopeless. Gregory said:

"This is an awful neighborhood. But it doesn't seem as bad as it did when we arrived."

Charity said, "No; I often wonder how it can be so sweet at this hour. Sometimes, when I'm going home from the hospital as late as this—"

Gregory interrupted. "You're telling me that you often go home alone as late as this? I think it's outrageous—"

CHARITY said: "We've been over that before. Let's call it a day. I go out early in the morning and I come home late at night with my dinner bucket swinging in my hand. And nobody cares—not nobody."

"I care," said Gregory.

They were going up an avenue now—an avenue deserted and the traffic lights forgotten. Store windows were blank and still. Street corners whirled by the way telegraph posts do when you're on a train. Here a great hotel with a light or two in the windows, and a weary doorman standing on duty near the curb. Here and there a policeman leaning against the side of a building.

Charity said, "I'm beginning to feel wide awake. I don't know why."

Greg said, "I'm wide awake too; but then, I did my sleeping early."

"Did you have beautiful dreams?" asked Charity.

"As a matter of fact," Greg told her, "I dreamed of you."

He was swinging into the park—a park that was magic and romance and beauty in the heart of the city. He said:

"I was dreaming that I held you in my arms."

Charity told him, "You work fast in your sleep!"

Gregory said, "I was dreaming that I kissed you—and it was pretty wonderful."

He turned suddenly and leaned forward and Charity knew that he was going to kiss her. She didn't care much—she let him.

"What," she said pleasantly, when the kiss—a mere tap on the cheek—was over, "is a kiss between friends?"

Greg said a trifle huskily, "Your skin's the petal of a gardenia. Smells like a gardenia, too. Are we friends, really?"

Charity answered, "I hope we are. There's nothing nicer than a friend who owns a car and will take you places and take you home from places."

Greg had conquered the huskiness in his voice.

"Another gold digger," he said. "Or should I say a car digger?"

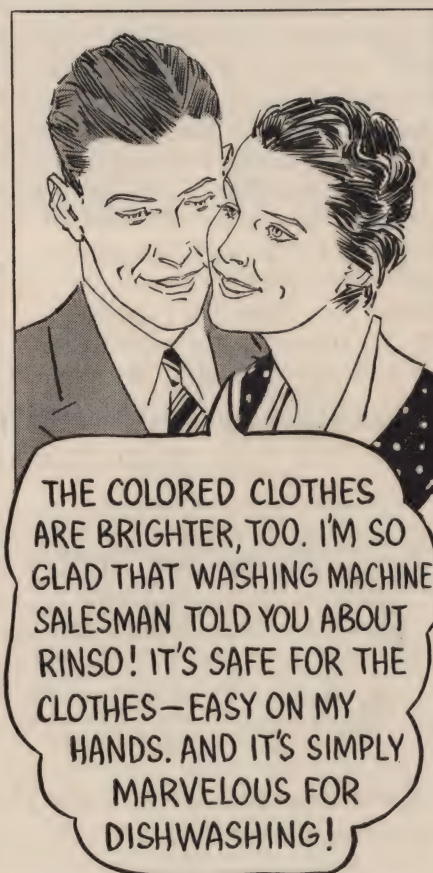
Charity laughed. "All the gold and cars I've dug from life," she said, "you could put in your eye and not have to blink. I work too hard to be a successful miner!"

Gregory said, "Damn it, for the last half hour I'd forgotten you were a working woman."

Charity said, "So had I." She said, "Will you please drive past the poofy?"

Greg asked, "What in the world is the poofy? Are you going mad, or am I?"

Charity said, "No, I'm not going mad, but there's a spot in the park, on the way uptown, where you pass a rock, and on top of the rock sits a stone mountain lion. I used to call it a poofy (Turn to page 64)



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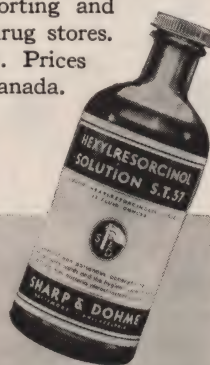
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Surgical Call

(Continued from page 63)

when I was a youngster. In summer you can hardly see it for the clematis—but at this time of year it stands ready to leap."

Greg said, "You won't be able to see it in a dim light." and Charity replied, "Won't I just!"

They drove on past the poofy place, where the mountain lion waited and had been waiting for a number of years. They whirled along the road. They came to a curve where black trees made a lacing against a black sky.

"It's a Muirhead Bone," said Charity. "I adore etchings; I guess all doctors do. They're so precise and full of structure."

Gregory said, "I adore you."

Charity ignored him. Curiously enough the suggestion of an etching made her remember an operation beneath a great light. An etcher's careful, meticulous hands cutting lines into shining copper—a doctor's hands cutting agony from a shining white body. Dr. Evans' hands could make an etching, she was sure. She was remembering how deftly they moved, how swift they'd been in their selection of instruments. She said—

"I wonder if he's left the hospital?"

Gregory said, "Who?"

Charity told him: "Dr. Evans, the man I assisted with the operation."

Gregory said, "Can't you ever get away from it? You're in the park with me, not in the operating room. Are you in love with this Dr. Evans?"

Charity said, "Certainly not—in fact, I scarcely know him. Our encounter tonight was practically a first meeting. I don't suppose I've said more than two words to him before."

Gregory muttered, "He's probably in love with you. I don't see how a doctor meeting another doctor in the intimate way you doctors do, can help falling in love."

Charity said, "You're a song. Some kind of a crazy, topical song." She murmured, "A doctor meets another doctor and falls in love with a doctor. We'll call it," she said, "Surgical Blues."

Gregory said, "You're a regular kidder, aren't you? That's why I can't believe you take this surgical business as seriously as you say. One moment it's a part of your life and interwoven with your soul. One minute you're just a little apart from other women. And then the next minute you're laughing. That's what I'm getting at—women oughtn't to be doctors; it's wrong. They can't draw the line between the place where the operation ends and the kidding begins."

Charity's eyes were wide and hurt—she wasn't laughing now, but she realized that she was too tired to start an argument.

"So what?" she murmured, instead.

Greg snapped, "What I'm trying to say is that you're only a girl—a light-hearted, light-minded girl. You don't belong in this running out after accidents, assisting at amputations, that sort of thing. I said it early in the evening: you belong in a home."

"Whose home?" asked Charity. "My own, I guess. Suppose you turn away from the park, Mr. Wheelock, and take me there. I have office hours early, and a gall bladder scheduled before office hours. I think we've had a long enough ride through this pretty—shall we say playground? It's been so long we're beginning to act as if we're old married people. You promised romance and you've given me a lecture."

"I promised romance, did I?" said Greg. Very carefully, very deliberately he drove

to the side of the road. The park was a deserted forest closing in about them—the few cars that went by were in a hurry. The drivers weren't aware of a roadster that was pausing in the shadow of a tree.

Greg released the wheel and turned to Charity and put his arms around her.

"The last time I kissed you—" he said.

Charity corrected, "You mean the first time."

Greg told her, "I don't know what the hell I mean, but when I kissed you before, it landed on your cheek. This time it's going to be different, see? I promised you romance—you'll get romance." His arms were about her tight—he smelled faintly of tobacco and some sort of a masculine toilet water and good shaving soap. He kissed Charity hard on the mouth—very hard and very long. When he let her go, he was panting. He said:

"There's your romance."

CHARITY put her hands up to her hat. She too was breathing unsteadily. "Romance nothing," she said, and her voice, try as she would, wasn't quite steady. "Your kisses, Mr. Wheelock, remind me much more of a laboratory experiment than romance. If you want to discover things about me, I'll tell you. And as I said before, it's late. Let's go home." She gave him a street and a number.

Gregory drove the rest of the way in silence. When they drew up in front of the door of the apartment house where she lived, Charity climbed out as soon as the car stopped. It wasn't that she was angry at Greg—heaven knows she'd led him on; more than that—she'd egged him on. But his kiss had revealed certain things in him and certain in herself that were—if not exactly alarming—at least disquieting. She said: "Thanks for the buggy ride, Mr. Wheelock. It was awfully nice of you to get me home."

Gregory spoke. He leaned wearily against the side of the car, but his voice was not in the least weary.

"When am I going to see you?" he asked. "It's very important—important to me. You're different from anybody I've ever met. I want to know you better. I want to know you in your own house, among your own things."

Charity managed a laugh. "You sound Victorian for a change," she said. "Do gentlemen still call on ladies? Of course, I'd be glad to have you drop in one evening, Mr. Gregory Wheelock."

Greg asked, "When?"

Charity answered, "Any time."

"Tomorrow?" asked Gregory eagerly. He was suddenly close beside her. "May I come tomorrow?"

Charity said, "You're a brute for punishment, but as a matter of fact I've a dinner engagement."

Swiftly she left him and ran up the steps of the apartment house and into the foyer. A sleepy night man, drowsing in a chair beside the elevator, rose as he saw her.

"There was a messenger," he said, "about an hour ago, Miss Standish—I mean Dr. Standish. He left a note for you. He told me there was no answer."

Charity said, "It's probably a bill." She took the proffered envelop in strong fingers and tore it open. She saw Dr. Hugh Evans' name engraved at the top of the single sheet of paper. She saw his signature on the end of the sheet. With a strange eagerness—for one who had been so recently kissed by another man—she started to read.

It isn't merely the old problem of "which man" that makes "Surgical Call" such an interesting story. The problem is deeper and more dramatic than that, as you will discover in next month's instalment

Sabre Tooth

(Continued from page 57)

That was a smart idea of hers—congratulate her.”

He made a half-formed movement to stop her—to pour out in one breath the panic that had been rising slowly for weeks past and that now threatened to submerge him. But he heard her voice, unnaturally shrill, rising above the hubbub. “We’re going along without Perry. Perry’s got a date. Business as usual—”

Cicely’s high-pitched laughter—

His car was waiting for him. All his movements were collected and accurate. It was true now. He simply didn’t care . . .

Three hours later, standing face to face with Jane Lambert in Lambert’s library, he wondered with a cool, savage amusement what Gay would have made of this peculiar love scene. Jane Lambert’s quiet was rather frightening—the sort of glacial self-control that might come over someone who, apparently in perfect health, has just heard that he hasn’t long to live. The façade of irony had gone.

“I found the letter late this afternoon. When I was a girl, one didn’t read other people’s letters. But since then we’ve learnt to do everything we want to do. In this case I haven’t any compunction. I brought you and Jim together—”

“I asked you to,” Perry said.

“That was very innocent of you. I should have known better. Anyway I know this much—he and his group have been playing with yours—”

Perry nodded.

“We made a sort of pool together in Bensonas—it was at ten when we started in. It’s at three hundred now. We’re waiting for it to touch four—”

“It never will.”

“What’s Lambert up to?”

“He’s unloading—”

“He was bound in honor—”

She laughed at that.

“You’re using a phrase that hasn’t any reality. The market is tottering. There’s only one valid motto—*saute qui peut*—”

“Thousands won’t be able to”—he had a moment’s sharp vision of Mr. Carter’s terror-stricken face—“they won’t have a chance—”

“They weren’t ever meant to have a chance. But you have. You have twenty-four hours.”

“Where’s Lambert?”

“Out of town. In conference. First thing Monday they will start in. The whole process has been arranged for”—She caught the word that he smothered under his breath. “No, that isn’t just, Perry. He’s only doing what he’s been taught to accept as legitimate—what you would have done yourself in your own time.” She laid her hand on his arm. “It wasn’t your game, Perry—you shouldn’t ever have played it.”

“I’ve got to now. And by God I’ll lick them at it”—He dropped his furious eyes to hers. He said more gently, “This may break Lambert—”

“I’ve tried to make you understand,” she said. “Jim’s really dead. So nothing can hurt him any more. But you’re different.”

“At least,” he said, “we can both take what we can get—”

SHE made no resistance to his wild, unhappy kisses. He was remembering, almost deliberately, the first time that he and Gay had kissed each other. The fact that he had felt so deeply then proved that nothing mattered. Nothing lasted.

They heard the door open. Someone was speaking discreetly.

“A call for Mr. Holt. From Connecticut. There’s been some trouble tracing him. And it’s very urgent—”

Perry knew instantly. The event had been waiting in ambush for him. And now it was too late to save himself.

Jane drove him in his own car. She didn’t trust him. She drove well and fast for it was a long time since she had cared enough about anything to have nerves. In the pale light of the dawn, so much more death-like than any sunset, the little farmhouse had a forlorn and tragic look. Winter had already touched the trees with its cold fingers, and the stone path was carpeted with wet fallen leaves that muffled their footsteps. A nurse opened the door to them, and Perry glanced at her face and then without a word went past her up the stairs.

IT WAS evening when Perry came back to Jane. She had lit a lamp on the mantelshelf and the light fell on his face. He looked, she thought, as though grief had stripped him of some coarse disguise, leaving a wan, distracted youthfulness. An old dog rose stiffly and went to meet him, and Perry knelt down and took the white clumsy head against his breast. And then Jane saw him as a broken-hearted little boy.

“Bonza’s been waiting for you—”

“I promised her I’d come back. And I never did—”

“She’s forgiven you—”

“That’s what’s so awful—people who won’t be angry—who don’t even know they have anything to forgive.” He stood up. “It’s all over now. My father just recognized me. He said, ‘It’s all right, I’ve still one great adventure.’”

She went to him and laid her hand on his arm. They were like survivors of a shipwreck who had clung to each other because there was nothing else left to them. He glanced down at her. He saw how old she really was. Age hadn’t anything to do with years.

“We’ll get out of this,” he said.

“Perhaps, my dear. But not together. I’ve had time to think. Somehow this place has helped me. It’s not you I love. I thought it was. I wished it was. Being with you was like trying to re-live the only decent part of my life. But one can’t really re-live anything. And you don’t love me either—but just something you’ve lost.”

They drove home through the dank early hours of Monday morning. They scarcely spoke. They had said everything and perhaps they would not see each other again. Perry understood her now. She had loved young Lambert terribly. She had grown to hate him terribly. In a sense she was sacrificing what he had become to what he had once been. Perry had to avenge that lost and dead love of hers. Win out over the thick-necked, pompous and prosperous usurper—

And he couldn’t. That was what emerged from the staggering confusion and hurt of those dark hours. Suddenly, violently he had been brought up against the truth. What Lambert was doing, what a mad, panic-stricken world would try to do, was only what he had planned to do himself, later, in his own good time. They were all cheats, dealing in false values—men who tried to take without giving. Now he saw himself. He saw the whole game. And he couldn’t play it any more.

“I’m licked, Jane,” he said to her as she stood for a moment beside the car, holding his hand in farewell. “I’ve licked myself.”

He saw something strange come into her eyes—a sort of tenderness and gratitude.

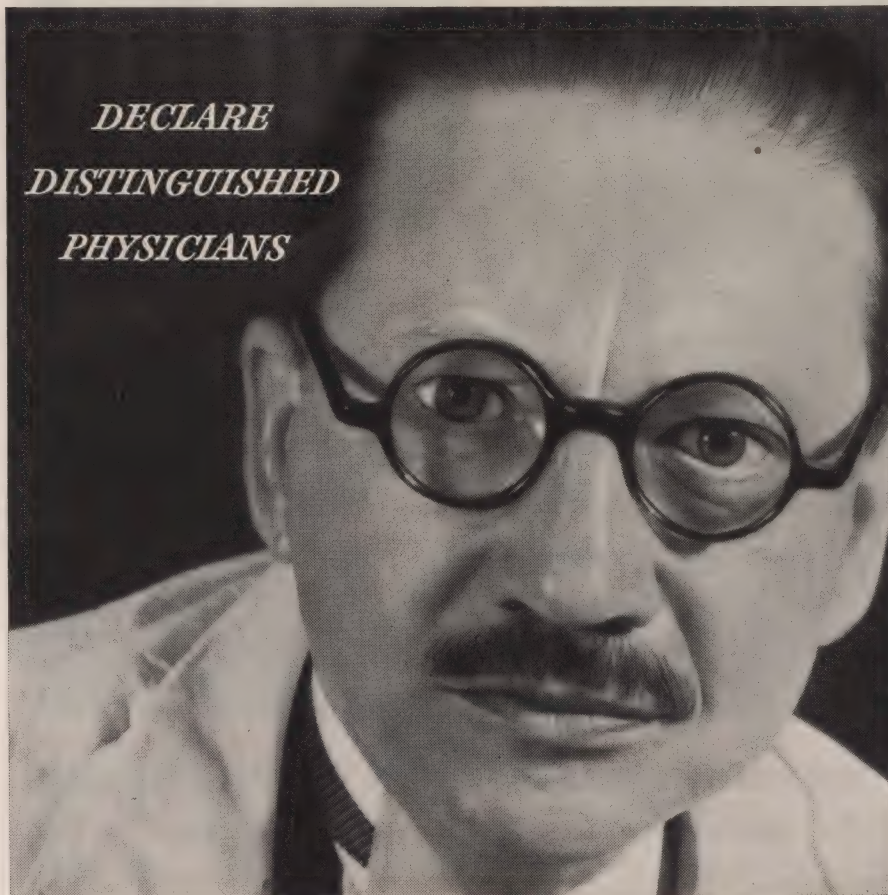
“I believe I’m glad,” she said.

But anyway the game was over. In the next few hours he witnessed the frantic efforts of the players not to believe their eyes.

“Thank God we’ve both been smart and kept our reserves,” Peters said huskily. “My wife is realizing her property. With what she has we can hold the business together till the storm (Turn to page 66)

— new fresh Yeast will solve the cathartic problem for thousands!

DECLARE
DISTINGUISHED
PHYSICIANS



DR. JULES BELOUX, a noted intestinal specialist and editor of a medical publication, reports: “Patients in my clinic obtained remarkable results from this new yeast. I am astonished . . . It is a notable discovery.”

Corrects Constipation and related troubles so effectively by stimulating the whole digestive tract!

NO LONGER need you constantly “dose” yourself with cathartic drugs that make you weaker, and usually make your constipation worse!

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It is an entirely new yeast—a new “strain” of fresh yeast—discovered by a great American medical scientist.

It speeds digestive muscles and juices. Food is thus digested better . . . carried through the body faster . . . expelled more easily and regularly.

Won’t you start eating this new Fleischmann’s Yeast? See how speedily

you feel full of pep . . . how quickly your skin is cleared of pimples.

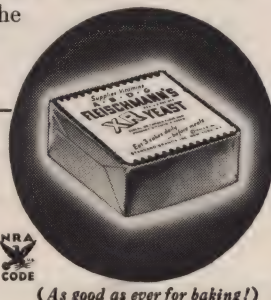
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So get some of the new Fleischmann’s Yeast now. Then eat 3 cakes every day—just plain, or dissolved in one-third glass of water—preferably a half-hour before meals.

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NRA
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DISCONTINUE CATHARTICS not all at once but gradually, as this new Fleischmann’s Yeast “normalizes” your digestion and elimination. You should feel better in just a few days, but keep right on. It’s a food, you know. So eat it regularly and give it an opportunity to really correct your constipation . . . to make you feel and look well again.

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A graduate of one of New York City's leading hospitals, Mrs. France is a recognized authority on subjects relating to family health. In her professional work, she has given hundreds of health talks.



Beulah France speaks to parents and teachers *on the importance of toilet tissue to health*

"Every Mother and Father," says Mrs. France, "should realize the necessity for safe toilet tissue"

I FIND people are both surprised and concerned when I stress the need for careful choice of toilet tissue.

"Apparently—the possibility of harm from this source has never occurred to them.

"Yet—the fact is that daily use of a harsh, abrasive tissue can be extremely irritating. In my nursing experience, I have seen many cases of severe discomfort which had been badly aggravated by unsafe tissue.

"When you buy toilet tissue, there are three essentials to keep in mind: purity, softness to prevent irritation and thorough absorbency. I always advise the use of either ScottTissue or Waldorf because I know these tissues meet every requirement."

Don't run risks. Remember—"soft-weve" ScotTissue or Waldorf toilet tissue in your bathroom affords real health protection.

The special "soft-weve" process has given these tissues a remarkable degree of softness and absorbency. They assure comfortable, immaculate cleansing. They cannot cause the slightest irritation even to a baby's tender skin.

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● **ONLY TWO SCOTT TISSUES**
Scott Paper Company
makes only two brands
of toilet tissue . . .
Accept no substitute.
Remember these names.
SCOTTISSUE (white)
WALDORF (cream-colored)

Sabre Tooth

(Continued from page 65)

blows over. You've been a generous husband, Perry—lucky for you—"

But Perry was thinking of Mr. Carter and of the little people who hadn't been smart, who hadn't kept their reserves, and who would go under because they had believed in him. He was thinking of them on the way home.

Gay was due back that evening from the Westport house. Len's play had been a huge success. Perry read the evening papers' account of it with a curious satisfaction. Len hadn't cared about money. He had done what he had been given to do. He had worked honorably. And so he would ride the storm. That was right and just. Perry didn't hate him any more. For at last he understood his hatred. All that was gone with the rest of his madness. Now he had to find Gay and reality again. He had to tell her about his father and about the little people and what, somehow, they must do together. They must save what was left to them. Surely there was something.

"Miss Gay is in her room," Florida told Perry sullenly. "The poor lamb—"

He saw that Gay had been packing. All the confusion and worthlessness of his life seemed grotesquely symbolized by the expensive tumbled clothes and half-empty suitcases. He stopped dead, staring at her. And when she turned sharply to face him, everything that he had come to say turned to dust in his mouth.

"Had a good time?" she asked. He still stared uncomprehendingly and she laughed. "Jim Lambert rang up. He wanted to know where Jane had gone to. It was a joke on both of us—"

"Gay, didn't they tell you? My father died—"

"Did he? You must be heart-broken"—her voice shook. "You cared such a lot, didn't you? So much that you couldn't even go down to see him—not till it was convenient—not till you could take Jane Lambert with you—"

"Please, Gay, think what you're saying." "I don't have to think. I've thought enough, now I'm through—"

"Wait"—he pleaded. But there was no conviction in him. He hadn't slept for two nights. He had scarcely eaten. He was panic-stricken like a man who has lost control of a machine on which he has implicitly relied. He knew there was something he could do, but his mind refused him. What he actually said was something frantic, irrelevant and utterly alien. He asked, "Where do you think you're going?"

"Away—"
"With whom?"
"That doesn't really concern you any more—"

"With Willard?"
"Perhaps—if he will have me—"
He made a last desperate effort.
"Listen, Gay. We can't go on like this. We've got to stand together. It doesn't matter what we feel—"

"It's all that matters—"
"Not now."
"Why not?"
"You know what's happened. The bottom's out of Bensonas—I'd gone in pretty steeply. We've got to save what we can—"

"I know what you're going to say. You've been such a generous husband. You gave me everything—a house in Westport and a car of my own—and all the expensive things you could think of—or Mr. Carter could think of, if you were too busy. Not what I wanted. You never asked me what I wanted. You didn't care. I was like a Christmas tree for you to hang your trophies on, so that everyone should see what a hunter you were—what a big shot—what a smart fellow. Now I'm to

give it all back. I'm to save you with it. That's what it was meant to do. But it's mine. It's all I've got out of this mess and misery. I'm going to keep it. I'm going to save myself—"

She heard her own words with horror and incredulity. That couldn't be herself speaking. It was some angry, cheated woman of the streets. She must stop, retrace her steps, find some ground on which she could stand with decency. But this weakened and battered image of the Perry she had loved goaded her on—he was lost anyhow. But she had the child. He didn't know about that. She had meant to tell him. But he had gone with Jane Lambert. He had gone with her to the farmhouse. He had sat with her by their fireside.

It was all past saving—past praying for—

He said with a sudden complete quiet: "You're right, of course. It's all yours. You've a right to keep it. I'm sorry. I just didn't think of it that way—"

He waited a moment. The dust of a disastrous explosion seemed to be settling between them and through it they saw each other dimly, like ghosts.

IT WAS a shabby, rather desperately respectable apartment three flights up in an old brownstone house whose days had been numbered and now, thanks to disaster, was to survive a little longer. A strange place for the Peterses to be living in, Willard thought. But then so many strange things had happened. Two years ago he had been fighting for existence. Now he was going to London for the production of a great Broadway success. And soon afterwards he was going to die. Everyone was going to die. But not everyone knew when. Len Willard knew. The specialist had told him that afternoon. And the strangest thing of all was that he was perfectly content.

He leaned against the wall and tried to get his breath, thankful for the quiet and half-light of the dreary landing. When Mrs. Peters opened the door for him he hardly recognized her. In the old days she had reminded him of an overblown, overscented hothouse flower. Now she was just a staid, elderly woman with her sleeves rolled up.

She didn't recognize him either.
"It's Len Willard, Mrs. Peters. Just back from Arizona. I've had a time tracking you down—"

"And no wonder—" He noticed that the English accent had gone with the rest of things. But the tough spirit of some New England forebears looked him straight out of the clear blue eyes. He saw that they were Gay's eyes too.

"Sure—I recognize you," she said kindly. "It's just this light. Come right in. Gay will be glad."

The sitting-room was strange too. All the fantastic tubular effects of the Park Avenue days seemed to have gone down in the flood—other objects hitherto submerged had floated to the surface. Willard guessed they belonged to a past when a slender country girl had fallen in love with a soda-fountain clerk at the local drug-store. They were shabby now. They had never been beautiful, but they were comfortable and friendly. Mrs. Peters, arms akimbo, regarded them with affectionate toleration.

"We're a bit close-packed at present, Mr. Willard. But it won't be like this always. Gay's got things enough to make her comfortable. But it seems you can't give 'em away. It's a queer time when you can't sell so much as a pearl necklace—" She sighed. "I want to get out in the country where I belong. But we've got to go easy on account of Mr. Peters. It seems

to comfort him to be in the city. Keeping his eye on the market, he calls it."

As for herself, she was fine, never better. "And Gay?"

"Gay's fine too." But to his anxious ears she sounded too sure—almost defiant. "She'd better be, with a fine kid like that—he's a rare comfort to all of us." She glanced at him shrewdly. "I guess you've heard," she said.

He nodded. Queer how you could make up your mind to be done with life. And then suddenly the love and desire of it would blaze up again, consuming every resolution. He felt the old woman's eyes questioning him.

"Talk," he said, "but I wasn't sure—"

"It's true. Perry's gone—we don't even know where. She never saw him after the first day of the crash. He wanted her to throw good money after bad like I was doing. All he thought of was saving himself. But she was thinking of the baby. And she wouldn't. And he just blew out—"

"He'll come back," Len said.

"Not to her. It's all over. All but the lawyer's letters. They'll be divorced in a few days from now. I'm kind of sorry. He was a nice lad till we got hold of him—well, I'll tell Gay you're here and keep an eye on the youngster." She nodded briskly. "I guess I'm pretty useful now," she said.

It wasn't far from one room to another. He heard Gay's voice and then her quick eager footsteps. They made his own heart beat faster. He tried to steady himself. He had no right to this wild, senseless anticipation. But the specialist had talked of miracles. Even when she stopped short, checked by grief for what she saw in him, he was only sorry that he should hurt her.

"Why, Len, where have you been? What have you been doing?"

"Trying to forget you and please the doctors," he said, smiling at her, "and not succeeding very well."

She held his hand between hers. It was as though with her youth and strength she were holding fast to him and drawing him back into safety. And then suddenly she kissed him.

"It's good to have you back, Len."

"Sure?"

"Cross my heart—I've missed you. So many of the old crowd have gone."

"Do you miss them too?" he asked wryly.

"A little. Not like you. They were rather nice, you know—or perhaps you don't. I never knew till now. I don't think they did."

They smiled at each other. And it seemed to Willard that he saw her clearly for the first time. She had changed too. She had been a pretty, headstrong girl with whom one fell in love. Now she was a woman whom one would love all one's life. But there was a look of strain and weariness that he couldn't bear.

She shook her head.

"Don't worry, Len. I've got my son. He's really rather nice—I call him my son all the time. It seems to make him more mine. But his name's Peregrine. There wasn't any other name possible. He's so funnily like—he's going to be as like Perry as I thought he was—"

Willard asked quickly. "And the other Perry?"

"He went away. Didn't you know? I never even told him. He would have known if he had cared. But he didn't. It wasn't what mattered to him—"

"Gay—you don't know for sure?"

"Yes—I do now. I used to be stupid. It makes one cruel to expect things that can't come true."

"You couldn't have been cruel," Willard said stubbornly. "It isn't in you—"

"Yes, horribly cruel and not even honest. Len, I wouldn't even try to save him. I didn't see that all the things he had given me weren't really mine. I was like a bank in which he had put them for safety. I hadn't any right to them. For a time I tried to believe that it was for the baby's sake. But somehow after he came I knew it wasn't true. It was because I was angry. I'd hated Perry. I'd felt so cheated. And it wasn't his fault. He was just like everyone else. I'd just cheated myself—"

WILLARD stood and looked out of the window at the depressed and dingy street and saw nothing. Specialists made mistakes. Months might become years. And even if it were only months—

"So I kept everything," she went on. "Mother thinks it's because I'm waiting for things to get better. But it isn't that. I've got to give it back to him. Then he can start again—and I can start again too."

He asked with a painful effort, "Alone?"

"I won't be alone. I'll have my son. I'll learn to work. We'll manage somehow."

"Gay—I'd come to say goodbye—"

He felt her little silence of consternation—and happiness rose around him like a warm, consolatory tide.

"You too, Len?"

"I can't help it. I'm not going far. Not at first. London. And then Egypt—for a few months perhaps—"

"I'll miss you. I was feeling so glad—it was comforting to think of you somewhere near—"

"Was it? Would you come with me—both of you?"

He turned his thin white face to hers. He knew what she saw there. He had made a last frantic grasp at life. And now her silence was poignant—a little desperate.

"Gay—isn't it possible—couldn't you?"

She said gently:

"I'd like to, Len. I'd like to give you everything you want. You've always wanted it, haven't you? And I've always been happy with you. You gave me everything you had—"

He drew a deep breath. He had to protect her even from himself. He had to play fair.

"See Perry first—"

"It would be of no use."

"Give him back what belongs to him. Give it yourself. If you don't, we'll never be quite sure—"

"I couldn't even find him."

"Perhaps where you first found him—"

He saw the defiant blood rush to her face.

"All right—I'll try," she said. "Then I'll be quite, quite free." (Turn to page 68)

THE TEST THAT SHOCKED A MILLION WOMEN!



Sensational "Bite-Test" Exposes GRITTY FACE POWDERS!

"I Dropped the Box, I was so Horrified", Writes One Woman!

BEHIND many a case of sore and irritated skin, behind many a case of dry and coarse skin, lies gritty face powder!

That face powder that looks so smooth to your eye and feels so smooth to your skin, it may be full of grit—tiny, sharp particles that are invisible to the eye but instantly detectable to the teeth.

You can't go on rubbing a gritty face powder into your skin without paying for it in some way. Maybe some of the blemishes with which you are wrestling now are due to nothing less than a gritty face powder. Find out! Ascertain whether the powderyouarenowusing is grit-free or not.

Make This Telling Test!

Take a pinch of your powder and place it between your front teeth. Bring your teeth down on it and grind firmly. If there is any trace of grit in the powder it will be as instantly detectable as sand in spinach.

More than a million women have made this test in the past year as advised by Lady Esther. And thousands of them have written in in righteous indignation over their findings. One woman was so horrified, she dropped the powder, box and all, on the floor!

There is one face powder you can be sure contains no grit. That is Lady Esther Face Powder. But satisfy yourself as to that—and at Lady Esther's expense! Your

name and address will bring you a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Put it to the "bite-test". Let your teeth convince you that it is absolutely grit-free, the smoothest powder ever touched to cheek.

Make Shade Test, Too!

When you receive the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder try them all for shade, too. Did you know that the wrong shade of face powder can make you look five to ten years older?

Ask any stage director. He will tell you that one type of woman has to have one light while another has to have another or else each will look years older. The same holds for face powder shades. One of five shades is the perfect shade for every woman. Lady Esther offers you the five shades for you to find out which is the one for you!

Mail the coupon now for the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

(You Can Paste This on Penny Postcard)

LADY ESTHER, 2028 Ridge Ave.
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FREE

(12)

I want to make the "bite-test" and the shade test. Please send me all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder postpaid and free.

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

A Cookery Sweepstakes!

You need not buy a ticket and yet you may be a winner!

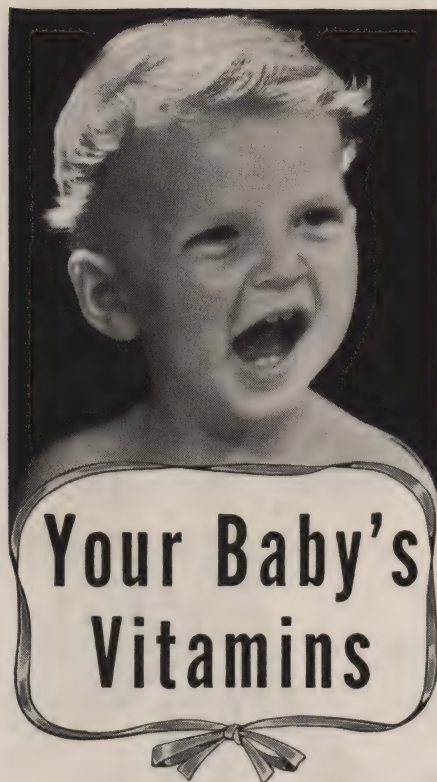
If you have a prize recipe so outstandingly good, so different, so delicious, that your family raves about it and friends beg to know how to make it, enter it in the

DELINEATOR COOKERY SWEEPS

\$5.00 will be paid for each of the six best recipes published. Judges—Delineator's Cookery Editors. Entries must be received before June 1, 1935. Recipes must be original, and never previously published. Send your entry in today

High, Wide and Handsome

(Continued from page 48)



Your Baby's Vitamins

*How to be sure
he gets them*

ACTUALLY, is your baby receiving all the precious vitamins you think he is, from strained vegetable feedings?

So-called fresh market vegetables are not always fresh. Each day after harvesting dissipates vitamin content. And, even if you picked them from a nearby garden and prepared them within an hour, only the most modern scientific equipment could retain a maximum vitamin content.

Heinz cooks and strains hours-old vegetables with equipment which excludes all vitamin-destroying air, then *vacuum*-packs them in enamel-lined tins—thus retaining a higher degree of vitamin and mineral content than is possible with ordinary methods.

Feed baby Heinz Strained Foods, and be sure, all year round, that he is getting an abundant, always uniformly high retention of vitamin and mineral content.



HEINZ STRAINED FOODS

A GROUP OF THE 57 VARIETIES

8 KINDS—Strained Vegetable Soup, Peas, Green Beans, Spinach, Tomatoes, Carrots, Beets and Prunes.



BABY'S DIET BOOK—What each vitamin and mineral salt does for baby—and in what foods each is found—are clearly explained in the new book—“Modern Guardians of Your Baby's Health.” In it are many other up-to-date facts about infant

feeding and care. To get your copy, send labels from 3 tins of Heinz Strained Foods and 10 cents. Address H. J. Heinz Company, Dept. D205, Pittsburgh, Pa.

and generosity of room size are effected by this method at one and the same time. It cleverly combines the heating outlets in the building from the very start. In this room, little radiators in the floor near the windows supply the necessary heat-waves. Venetian blinds, of a soft neutral gray, throughout the house supply that note of privacy needed in one-story dwellings.

Indeed, no functional modernism could furnish a living room better for comfortable living than is here shown in this English Regency room, furnished entirely with well-made Regency reproductions.

THE elements in this room are from the following firms: The Background: Wall-hide Paint for walls and trim, Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin and Newark, New Jersey; floor, Storm Flooring Company, New York; Shadolite Broadloom Carpets, The Bigelow Weavers, New York. The Window Treatment: Residential Venetian Blinds, The Columbia Mills, Inc., New York; overdraperies of silk upholstery satin, Cheney Bros., New York; fringe, rope, tassels, and tie-backs, Consolidated Trimming Corporation, New York. The Mechanical Equipment: Automatic Thermostat and Humidifier, General Electric Company, New York. The Furniture: All furniture from Baker Furniture Factories, Grand Rapids, Michigan. Sofas upholstered in striped silk upholstery satin from Stroheim & Romann, New York, armchairs upholstered in silk faced satin from Johnson & Faulkner, Inc., New York, card chairs upholstered in silk moiré from Johnson & Faulkner, Inc., New York, desk chairs upholstered in silk velvet from Cheney Bros., New York. The Accessories: Leather



Royal silks for Regency

desk items, The Star Case Company, New York; Waterman's desk pen set, L. E. Waterman Company, New York; lamps and shades, Jessie Leach Rector, New York; glass bowl, A. H. Heisey and Company, Newark, Ohio. Draperies throughout the house made by Celia Roth, New York. All fabrics through courtesy of International Silk Guild, Inc., New York.

Sabre Tooth

(Continued from page 67)

THE local bus put Gay down at the little store at the corner. She remembered that on that winter's day when she had turned up the side road in a fit of reckless confidence that she knew where it went to, the store had been closed and the windows boarded up. A dingy, hopeless-looking little place. Now it was open and gaily painted to match the first spring green. Tables had been set up under the trees in the orchard at the side of the house. There was no mention of food anywhere but it all looked very inviting and made her feel young and hungry. It was as though the moment the bus set her down, everything in her and around began to come back to life.

She was glad of the three-mile walk. The pale bright trees threw a cool shadow over the winding road. It was not the sort of road that could go anywhere particular, or that would allow anyone to get there quickly. She must have been incredibly stupid to have so completely misunderstood it. She remembered how at every turn she had expected to run into the New York highway. And then she had seen the light of Perry's house . . . And everything had begun.

And now everything was over. It was difficult to realize that she was still Perry's wife and that in a week or two she wouldn't be. She'd be Mrs. Leonard Willard somewhere in Europe. It didn't seem real. Not here in this green lane. She had a ridiculous feeling that she had dreamed the last two years. What had really happened was that she had gone down to the little store to buy something for their supper.

When she got back, Perry would have finished work and laid the supper table.

And actually she didn't know whether Perry was there at all. The lawyers refused to tell her. They had had their instructions. So it was just a wild guess. Anyway she had wanted to see the house again. Once she had seen it as an ordinary house where nothing extraordinary had ever happened she would be able to forget it.

But at the last turn she stopped short, as though something had caught sharply at her heart. She remembered what Perry had said once: “You've never really seen it. You must see it in the springtime.” Now she was seeing it as he had wanted her to—with the big maple-tree in bloom. It was the same house that had kept them safe against the storm. But now the doors and windows stood wide open.

A very old, very stout white dog ambled down the stone-paved pathway. He was evidently short-sighted too, for he had to sniff her over carefully before he turned and led the way into the house like a grumbling old servant announcing a visitor. She saw Perry's bent fair head through the open window. He looked up, and her shadow fell across his face.

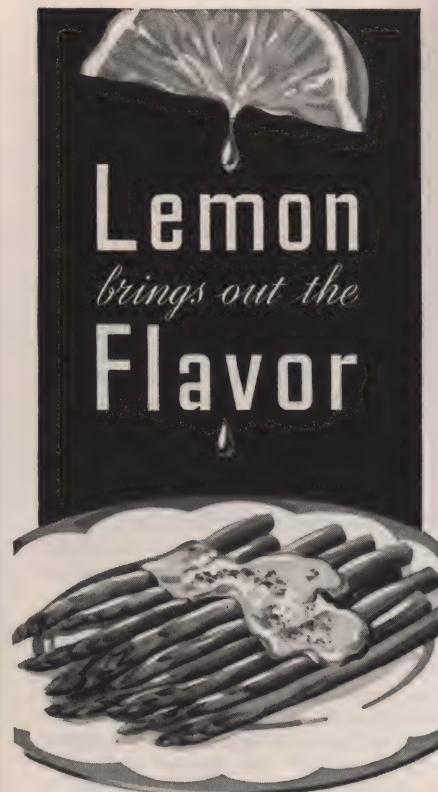
“Hullo, Gay—”

“Hullo, Perry—”


They remained there for a moment looking at each other. It was so quiet about them that they seemed almost to hear each other's breathing. He stood up.

“Come in, Gay—”

Of course she had to come in. She had come home to get supper. Or was it that



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she had come to say goodbye finally and that she was sorry she had been unfair. The state of things that had begun at the corner of the side road was getting more pronounced. It was as though the bus that had brought her from a concrete but unreal world had dumped her at the entrance to another world that was at once a dream and a reality.

Perhaps it was something in Perry's face. It was like hearing the first notes of an old tune that you had forgotten. Everything was coming back to her.

He still stood at his desk. His shirt-sleeves were rolled and she noticed that his arms were lean and brown and strong again. The room was just as shabby and even more untidy. The floor under the desk was littered with discarded sheets of paper.

"We're in a bit of mess," he said quite humbly. "I've just come in. We weren't expecting visitors—"

She wanted to say, "I'm not a visitor. I've come to get supper." She was idiotic. It was the look on his face—the something she had never quite defined. But at any rate she had not imagined it. And it came to her suddenly that she knew now what it was—an inner fineness that had come through. And it frightened her. If that hadn't been an illusion—then what was to become of her?

"I didn't even know you were here," she said. "The lawyers wouldn't tell me. I just took a chance—"

"I thought you would," he said, "sooner or later."

He seemed to be waiting. It was a fact that for the last year of their life together she had never seen the color of his eyes. They were a queer greenish-hazel, very bright and steady and disturbing. She forced herself to look straight into them. She had very little to say. But when it was said they wouldn't look at her like that again.

"I had to see you, Perry. I wanted to tell you myself how frightfully ashamed I am. I behaved so badly to you. I let you down utterly. But it isn't too late—is it?"

"No," he said gravely, "not a bit too late."

"You see—I kept everything that really belonged to you—all but what I absolutely had to spend. Some things are so dreadfully expensive. Babies are expensive—"

She saw the blood rush to the roots of his hair.

"I guess they are—"

"Didn't you know?"

"Not till afterwards. Someone told me—"

"You didn't write—"

"I thought you wouldn't want me to. You wanted to keep him all to yourself, didn't you? You didn't want me to have any share. I understood that. It seemed right." He had gone over to the window and stood looking out at the garden with his hands thrust deep in his pockets. "What's he like, Gay?"

"He's like you."

"Are you sorry?"

"No," she said. "He's Peregrine Holt."

"That was nice of you—"

"Won't you ever want to see him?"

"Yes—I would"—he broke off. "Of course he's just a baby. But when he's bigger he'll like the garden. It'll be good for him—"

It was no use putting things off. She hurried on baldly, desperately, "We're going away. I'm going to marry Len."

He looked at her over his shoulder.

"Are you? But you're still my wife, you know—"

She felt the blood rush to her own face. It was shameful. There was a little glint of impossible laughter in his eyes.

"Don't, Perry, it's no good. It's all over for both of us—"

"Is it?"

She remembered that look on Len's face when he had said goodbye. "If a miracle

happens," he had said, "remember it's what I really want for you." As though he had known.

She said stiffly:

"We're only hurting ourselves. We made a mistake. Don't let's pretend. I've come back to give you what belongs to you. It's quite a lot. There was the Westport house and all the expensive things you gave me"—She hurried on faster and faster as though if she stopped something incredible might happen. "Mr. Hardwick rang up the other day. He had been trying to get in touch with you. He said things would be looking up and he had a chance to come in with the tide. He wanted you. He said you were a financial wizard. You see, Perry, you can begin again—"

HE TURNED and came slowly back so that there was nothing but the littered desk between them.

"But I have begun already," he laughed softly. "The famous 'History of Morals' is on its way again. It'll take longer than I thought. Most of the day I work down at the store. I bought it with a government bond I'd overlooked—and I've opened a sort of a lunch place. It's a bit of success. People come miles just for my omelettes. You remember my omelettes, don't you? And then in the evening I get back to work. But it's slow. It'll take all those five years—unless someone comes in to help me. And only a few people will ever read it. But it will be the best thing of its kind—"

She didn't know whether she was fighting tears or laughter.

"Perry—you haven't changed."

"No," he said, "that's just it." He stopped like someone thinking very carefully of what he has to say. "But I did change. And that's the wrong I did you. It was a terrific wrong. It justified everything you said and did to me. You say you let me down—well, I let you down much worse. You found something in me you wanted. And then, when you'd married me for it, I let you and all those people make me over into something that you didn't want at all. It was the worst sort of cheating." He lifted his eyes to hers. "But I've come back, Gay. I'm myself—"

She mustn't listen to him. She had to dig herself in against the tide that was threatening to sweep her off her feet. Poor Len. Poor Len. But then he had really known all the time.

With fumbling, unsteady fingers she unfastened something that she wore, half-hidden, round her neck. She laid it on the table between them. It made a semi-circle of white-gold brightness. He glanced at it casually. But not long enough to save her. His eyes were on her face again—questioning, yet dead sure too. She was ashamed of her voice.

"They're yours, Perry. I don't know why I brought them. I had to give them back to you myself. They must be worth a lot of money—even now—"

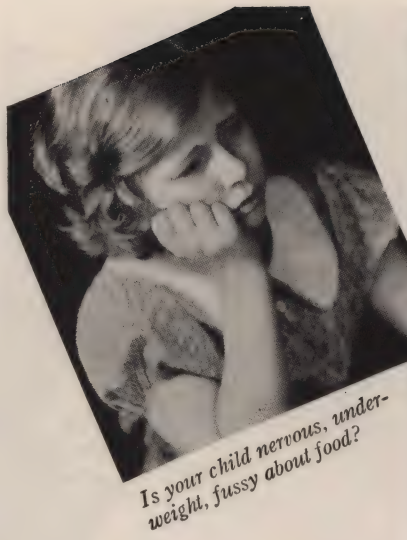
"Quite a lot," he said. "They'd set poor old Carter up for life. He lost his job, you know. It's a sweet thought of yours"—He picked the necklace up, weighing it in his hand. "I paid twenty thousand for them. I won it all in one big gamble—a terrific killing. All but the very little one—the runt—the little fellow here at the end of the string. He wasn't a sabre tooth. He was a real pearl. I really bought him." He laughed to himself. "I thought I'd have to go without breakfast for a month. I think I rather wanted to—then it would prove something—"

She dared not ask him what it proved. And it wasn't necessary. She said not very clearly:

"I thought, perhaps, you wouldn't mind if I kept it—the little pearl—"

She touched it, lying there in his hand, and his hand closed over hers.

"That's all right too, Gay. My dear—it's the only one I want—"



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In one test, reported recently in a scientific journal, a study was made of two groups of underweight, malnourished children. Both groups lived under similar conditions and were fed similar diets, except that the second group received six tablets of pasteurized yeast daily in addition to the regular meals. The children fed the yeast showed an almost immediate response. They put on weight faster and had far better appetites than those in the other group. And 85% of the cases of constipation showed improvement. These results were due to the action of the precious vitamin B complex supplied by the yeast.

Weight Gain Tripled!

The beneficial effect on the growing child of an increased intake of the B vitamins was demonstrated in a dramatic manner by another test made with two groups of boys and girls from six to thirteen years of age. These

children were of about average weight for their age and height.

Group number one received, in addition to the usual diet, a supplemental feeding of a food rich in the B vitamins. Group number two ate their regular diet.

At the end of ten weeks, the children getting the extra feeding of B vitamins showed a gain in weight three times greater than that experienced by the children in the other group!

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Start, now, to give your child Yeast Foam Tablets regularly. You should soon see a marked improvement: keener appetite, faster growth, better digestion and improved bowel function. You can get Yeast Foam Tablets at any drug store. The ten-day bottle costs only 50c. Refuse substitutes!

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PRESCRIPTIONS FOR BEAUTY

by
helena
rubinstein



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A few flowers of airy grace—and you have "Spring Song"

Flower Recipes

by

MARY C. COOKMAN

IN THIS day of neuroses and complexes, psychologists exhort us to find peace of mind and satisfaction in self-expression. They tell us to develop hobbies—painting, dancing, amateur dramatics or writing. But actually, now, how many of us can leave our housekeeping and children long enough to acquire enough competence in any of these fields to get any real fun out of them?

And how many of us really want to get so far away from our homely chores?

But we do seek some variety and self-expression in our jobs as home-makers. And there is one way that we can get it without spending a lot of money and time. That way is by flower arrangements.

You can do almost as much with flowers as you can do with paints—and without the risks! For all of the elements of art are in them—color and composition, line and light and shade—even if they are captured only temporarily in a mood of quiet delight by a woman playing with a handful of flowers.

The principles set forth here are illustrated by a number of "flower recipes" of

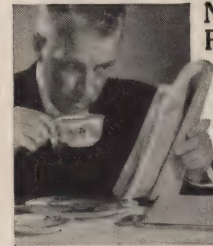
arrangements which were awarded prizes by the Garden Club of America at the International Flower Show in New York. Inspiration born of a moment is worth a hundred recipes. But inspiration comes most readily when you have mastered the elements of your art.

The first requisite for the artistic arrangement of flowers is proper equipment with which to work—flower holders and a variety of attractive containers simple in shape and with a minimum of decoration. You will need at least one heavy, large container for flowering shrubs, heavy, thick-stemmed flowers or foliage. This can be of pewter, copper or pottery but should be of a dull, earth tone rather than highly glazed or colored. A tall vase, approximately twelve inches tall, for long-stemmed flowers is also indispensable. Several vases ranging in size from six to ten inches in height and in material from copper to porcelain are also advisable for smaller arrangements. One large shallow bowl, approximately fourteen inches wide and several smaller shallow bowls for dining tables or low arrangements



Anemones and ranunculus—white and red in a black vase

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You have heartburn, gassiness, indigestion because hasty eating, wrong food combinations or other conditions cause over-acidity of the stomach. To relieve your distress, reduce the excess acid—but don't alkalize the stomach entirely, or you'll stop your digestion entirely. That is one of the dangers in drenching down half a tumbler of harsh, raw, alkalies. Also excess alkalies may seep into the system, affecting the blood and kidneys.

The new, advanced method is to take an antacid that acts only in the presence of acid. Such a remedy is contained in TUMS, the candy mint digestion tablet. After the acid is corrected, TUMS' action stops! If part is left unused, it passes out inert and unabsorbed. Try 3 or 4 TUMS the next time you are distressed. You'll be astonished at the quick relief—happy to have discovered a remedy that really "works," and is so easy to take. 10c a roll, everywhere. (TUMS contain no soda.)

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should also be included. A number of small vases for bedroom flowers or table arrangements are pleasant.

Of course, under almost no circumstance would you ever be using all of these containers at one time—not even for a wedding or a golden wedding anniversary! And you don't need to include all of them in your collection in the beginning. But as this hobby grows you will need this variety in your containers.

Flower holders can make or break a flower arrangement. Never let these devices for supporting your arrangement be visible. Wire holders are more adaptable than glass holders and a variety of small, medium and large ones should be on hand. You should add one or two glass flower blocks, however, with large stem holes. The new types of soft lead holders which can be bent to suit your needs are now available in almost all stores. Keep a sheet of soft lead on hand for cutting strips which you can wind around heavy stalks and attach unobtrusively to the backs of tall vases. This trick is used by exhibitors in flower shows and explains many effects which otherwise would be impossible to reproduce.

There is a new type of flower scissors which cuts stems on a slant rather than straight across and thus helps preserve the freshness of the flowers. The same cutting can be done with regular scissors, however.

Now that you have your equipment settled, we will get down to the business of selecting and arranging the flowers themselves.

The first and most urgent rule is not to use too many flowers. Usually one artistic arrangement, properly placed in the room, will create the center of interest and decorative accent that your room needs.

In selecting flower material it is important to combine seasonally and logically appropriate flowers. Roses and delphinium make a lovely combination in a clear, crystal vase. Tulips, calendulas and African daisies in copper and tulips, snapdragons and daffodils in pottery are charming and appropriate.

Flower arrangements fall into three general classifications: mass arrangements, line arrangements and combination line and mass arrangements. The most common fault in mass arrangements is crowding and

a lack of composition. Use an uneven number of flowers with stems of uneven length. This will avoid the monotony of perfect symmetry. If all your flowers are the same color arrange the largest flowers at the base. Hide the hard line of the edge of your container by overhanging leaves and blooms. Place dark, heavy material at the base of the composition near the center. Most mass flower arrangements are made in tall containers.

Line arrangements are the most difficult to handle. Few flowers are used and these must be placed with consummate balance or your arrangement will fall apart or tip over—not actually perhaps, but from the standpoint of design. The best principle to keep in mind in a line arrangement is to allow one branch or stem to become the theme for your composition. You will naturally select one that has an interesting form—one with a lovely curve, perhaps. This will be your tallest flower and if you keep the tip of this stem directly over its base you will achieve a true balance. Make the base of your composition strong, with the stems rising in strong lines from a central source. So many line arrangements lack stability and seem to fall apart because this feeling of stability at the base is lacking. All of your other lines should be subservient to the main line or theme and should not cross.

You won't see maidenhair fern, baby's breath, bows or baskets among prize-winning flower arrangements. They blur lines, clutter compositions and detract from the artistic completion of the arrangement. Bold and vivid contrasts, strong and beautiful lines take precedence over prettiness in modern flower arrangements. You'll have fun and learn a lot from the following flower recipes:

EXUBERANCE

- 5 yellow calla lilies
- 1 yellow calla lily bud, half open
- 9 flame snapdragons
- 3 birds of paradise
- 25 California poppies
- 4 calla lily leaves

The strong colors in this exotic composition must be balanced by a container which will balance the weight of the flower ma-



"Exuberance" flames in a mingling of yellow and orange



It's Never TOO LATE FOR A WIFE TO LEARN

THE world is full of women who say to themselves, "My marriage was a mistake." No scandal. No open break. Just submission to a life without joy, without hope.

Many women give up hope too soon. These cases are sad. They are doubly sad because the woman has largely herself to blame. No wife should let herself become faint-hearted about marriage. She should go right after the real facts.

Times have changed. The days when a woman was compelled to use a poisonous antiseptic, or none at all, have fortunately passed. The trouble is that some married women have not yet learned this.

The truth about antiseptics

Of course women do not want to use poisons. Those who do take the risks of such a practice are simply living in a past age before modern improvements in antiseptics had been announced by the medical profession. Any excuse for using these poisons disappeared when Zonite was first offered in drug stores.

Doctors now, without reservation, recommend the practice of feminine hygiene. They know that the tragedies are over. They are confident that delicate tissues will not be burned or desensitized. No lives will be ruined by Zonite.

Zonite is safe, as safe as pure water. And Zonite is powerful. Taking car-

bolic acid as the standard for comparison, Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may safely be used on the human body.

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Besides the liquid Zonite (three sizes, 30c, 60c, \$1.00) there is a newer form, Zonite Suppositories. These are \$1.00 a dozen or 35c a box of three. They are dainty, white, cone-like forms which provide continuing antiseptic action. Some women prefer the liquid and some the suppositories. Others use both.

Be sure to write for "Facts for Women." It is an up-to-date booklet giving a plain, clear statement on the whole subject of feminine hygiene. An actual education in marriage. All women can profit by its teaching. Just mail coupon.



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Kitchen Set—was \$2.25—**NESCO WEEK**—**\$1.49**

Baking Set—was 50c—**NESCO WEEK**—**39c**

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National Enameling and Stamping Co.
373 North Twelfth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Kerosene Range—**NESCO WEEK**—**\$29.95**

This big family five-burner NESCO PRODUCTS WEEK Range will bring happiness to housewives everywhere.

terial as well as the color. A brilliant peacock blue, highly glazed pottery container placed on a black lacquer plaque is used to steady the arrangement. The container is about eleven inches high. The yellow calla lilies form the dramatic interest, the three largest lilies being arranged in the center with the bud and a smaller bloom carried up at the right and another half-open lily low at the left. The mass of orange poppies is banked close to the mouth of the container at the right. This color mass is balanced by flame-colored snapdragons high at the center and left. A large calla leaf forms a bold background at the upper right which is counterbalanced by three smaller calla leaves which carry down from center left, overhanging almost three-quarters of the container's height. The three birds of paradise soar almost three inches above the arrangement to give it height and grace.

An arrangement of this kind will hold the center of the stage in any room. It must not be brought into conflict with any other

sprays of ixia extending out slightly at the right, soften the line. Begonia leaves around the edge of the container eliminate the line of the container. A black Wedgewood urn, about eight inches high was used for this exhibit. The title does not refer to the flowers but to the arrangement as being a suitable one against a wall.

SPRING SONG

- 5 clevia leaves
- 7 clevia salmon pink lilies
- 7 sprays of pale yellow freesia
- 6 flame-colored gerbera
- 5 double scarlet nasturtiums

A grass-green tôle container with Chinese figures in shades of red, yellow and orange sets the theme for this monochromatic color harmony. The clevia lilies form the central color note and are placed just off center to the left with three clevia leaves rising back of them to give weight and balance. The pale yellow sprays of freesia extend high up



An invitation to the amateur—the charming "Garden Duet"

patterns in a room, and must be deliberately placed to attract attention and for dramatic effect.

GARDEN DUET

- 7 dark red anemones
- 15 double white petunias
- petunia buds

The vase is an English, hand-wrought iron urn, black and beautifully molded. Three large dark red anemones are placed at center and left, overhanging the mouth of the container, the other four rising up and to the right of the composition to form the central theme. The white double petunias form the contrasting background with the delicate pinky-white buds giving delicacy and height.

This is a combination which is adaptable to many rooms and one which the beginner can experiment with successfully.

WALL FLOWERS

- 3 white carnations
- 4 deep red carnations
- 3 bright red carnations
- 3 carnation buds
- 12 sprays of ixia
- Begonia leaves

Place deep red carnations low at the front with the bright red carnations and the white carnations above at center left. Mass sprays of ixias high at left, breaking with carnations the hard line of carnations and ixia and begonia leaves which are heavily massed at the left of the composition and overhang the edge of the container. A few

and far out to give the composition a delicate, airy grace. The flame-colored gerbera graduate in intensity and the deeper shades are used close to the rim of the container with the lighter shades extending up into the composition. The double scarlet nasturtiums at center right balance the lilies and hold down the arrangement which is so light and delicate that it would almost fly away from the bowl were it not for this restraining deep color element. This type of arrangement is easily adaptable to many types of rooms because it is unselfconscious and unpretentious. Photograph on page 70.

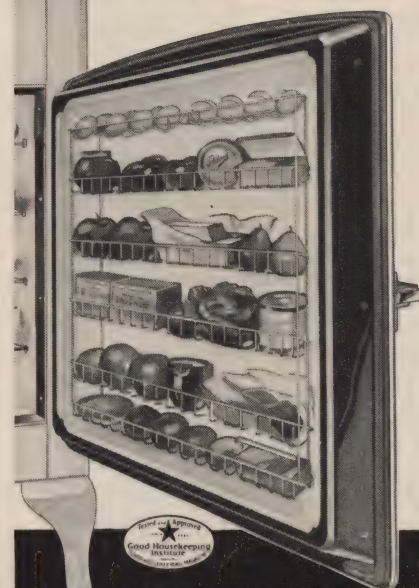
NOCTURNE

- 5 soft rose hydrangeas
- 9 purple-bronze tulips
- croton leaves

A subtle study in color when the deep rose of a glazed container merges into the purple rose of the hydrangeas and the bronze-purple tulips. In this exhibit the vase had a raised decorative motif at the side which was continued by the hydrangeas in the actual flower arrangement. These were massed near the mouth of the vase and carried up into the composition like a lovely garland. The tulips extended to an exaggerated height in order to lift the arrangement out of stodginess.

AS YOU see, all this takes a bit of doing. You have to learn the tricks and practise them. But what fun you can have! You can actually create a new personality for your living room—every week, if you want to—by arranging flowers attractively.

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The Song of the Needle

(Continued from page 54)

—no matter what their station in life—those homely arts that give them a sense of values, not only of fabrics, but of all those accomplishments that make for human happiness—to make a bed so that it is comfortable to sleep in, to darn a stocking so that it is comfortable to wear, to make a pie so that its aroma will thrill the whole household.

I can remember standing on a footstool watching my grandmother make a pie. She told me a pie could be gay or sad, and that it could impart its character to the person who ate it. She showed me the flour and lard she was using, how white and fine they were, and told me of the delicacies these things would make. Then she turned to a picture on the wall and told me how the artist had mixed his colors to create a beautiful picture. She explained that he had to proportion all the colors perfectly to have it right.

Then she explained that it was just as necessary to use the right ingredients in the right quantities in the pie. Her pie crust formula I have used thousands of times successfully—ice-cold water, firm white lard, a generous pinch of salt, and, in mixing, twice as much flour as lard and half as much water. Mix, lightly dust the immaculately clean bread board with flour, roll out the dough, and a gay pie crust results.

Yes, to make such a pie is another medium of self-expression. But it has been my observation that sewing has the most universal appeal for women, and it has been a great satisfaction to me during the last few years of depression that they have turned to it again. Girls who never had thought of making their own clothes now turn almost instinctively to sewing, and once the fascination of its creative qualities captures them they plunge into it with all the enthusiasm of youth. Women who have not sewed for years are taking it up again,

just as many are turning again to knitting and crocheting, as variations of the creative urge. And I know of women past sixty who are just learning to sew. One dear white-haired old lady called up a friend to say excitedly: "Janie, I'm happy—I've just learned what those notches and perforations in a pattern are for. I have just cut out a dress all by myself and know just how it goes together."

My faith in women finds its justification, too, in the spirit of those who carry the responsibility of leadership in creative work. I refer especially to the organization known as the Fashion Group. In 1930 a relatively new profession had achieved importance in the world of women's work. It included those who, through education, training, and experience, held positions of influence in fashion work in the fields of industrial designing, merchandising, advertising, selling, editing, and teaching.

A small group of people in these fields recognized that such fashion workers had a great opportunity to set standards for design and workmanship that would benefit all, especially women.

It established a new professional group which encourages those who are ambitious to develop their talents in the fields which the Fashion Group embraces. This group now includes in its membership nearly seven hundred women in America and Europe. They have shown an almost unprecedented quality of cooperation. Even though engaged competitively in business, they are working closely together and giving generously of time and effort in advancing this important new development among women. They are making a direct contribution of great importance to the future of all women engaged in any way in fashion work, and, indirectly, stimulating a keener enjoyment of creative expression by all women in the home.

The President Never Rings Twice

(Continued from page 5)

announced her engagement to a lawyer in the Interior Department, the President invited her to bring the young man around.

But with all this and that, working for a President is something that takes getting used to. One young lady, who is emotional as well as beautiful, will never forget the first time she was called in to take dictation.

"Oh, my goodness! I was trembling so I could hardly write. I had to rest my hand on the edge of the book to steady it. My shorthand looked like Greek. And then I got outside and I collapsed." The subject was the message to Congress on the St. Lawrence Waterways Treaty.

Don't let such stories fool you: the girls are good. Mostly they are the pick of various government departments. They are still on the payroll of Farm Credit or Internal Revenue or Agriculture, but are "loaned" to the White House for as long as they are desired.

There are, of course, exceptions to this procedure. Such an exception is Margaret Durand, who, as secretary to Louis Howe, has been a member of the Roosevelt entourage for nine years. A lively, freckle-faced young woman, who is nicknamed "Rabbit," not for the meekness of her disposition but for the agility of her mind. She agrees with the newspaper men that Mr. Howe's clothes are pretty funny, and in general seems to regard her chief with more affection than awe.

Although one of the most active First Ladies in history, Mrs. Roosevelt gets along

with two secretaries where several of her predecessors had three. Malvina Thompson Scheider—"Tommy" to the Roosevelt family—has had charge of Mrs. Roosevelt's far-flung personal interests for years and years. In the White House set-up she is informally styled the "professional" secretary—to distinguish her from Edith Helm, the social secretary.

Mrs. Scheider handles the vast volume of the First Lady's correspondence which begins: "My pension has been cut off" or "My home loan hasn't gone through." Mrs. Helm deals with calling cards and lists and invitations, and understands the awesome complexities of dinner-seating. She is the daughter of a rear-admiral and the widow of one, and she first served as social secretary under the second Mrs. Woodrow Wilson.

Under the cordiality which greets the ordinary visitor to the White House these days there lies an unobtrusive something which says: "Thus far and no farther." The average visitor, being a well-mannered person, never bumps into this something and probably scarcely realizes that it is there. But it is absolutely necessary that the President be protected. Presidents being what they are, how, then, does the White House maintain its charming air of democratic friendliness?

Well, it doesn't just happen—you may be sure. But if you read the faces on these pages, their bright confidence and intelligence will give you a part of the answer.

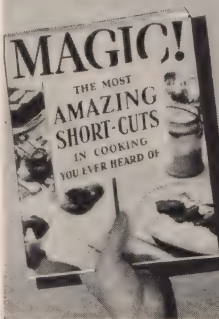
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¼ cup water
Vanilla wafers

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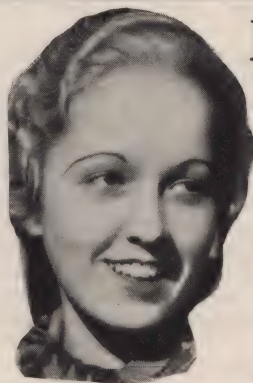
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The Flowering Face

(Continued from page 43)

light on the point beyond the Crescent.

And the whole thing was as the proprietor said: Cecil had gone across the open space toward the car. Had become confused in the fog and darkness. Had passed the car without knowing it. Had stepped over the edge of the ravine. It was all perfectly—terribly—clear.

"It's a cruel drop," said the proprietor. "But I never thought of anybody just walking over it like that. The lights ought to have been turned on."

"Lights?" said Norman.

"The light beyond the Crescent. Have it strung up on a wire. It is connected on the same switch with the porch light. But it was so foggy tonight—nobody here but you folks here in the dining-room."

"Don't you make a habit of turning it on every night?"

But they didn't. Why should they? So few people came up at night. It was only during the summer that people from town came up for parties and liked to walk out and sit on the ledge beyond the ravine.

"Nothing like this has ever happened before," protested the proprietor feverishly.

And Norman, shuddering, was reproaching himself bitterly.

"I sent him out, Katherine. But I never thought—how could I? He walked out into the fog—aiming toward the car—he was excited, poor Cecil. Never had a head for direction. I ought to have realized the danger. It's all my fault."

Katherine finally spoke. "It's nobody's fault," she said. Her voice was heavy and slow, each word dropping like a weight. "Well—what are we going to do?"

Telephone? But there was no telephone.

"We're so far from town," said the innkeeper. "But I'll watch the—I'll watch while you send to town."

And the waitress sobbed and said again, if she'd only turned on the lights, but how was she to know?

"Him going out into pitch-dark and the fog besides," she said, wiping her eyes.

Something stirred in Susan and quite automatically began to function. The suddenness of the thing, the confusion and, submerging everything, the blinding, swirling fog had shocked and, in a sense, submerged her. Even now she spoke without conscious voice. And she said only, in a small clear voice:

"Darkness! But the lights of the car were turned on. He would have been guided by that."

There was an odd, short silence. Then they looked at her.

No one spoke. Under all those eyes Susan smoothed back her hair and heard herself saying quite definitely: "The lights of the car were on. Norman turned them on when we returned from the mountain top." She paused and added because she couldn't help it and because it was so very obvious: "But there were no lights anywhere when we went to the porch to look for Cecil. There were certainly no lights at all, then."

It was a puzzle.

Not a very great puzzle, to be sure; one doubtless with the simplest of explanations. Norman had turned on the car lights. The doors of the car were not locked. For some trivial reason someone had turned out those lights.

But it was a puzzle that all at once assumed significance.

The car lights would have guided Cecil safely to the car. He would not have passed beyond it in the darkness. Those front lights would have made a blob of yellow that would have served as a beacon.

She thought that far and realized that no one was speaking.

But presently the tensely ruminative look in the waitress's face bore fruit. She

said with a burst: "Oh, yes, there were lights. I saw them from the window."

"When did you see them?" asked Susan.

"I remember exactly. I was just going from this room into the kitchen after glasses and I looked out the window and saw a light. And it was right after Mr. Vandeman had gone out for the champagne. I'm sure about it."

"Why, yes," said Katherine slowly. "The lights of the car were turned on. I'm sure Cecil could have seen them from the porch. And they were on, when he left. I could see the glow myself from the window as he went out the door. The light was dim and looked far away on account of the fog but quite clear enough to guide him. Who turned them off?"

Again no one spoke for a moment. Then Norman said: "I certainly turned on the lights. And when we stepped out on the porch to call for Cecil I remember thinking how dark it was. If Katherine saw the lights as Cecil left and they were gone when we went to call him—"

The proprietor interrupted anxiously.

"None of us touched your car, Mrs. Vandeman. I was in the kitchen the whole time after you arrived. The cook was there, too, and Jennie"—he indicated the waitress—"was coming and going from the dining room. None of us was anywhere near your car."

Katherine's hand made a weary gesture and Sally Lee Sully said suddenly:

"Perhaps Cecil himself turned out the lights."

There was another thoughtful moment. Then Katherine said: "You mean he reached the car, for some reason turned out the lights and then accidentally stepped over the edge."

Norman was frowning perplexedly.

"I suppose it's possible. But why would he turn out the lights?"

Katherine rose abruptly as if she could not bear talking.

"We'll never know what happened," she said, staring into the flames. "Never. Come—we'd better go down the mountain. It's impossible, of course, to take"—she did not say "Cecil"; instead she simply stopped and then continued: "The coupé is so small. I'll get hold of Dr. Benham. He'll know what to do."

But before they started Susan did a bit of private exploring—the odd little puzzle of the lights was still a puzzle.

THE switch beside the door did control both the light on the long porch, a single bare bulb set into its sloping rustic roof, and another light high up in the trees above the bench on the far side of the ravine; too, the car lights were on now, streaming dully into the fog. The fog veiled their brilliance. Still it would have been impossible, even in the fog, to miss those lights.

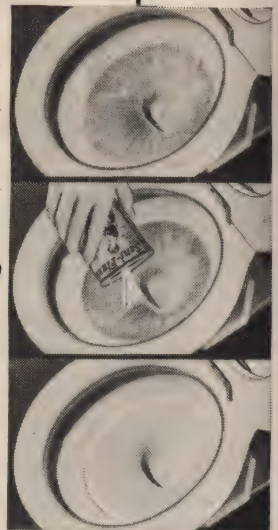
And Susan herself had seen that resultant glow when Norman turned them on. And Katherine had seen it from the window at the time Cecil went out toward it. And Susan herself had seen that there was no light anywhere at the moment when all four of them stepped from the dining room to the porch in order to call Cecil.

Then had he reached the car? And if he had reached the car, why had he turned off the lights before returning to the inn?

Susan walked slowly across the gravel toward the car. Back at the inn were lights and muffled voices. But the mountain was silent and dark, and felt rather than seen. Off toward the right, veiled by that soft, damp blackness was the sharp edge of the plateau. Just before her was the car and beyond the car was the narrow wedge of blackness, cruel and masked by fog, dividing the plateau from the ledge beyond.

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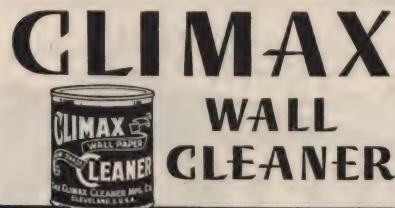


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She measured her steps, noted how the strong lights of the car were blurred and veiled and only gradually became perceptible as lights, and reached the car. Across that dark space which she knew lay at her feet and away up in the trees was the light; that, too, had it been lighted, would have been a guide to Cecil. Or rather not a guide but a warning. Then the confused sound of footsteps was on the gravel and shadows were emerging from the fog.

"Let me drive, K." That was Norman's voice.

And Katherine said wearily: "No, Norman. It will give me something to do. You and Sally Lee can ride in the rumble."

But when she had got into the car and fumbled for the ignition, she said quite suddenly to Susan: "I was wrong, Susan. I can't drive."

"I'll drive," offered Susan quickly.

Susan found the road and entered it, and very cautiously made the first of those fumbling, fog-blinded curves.

It wasn't going to be any fun, getting that long car down the mountain. It hadn't been so bad coming up. Cecil had been with them, then. Cecil.

But Cecil was dead now. In an accident. Cecil who had been the focus of a queer, dreadful quarrel. They were peaceful now, Norman and Katherine and Sally Lee. Peaceful now that Cecil was dead and they had him no longer to quarrel about.

What were they thinking, those three people who had quarreled so violently about Cecil? What were they thinking now that Cecil was dead?

Susan peered into the fog and turned and watched for the road. It was somehow hypnotic, that constant moving through dense swirling mists, that constant heightening of tension in all the nerves, that straining for perception, that groping, groping into fog. Groping into fog. Trying to feel out imperceptible things.

Murder!

The word suddenly entered and possessed Susan's consciousness. It was unexpected. And it was like an alarm.

Now why should she think of that? No reason at all. Murder.

If it was Cecil's death she was trying to connect with murder, that was all wrong. Cecil had stepped over a cliff while all four of them were together in that lighted dining-room. Talking. Quarreling about Cecil.

But Cecil was not murdered.

NOW look here, Susan, she thought, let's examine this. Don't dismiss it as if you were afraid of it; prove to yourself that there's no murder. No murder because he couldn't have been murdered when there was no one to murder him.

And there was no motive. No one who would profit by his death and no one to whom that death would be welcome.

Katherine, of course, would inherit the whole of the Vandeman fortune instead of only half of it, if Cecil died without heirs. Without a wife. But Katherine was devoted to Cecil. And she had enough money as it was. Sally Lee Sully stood to lose at Cecil's death. And Norman Bridges, unless he married Katherine, was not affected in any way. Although if he married Katherine, Cecil's death just now doubled Katherine's (and thus in a sense, Norman's own) fortune.

Katherine stirred and said abruptly: "But he's better off dead. Marriage with Sally Lee"—she did not finish.

The broken sentence fitted into a small groove in Susan's thoughts.

No motive. No murderer. Then there was no murder.

On through the fog, carrying consciousness of murder. Murder becoming part of the fog.

Against her will, against her reason, the thing persisted. Against—

If Cecil had turned out the lights of the car after leaving it, then where was the champagne? It should be, in that case, shat-

tered somewhere in that deadly steep ravine. But was it?

The question was sharp and sudden like an unexpected flash of lightning.

Susan consciously and clearly began to think and build and remember. It was as if that flash of light had briefly illumined a dark room and she knew not what the objects it contained were, but merely that they were there.

AND Susan knew that she had to go back. To go back now before others came. Before—a glow of yellow was rounding a curve twenty feet ahead. Susan put on brakes and clutched for the horn, and its long mellow notes echoed in unseen valleys. Susan's car stopped. The other car stopped. There were voices and men's figures before the lights.

And out of the fog came Jim Byrne. Out of the fog and up to the car.

"Susan?" he cried. "Good Lord! Why didn't you stay where you were till the fog lifted!"

Susan said something; she never knew what. Another man—Jim called him vaguely Landy—approached and Susan heard Katherine speaking to him.

"There was an accident," she was saying as if she knew him. "Cecil fell into the ravine."

Terse explanations, horrified low-voiced talk, Norman there, too, telling them. Somehow she must let Jim know that it was no accident. That it was murder. And that they must go back. That they must discover that evidence before it was destroyed.

Jim's blunted, agreeably irregular face loomed rather sternly from the blackness. His sensitive mouth looked tight, his chin, as always, faintly pugnacious.

Susan touched his hand. And as he looked directly at her, she said in a voice that was scarcely more than a whisper: "It's murder."

He heard it. His eyes became aware and his face very still. She whispered: "We must go back. Arrange it—somehow. And let me ride with you."

He arranged it. Smoothly and with his customary resource and aplomb. She believed that there was some general feeling that they were to bring the body down the mountain in Landy's sedan. No one objected. Norman took Susan's place at the wheel. With Jim and Landy at the side of the road watching lest the wheels go over the edge and shouting directions, he managed to reverse the long coupé.

And Susan, shaking a little, was beside Jim, in the front seat of the Landy sedan.

The moving rear light of the coupé ahead made a small red signal, warning them of curves. But the man Landy and Sally Lee were in the tonneau. Sally Lee was drenched with fog and chilled, and white, and very appealing. She had to ride inside, now that she could. Susan could hear Landy being comforting.

The trouble was Susan couldn't talk to Jim. The story came out but only in outline, only the surface of it, and she could not tell Jim that first they must make sure about the champagne bottles. That they must look for a string or a rope with a weight on one end. Or neither, but instead something unpredictable.

That because the motive was what she felt it was, they must prevent another murder. That was what made it so urgent. That was why they had to find evidence, conclusive evidence—somehow.

One murder and then, after a while, another. The murder of Cecil was only half that grim program. The second murder would complete it.

"He never had a head for direction," Sally Lee was saying plaintively.

Faintly, ironically, the little red gleam ahead led them again over that blind, winding journey.

Once Susan said, under cover of Landy's heavier voice: "Why did you start up the mountain?" (Turn to page 76)

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A TRUE STORY



By A MOTHER

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"Then I thought of the way my mother taught me, the *Nujol* Way. Within a week the whole world changed for me. *Nujol* did not only regulate but healed and strengthened me. The pain in my side disappeared, no more headaches. The baby is his old sunny self again and is two pounds overweight.

"You can see by the picture (of the baby and myself) we are a happy contented lot. Thanks to *Nujol*."

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Not a laxative—*Nujol* is a colorless, tasteless liquid which acts as an aid to Nature by softening the waste matter and easing its passage through the bowels. *Nujol* contains no drugs, it never gripes, never creates violent or exhausting disturbances. You can take it every day and never worry about becoming a victim of the "laxative habit."

Begin today following the directions on the *Nujol* bottle. It may make an amazing difference in your life. Once you gain relief from constipation, you'll find you're able to work better. Your mind clicks. Other surprising changes follow. Regular habits mean a fresh, clear skin. Your eyes look younger. Your appetite improves.

Nujol has solved the problem for millions—once you try it, you'll never want to go back to harsh laxatives again. *Nujol*, "regular as clockwork," now comes in two forms: plain *Nujol* and Cream of *Nujol*, the latter flavored and often preferred by children. You can get it at any drug store.

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The Flowering Face

(Continued from page 75)

"Nerves." He grinned at her and then sobered. "One of my fey nights. Fog and general unrest. I got your note; you hadn't returned."

There was the inn, lights in the windows and on the porch. Across, beyond the Crescent, the light in the trees made a blur. The coupé was already parked before it, and as the gravel spattered under the sedan tires the door opened. And still there was no chance to talk to Jim. Suppose she had made a mistake. Jim helped her out of the car.

"What shall I do?"

"Talk. Ask questions. Especially about the lights."

"You girls had better go inside to the fire," Landy was saying, speaking to both of them and looking at Sally Lee.

It was not difficult to approach, in the confusion and shifting lights, the rumble seat of the coupé and search for champagne bottles that were not there. Not difficult either to walk quietly in the shadows behind the parked cars toward the Crescent. The lights from the cars, the porch light, enabled her to pick her way along. Here was the place where the Vandeman car had been parked—here were its tire marks. That dark rift was the edge of the ravine. Across it and considerably to the right was the light in the trees.

She hesitated. She could, if she was very careful not to make a misstep, find her way along the path that skirted the ravine. The others had gone into the inn. The light among the trees over there would serve as a guide. But the fog was treacherous, inconceivably bewildering.

She took a few steps and stopped sharply. Was there a curious faint echo of crunching gravel? If so, it was silent now. Susan swallowed her heart and went on, feeling her way cautiously, step by step.

There were shrubs now as she passed the curve of the ravine and the path rose a little. Somewhere beyond the cloud, there must be a rising moon, full and white, for the fog had taken on a kind of gray gleam. Her feet were yet on the path and it was easier than she'd expected. But she didn't like being alone in the fog.

Something white loomed out of it and she stopped dead still and terrified before she saw that it was only the bench. The bench where Cecil had sat reading during the afternoon.

Above her was the light and she could see it now as a light and not as just a bright glow. It was a bulb, shaded by a reflector, swathed in mist. As this side of the plateau was a little higher than the inn side, the light looked from the side of the inn much higher than it proved actually to be. For it was not more than twelve feet off the ground. It was a makeshift affair, strung as if for only temporary use on a drop-cord and hanging over a convenient branch with the slack taken up and tied in a loop.

Something rustled again in a dripping thicket nearby and Susan turned with a kind of gasp of comprehension and something very like terror. Her return over that path and around the black depth that was the ravine was, in spite of its caution, like a flight. Yet she knew that there was no one there in the fog. Everyone was at the inn. Once on the cleared space and headed toward the parked cars and the inn she lost some of her unreasoning terror. It was only murder that she was afraid of; the fact of it; the presence of it which was like a tangible thing.

The instrument of murder was there beyond that opened door, where light made a long, broad radiance.

She was panting, though, when she reached the porch of the inn. What had they done? What had they decided? She controlled her breath and smoothed her

hair back tightly under her brown beret and entered. And walked upon a tableau.

Katherine stood, tall and vigorous, though her long face was pale, before the fire. Sally Lee was seated languidly in a chair, looking very helpless and very beautiful. Norman was standing beside Sally Lee. Landy was leaning lazily over the back of a chair and looked perplexed. The inn-keeper and the fat cook with his white apron twisted around his waist were looking worried and the waitress, Jennie, was peering in at the kitchen door.

And Jim was sitting casually on the edge of a table. He had just finished saying something, for there was about them an air of intent listening, and Jim was very definitely the focus of that strained attention. No one seemed to be aware of Susan's entrance but she knew that Jim had noted it. Norman cleared his throat and said:

"I don't understand you."

Jim flicked a glance toward Susan.

"It's a question of satisfying the coroner. It makes no difference to me of course. It's nothing to me—except a very regrettable affair. But you see, the—body was moved. And it was a death by violence. I'm only telling you that the coroner will be bound to ask questions. It's just as well to be perfectly clear in your minds about what happened. This business of the lights now, seems to me confusing. Probably it isn't, really. In the excitement of the moment"—he turned suddenly and directly to Katherine. "You turned on the car lights? When was that?"

"When we came down from the mountain. About six o'clock. But I didn't turn them on. Norman did it for me."

"Then it was you, Mr. Bridges, who turned on the lights?"

"Why, yes, of course," said Norman.

"You are sure? I mean, your sleeve didn't catch on the switch as you turned from the car and turn them off again—something like that."

"Certainly, I'm sure. Anyway, Katherine saw the car lights from the window just as Cecil left this room and went into the fog."

"That's right," said Jim agreeably. Evidently from the talk in the car and from the questions that had preceded Susan's entrance he had got a fairly complete version of the thing. "Did anybody else see the lights after you arrived at the inn?"

SUSAN started to mention the waitress when the girl darted forward. "I did," she said eagerly. "Just after Mr. Vandeman went out the door."

"I see," said Jim. "Then what happened to the car lights between the time when Mrs. Vandeman and Jennie saw them, and the time when you opened the door and went out to call for Cecil? You have all said that there was no light anywhere then."

Norman looked impatient.

"That's just the point. There's only one thing that could have happened. Cecil must have turned them out."

"Why?" said Jim again, gently.

But Katherine's long face was beginning to look angry.

Norman said with decision: "We don't know. One never knows exactly how accidents happen. But since we were all here in this room when it must have happened (or in the kitchen), there is no other explanation. Cecil for some reason turned out those lights, started into the fog away from the car, perhaps turned back for something. We'll never know just what happened. Except that somehow—he misjudged the distances—missed his footing."

Sally Lee looked up at Jim.

"Poor Cecil," she said. "He always got confused so easily." She dabbed her lovely eyes with her (Turn to page 78)



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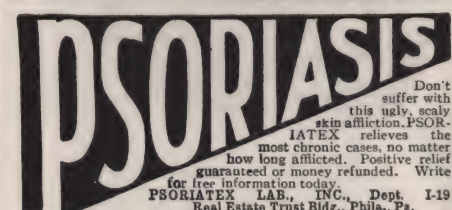


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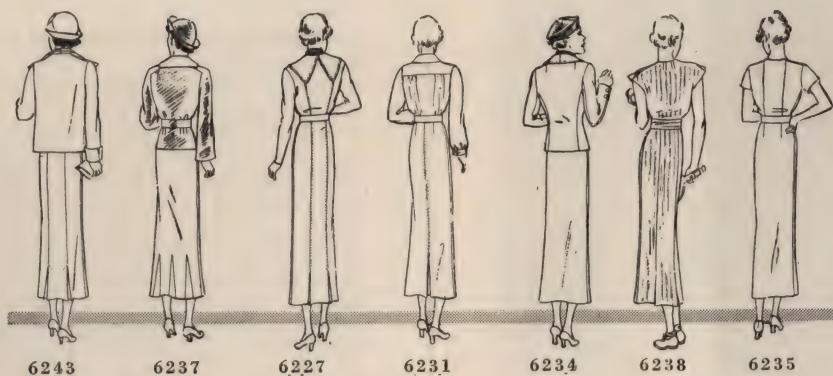
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Fashion Back Views



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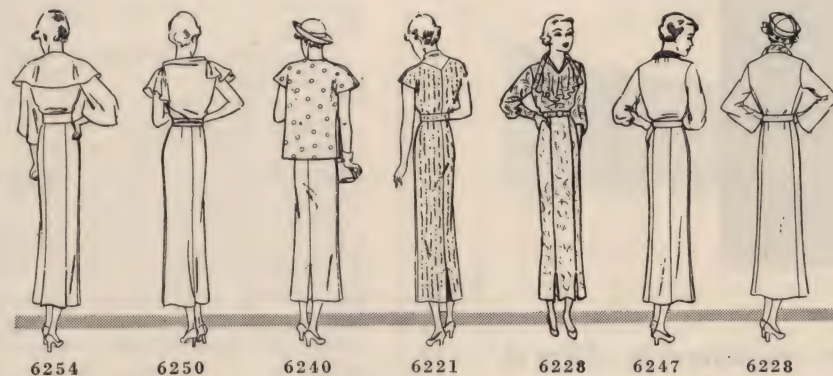
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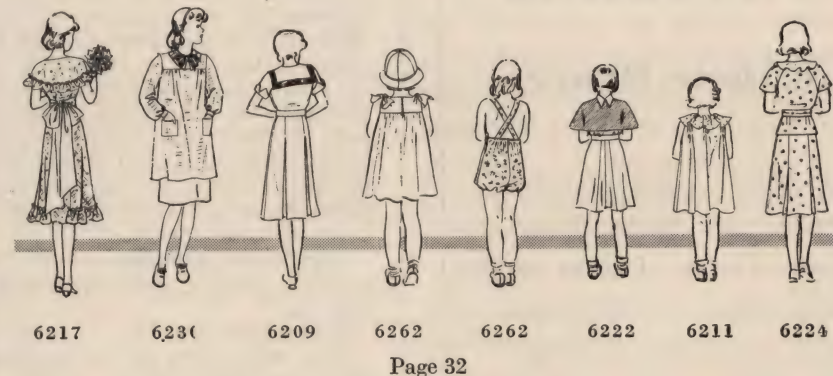
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Descriptions of patterns on page 24

The spectator sport dress, 6235, is two-piece with a scarf tucked into the square neck. The stripes of the silk run vertically and horizontally on the jacket blouse. Pleated skirt. For 36 (size 18), 3 3/4 yards 39-inch striped silk. This dress is designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44.

The pastel tweed suit, 6234, has a Regency cut to its jacket—the lapels are wide, the corners rounded. Note how smartly the pockets are placed. The skirt is gored, a particularly new detail. For 36 (size 18), 3 yards 54-inch tweed. This suit is designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44.

The tennis dress, 6238, is white linen, buttoned all the way down one side and cut high or deep in the back to let in the sun. The neckline and two patch pockets are all cut on the square. For 36 (size 18), 3 3/4 yards 35-inch linen. This dress is designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44.

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a printed broadcloth in vivid native stripes fashions the dress, and Mujika Crash the scarf. Butterick Pattern No. 6235.

RUBYTEL

a printed damask broadcloth makes this trim tennis frock. Butterick Pattern No. 6238.



MUJIKA

a peasant crash gives a dashing effect in this odd jacket and skirt. Butterick Pattern No. 6234.

TYRIM

a printed lawn makes this becoming jacket frock. Butterick Pattern No. 6243.



BROOKHILL

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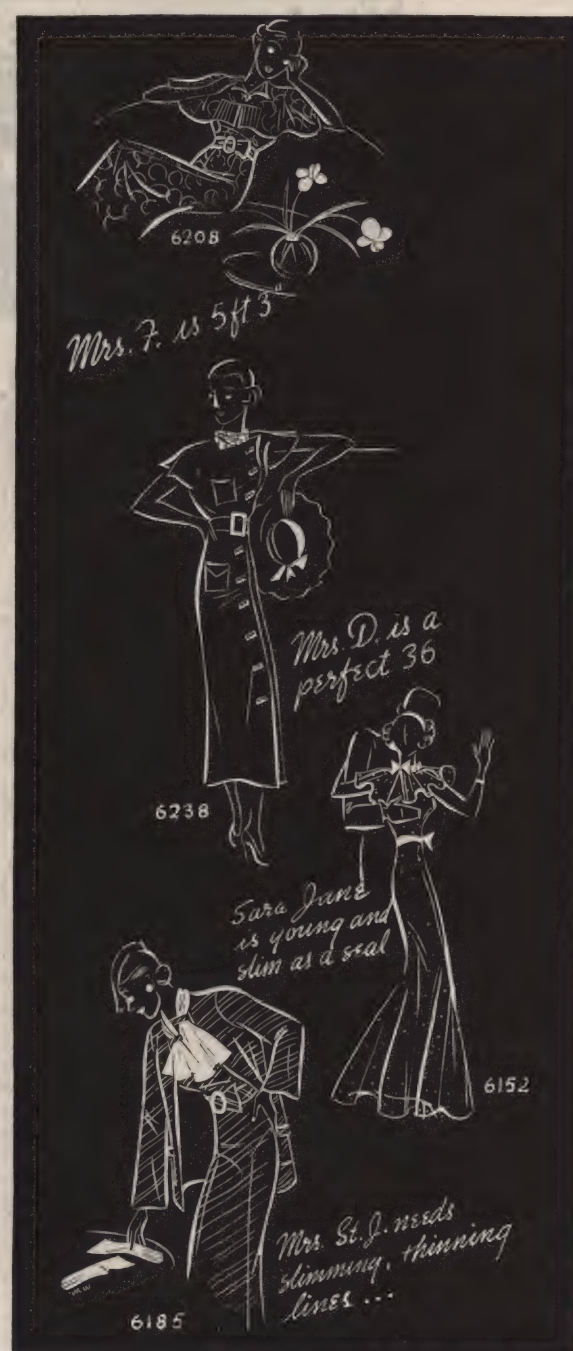
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Buy Butterick Patterns; prices on page 80

The Flowering Face

(Continued from page 76)



Each of these women has a different figure and fitting problem

Yet all these four women find

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The reason for this is that Butterick makes patterns for four types of figures . . . Junior Miss, Average, Shorter Woman with Larger Hips, and the Larger Woman. Patterns are designed to fulfill the figure requirements of each of these types of figures. . . . It is a plan, designed along scientific lines, to save you time and effort when you are sewing. If you are measured at the Butterick Pattern counter and then get the type of pattern best suited to your figure, you will find that your dress goes together easily . . . that major and difficult adjustments are eliminated.

BUTTERICK

handkerchief and the Landy person looked altogether fatuous.

Jim said to her: "What did you do when Cecil did not return?"

Sally Lee looked blank and stopped dabbing her eyes. She said after a moment: "Well, it was like this. Katherine and Norman walked out on the porch and shouted. Pretty soon I went out too. There wasn't any light. Somebody said something about lights and Norman said he'd call the proprietor. Katherine said maybe Cecil was in the car and started across the space toward the car. Norman ran along the porch and knocked on the kitchen door, I think, and shouted something. Then—I don't know what happened. I started out toward the car and—it was very dark and I could hear people but couldn't see anything. Pretty soon I bumped into Katherine and we were all calling Cecil. It's pretty confused. I don't know what happened really. The inn-keeper was out there, too."

"Were there any lights?"

Sally Lee looked thoughtful.

"After while," she achieved presently. "Somebody turned on the lights of the car. And the inn-keeper, I suppose, had some flashlights. And there was a light on the porch. And another up in the trees over there. That's all I can remember. Except that Katherine and I—and Miss Dare, I suppose—stood there together while they were climbing down into the ravine. And Katherine started to cry. Then they said he was dead and they were bringing—him up. And that's all."

"I see," said Jim. "Does everybody agree to that—or has Miss Sully forgotten something?"

No one spoke for a moment. Then the proprietor said:

"I guess that's right."

Norman Bridges nodded.

"Exactly right, I think."

"Who finally turned on the porch light?"

Jennie stepped forward again.

"I did. He"—she looked at Norman—"pounded on the door from the porch and shouted that somebody was lost. My father"—(The cook, thought Susan parenthetically, or the inn-keeper? The latter, for the girl added definitely, "Him," and pointed to the inn-keeper)—"got some flashlights and went outdoors and the cook went too. I came in here to find out what had happened. Nobody was here. I went to the door and it was all dark outside except that just as I looked the car lights shone up all at once, as if somebody had just turned them on. They looked real near and I started out to see what had happened. Everybody was shouting and calling Cecil and pretty soon I saw the flashlights over beyond the Crescent and I thought about the light over there, so I ran back to the porch—the switch is right there beside the door—and turned it on."

"Lights," said Katherine suddenly, "are extremely confusing when there's such a dense fog."

Jim looked at her.

"Are these stories as you remember things, Mrs. Vandeman?"

Katherine hesitated. "I think so. I was very frightened. Terrified."

"Terrified?"

"I am always nervous about Cecil. I have cared for him so long. I—I was afraid he would become chilled, staying out in the fog so long."

"You didn't think of an accident?"

"No," said Katherine. "That is—yes, when he did not return. One's mind always flashes ahead to catastrophe."

Norman moved restively.

"Don't you think we'd better get under way," he suggested rather diffidently. "We'll just tell the coroner the truth. That's all we can do. And we—well, we

had to move the body. We couldn't just leave him there."

Jim said: "You were certain that he was dead?"

Katherine choked back a gasping cry and Norman said quickly: "Certainly. There was no doubt." He turned definitely to Katherine. "Warm enough to start again, dear? I think we'd better get down to town. There's nothing we can do here."

There was a general air of assent. Landy stood up and Sally Lee began to fasten her green sweater around her throat. And Jim looked at Susan.

Susan's heart leaped to her throat and pounded there. Time to act. Time to start that inexorable process going. And it had to be started. It had been a cruel and dreadful thing; terribly cruel, terribly simple, terribly brutal. It had been even stupid. Yet its very stupidity was baffling. But for one thing it would have succeeded. And that one thing was so trivial. So little. She took a long breath. Jim's eyes glowed and urged her to speak.

But she couldn't even then until he said quite clearly—so clearly that everyone in the room stopped and turned to look.

"Tell them what you know."

It was like Jim. And there was all at once a taut line about his jaw and sparks of light in his eyes like phosphorescence in a deep-laying sea. What he really said was: "Go ahead, Susie, spill it. I'm with you." But that was only with his eyes.

She said, under that compulsion: "Katherine, you said that when you were standing at the window and Cecil left, you could see the lights of the car?"

"Yes," Katherine looked tired and angry. "Let's not talk any more, Susan. It doesn't help. He's dead."

"Were the lights very clear?"

"Well"—Katherine considered—"of course, the car was at an angle with the inn so that I could see only the glow of the light. No, it wasn't exactly clear. But I knew, of course, what it was."

"You said that it seemed far away."

KATHERINE hesitated. "Why—yes. It did seem far away."

"Did you see two lights or one?" persisted Susan.

"I didn't see any lights," said Katherine, frowning. "There was only a kind of radiance. The way the car was facing I couldn't have seen the headlights themselves, if that is what you mean."

"But you saw a radiance, close to the ground, that seemed far away and was very dim in the fog? That's really all you could swear to seeing, isn't it?"

"I suppose so. What are you getting at, Susan?"

Susan turned to the waitress. "Tell us exactly why you are so sure you saw the lights from the car."

Jennie looked shrewd. "Because," she said quickly, "the light was close to the ground."

Something had happened in that long, firelit room. Something strange had passed over it and its chill breath had touched them all. No one moved. Susan said to the inn-keeper. "When Cecil Vandeman stepped over the edge of the ravine he is supposed to have had some bottles of champagne with him. I suppose they would have dropped and been broken in the fall. Did you see anything of the kind?"

"N-no," said the inn-keeper. He looked perplexed and very worried. There was something going on here that he didn't understand, but he understood enough to know that he didn't like it, whatever it was. "But there may be something. We can look in the morning."

Susan felt inexpressibly tired. She said wearily: "You might look, too, for some

thread. Thrown probably into the bushes somewhere."

The chill, queer thing that had entered that room became possessive, like a spell. Susan was aware that Jim slipped very gently from the table and was standing so that he faced the others and was between them and Susan. His hand was in his pocket. And Katherine said:

"What do you mean, Susan?"

"I mean," said Susan slowly, "that Cecil was murdered."

Finally somebody said: "Murdered!" in a high voice. Probably it was Katherine.

Jim said very quietly: "You are perfectly sure, Susan?"

Susan turned to Sally Lee Sully.

"Do you know," she said, "that an accessory to murder, either before or after the fact, is criminally liable?"

"Is—what—"

"Can be tried for murder. That includes—concealing evidence."

There was another silent—yet packed—moment while Sally Lee considered it. Then suddenly, pale and deadly in her beauty, she whirled to Norman Bridges.

"Tried for murder!" she screamed. "I can't be—I can't be—He did it! I don't know how, but he did it!"

Confusion. Shouts. A rush of movement. Norman's wide hands closing down across Sally Lee's beautiful, treacherous mouth. Men's figures intervening, and the firelight blotted out intermittently.

"He did it," screamed Sally Lee again frantically. "That's why he threw the champagne bottles out of the car. He hated Cecil. He was jealous. He wanted me. But I had nothing to do with the murder. Nothing—nothing—"

They were holding Norman who was struggling, and Susan said to Sally Lee: "Why do you think he wanted you?"

Above its white and selfish terror, Sally Lee's face was scornful—not of men but of Susan's ignorance. "He wanted the money too," she cried sharply. "He was going to marry Katherine."

"Why?"

"To get the money, of course."

Jim said abruptly, cutting through the confusion: "These are only accusations. You have no proof of all this."

Sally Lee paused. An accessory—tried for murder. Concealing evidence. Her eyes glittered; nothing soft about them now, nothing languorous. She cried:

"He threw the champagne bottles, three of them, out of the car on the way down the mountain after Cecil's death. He told me not to tell. He made love to me, when Katherine didn't know. But I"—she hesitated, then plunged on; "but he could never have got me without money. I know my market, and he knew it."

In the shocked silence Katherine moved and said with a kind of groan: "That was why, Susan. That was why I needed you. There was something—I didn't know quite what. I wanted your advice."

Susan thought: Cecil first. Then Katherine. She said to Katherine: "Come, Katherine, we'll go home."

But they were not to go yet. Not before Jim had asked certain questions. Had put together logically and with conclusiveness the thing that had thrust itself with such dreadful persistence upon Susan.

"The proof," she said to Jim. "I don't know." She considered slowly. They were on the porch, cool air touching her cheek. Inside there were preparations.

"There's the electric light bulb. Fingerprints are on it."

"What bulb?"

Susan dug into that queer subterranean storehouse where all things are assembled and labeled, to emerge as conclusions.

"He turned on the car lights. We saw the glow. But Katherine and I and then Sally Lee entered the house. While the lights were on, he ran around the path and let down the light on the point. (It's on a drop-cord with the slack taken up in a loop. All he had to do was pull a string he had previously tied to the loop.) By that time we

had reached the house. He turned out the car lights as he passed, leaving the light (then not burning) across the ravine. The fog was so thick that the light (when he turned it on as he entered the house) made only a bright glow and as it was about two feet off the ground, anybody would think, seeing that low light off in the fog, that it was the lights of a car. Particularly if that idea was fixed in one's mind. If you were told it was the light from a car. If you expected it to be that. But Katherine, you see, said it seemed far away."

"Wait. Was the light on the point beyond the ravine burning then—when you came down the mountain?"

"No. He had to let it down first. But he reached the house after we had entered it. The switch is just beside the door. He could have turned it on as he entered."

"The porch light would have been turned on too. They are on the same switch. Someone would have seen it."

"THAT'S where his fingerprints must be. You see he had to unscrew the bulb before turning on the light. It would be very simple, the work of an instant. The whole thing is simple; it was only a matter of accomplishing promptly every step in the process at the right time. There was really only one point of danger in the whole thing."

"Wait," said Jim again, looking thoughtful. "Let's go chronologically. So far it's all clear. You are all in the house: the lights of the car are turned out but across the ravine a light is shining which, owing to the fog and distance and its being so close to the ground, looks very like the lights of a car. Now what?"

"Well—the waitress saw it and, naturally, merely registered that it was a low light; hence car lights. Remember that the fog actually changed and confused everything; and we would all make allowances for it. Also, Katherine saw that light and, fortunately from the murderer's viewpoint, saw it just as Cecil left the house."

"He left to get the champagne?"

"Yes. They'd quarrelled—Norman and Cecil had evidently talked of announcing the engagement; had planned to have dinner up here, and Norman must have suggested bringing the champagne. That was evident too. His only problem was to get Cecil to go to the car, and that wasn't a problem. Both men would offer to get the champagne. He would let Cecil go. Of course, if Cecil himself had already brought in the champagne Norman would have made some other pretext to take Cecil into the fog. The next step was simple; the only necessary thing was to do it. He waited until he knew Cecil would have reached the ravine. He had said as Cecil went out the door: 'The car lights are on,' thus fixing the idea in Cecil's mind—to go straight for the glow of light."

"But it might have failed."

"No. Not when he had succeeded with the preparations and had actually got Cecil started. Cecil was worried, upset on account of the quarrel. He was always easily confused about directions. And once really into the fog—no, it was pretty sure to succeed. But if it hadn't, he would have tried some other way."

"It's pretty complicated," he said and reflected. "No," he said, then. "It's just a series of trivialities, nothing about it that was difficult. And—if it worked—almost proof against detection. And I can see how it would appeal to a mind accustomed to detail and acutely aware of the necessity to make it look like an accident." He looked at Susan thoughtfully. "Go on."

"Then—he went to the door. Casually—as if to glance out at the fog. And by doing so, had a chance to press the switch for the outside lights again. Thus when we opened the door there was no light anywhere. So what more likely than to assume what we did assume—that Cecil had reached the car, had for some reason turned out the lights and become confused starting back toward the inn. When we stood there in the darkness calling for (Turn to page 81)



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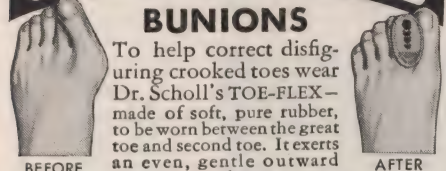
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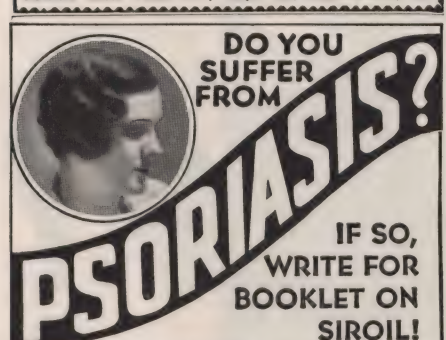


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The Flowering Face

(Continued from page 79)

Cecil, and Cecil didn't reply he knew that his plan had worked. Of course, Cecil might be still alive—he couldn't know. But it was a deadly fall. It was just then Norman reached his dangerous moment. And that was to accomplish three things before the porch light and, simultaneously, the other light was turned on by somebody. He had to screw that bulb up there tight in the socket again, he had to pound on the kitchen door and shout for the inn-keeper, he had to run along the path, push the bench up to the light, climb on the back of the bench and loop up the drop-cord again so that, when the switch was turned on, the light would be high in the tree again. It was his only dangerous moment. And, of course, he had as nearly as he was able, rehearsed it.

"Rehearsed?"

"When the waitress came into the room and saw him she said 'How do you do?' As if she recognized him. As if he'd been up here before—and recently. You can ask

her in order to verify it. But I'm sure. I'm sure, too, that if you'll telephone the weather bureau they'll tell you that their real forecast was cloudy weather. Not fair, as Norman reported."

"The light," said Jim, "would have silhouetted the car."

"It's too far to one side. You can look tomorrow. The car tracks will still be there."

The door opened. They had an instant's view of people moving about and a lovely, graceful figure against the light.

"So that was the motive," said Jim.

"Yes," said Susan. "It was—I don't know—it was just there. Between them."

"It was a gamble on her selfishness," said Jim. "It was a risk." He paused. Fog swirled in and around them and, outside, it was quiet and cold. Presently he said: "Not such a gamble, perhaps. 'Oh, serpent heart, hid with a flowering face'—he quoted absently, stopped and laughed unsteadily—"Shakespeare said everything. Get into the car, Sue. I'll—see to the rest."

The next Susan Dare story—which will not appear until July—takes Susan, and her friend Jim Byrne, to Miami Beach, an exotic setting for a strange, exotic murder. Its title is "Feather Heels"

Plenty to Grow On

(Continued from page 38)

given in larger quantities and wider variety, provided they are thoroughly ripe. If slightly under-ripe, fruits are better cooked, even for adults.

Meats, sweets and fats can also be given children somewhat more liberally from about this age. A small serving of some lean meat or fish can be given daily and will prove a welcome addition to the diet. Cream and butter may be more freely used now than earlier, and the range of simple sweets and desserts may be widened. Such foods as dates, figs and raisins are good either alone, in or on cereals and puddings, in sandwiches, and mixed in bread or cookies. Nuts may be used in the form of a paste, as in peanut butter. Peanut butter muffins are almost as good as cake. Gingerbread, simple cookies or cake, non-rich puddings with fruit sauces, and frozen desserts can all be introduced occasionally.

Milk, cereals, breadstuffs, potato, egg, vegetables and fruits still form the bulk of the diet and are most important for the child's welfare. In every way he should be taught that these foods are indispensable and he should be encouraged to like as wide a range of dishes incorporating them as possible. Proper cooking and seasoning of vegetables play a great part in establishing a liking for them; probably they are more often unappetizingly prepared than any other kind of food. Serving them in a variety of ways is also important to appetite.

When milk is not taken readily as a beverage, it should be used in cooked dishes. Cereals cooked in milk, doughs or batters moistened with milk, and milk in puddings are good examples of how it can be unobtrusively slipped into the diet. Cream soups and cream sauces are also useful ways of introducing it. Care should be taken to keep children from getting a distaste for any essential food through being offered it too often in the same form or through some disagreeable association: that is, association with an illness or other unpleasant incident.

How may this food programme for the elementary school child be fitted into the school and family life? Every child should have a substantial and unhurried breakfast

before starting for school. Usually fruit, a hot cereal, toast and cold milk make a good breakfast; cold cereal may be used, if preferred, and the milk taken hot, flavored with a little cocoa or cereal coffee or one of the malted milks; or an egg may be served for breakfast, though eggs are best used only once a day, except in cookery.

Malnutrition in school children is often traceable to their neglecting breakfast, or to having an inadequate lunch at school. If lunch must be taken away from home, at least one hot dish, such as soup or cocoa, should be available at the school, while sandwiches, fruit or a simple sweet, and milk may be carried from home. Jelly, cream cheese, chopped dates or figs, peanut butter and tomato, egg or chopped meat make good sandwich fillings, while rye, graham and raisin bread offer pleasant variety.

If the child can return home for the noon meal, dinner is best given at midday and supper at night (about six). Older children will relish a hot supper not unlike the noon meal, but the younger ones should have a simpler evening meal. Dinner may well include lean meat or egg, potato, green vegetable or simple salad with fruit juice dressing, bread and butter, milk to drink, and a simple pudding. Cream soups, creamed vegetables on toast, casserole dishes of chopped meat with bread crumbs, rice or macaroni with cheese or tomato, and eggs on toast are excellent hot dishes for supper. The rest of the meal consists of bread or toast, milk, stewed fruit or some simple dessert.

In concluding, we return to consideration of that between-meal lunch for school children, with which we started off. When children really crave something to eat between meals, food provided should be non-sweet and quickly digested so as not to spoil the appetite for the next meal. Bread and butter, plain crackers, a glass of milk, an orange or apple are the best foods for "piecing" between meals. "An apple a day keeps the doctor away" is a pretty good motto, though it applies with equal force to oranges and other fresh fruits.



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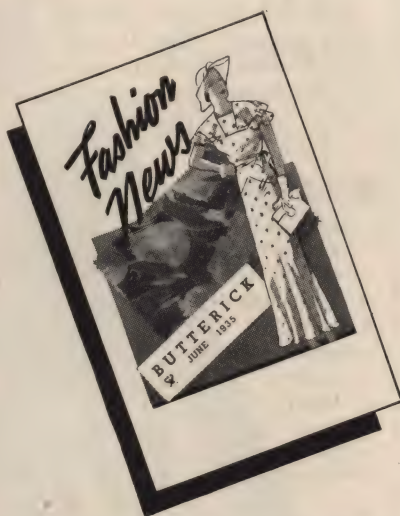
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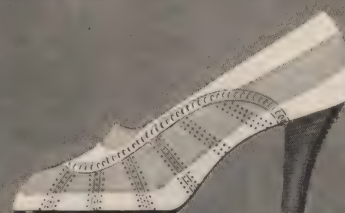
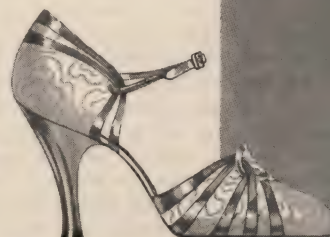
Follow in These Footsteps

THEY WILL LEAD TO SMARTNESS
ON SUMMER DAYS AND NIGHTS



If you possess the shoes on this page, you will be smartly shod on every occasion this summer. At the left above is the navy or brown linen oxford trimmed with white, perfect for town where light shoes never look right, and the dark or bright suede perforated sandal for the same purpose. Below at the left is the moiré sandal, bound in silver kid, to wear with grand evening gowns and opposite it the white duckling sandal for cotton ones—wear it in the afternoon too. It's piped in white kid.

In the center is a beautifully cut white buck opera pump with a built-up leather heel for spectator sports wear. Below it at the left is an active sports shoe of sturdy service suede in white or dark colors. Across from it is the newest suit shoe, of chamois and navy calf. Wear chamois gloves with it. All these shoes are by Selby. At the bottom of the page are two beach shoes from the U. S. Rubber Company. One is all bright rubber and heelless. The other is canvas with a cork rubber sole.



Li Tsang's First Party

(Continued from page 35)

and candy, and sitting on the floor played that they, too, were having a party.

The evening meal was eaten in the usual silence. Only Li Tsang was not hungry.

"I had things to eat at the party," he said, by way of apology.

He was not even interested in the special dish of delicious chopped chicken and almond nuts, which Mrs. Wong had prepared as a special treat for her three daughters and herself.

When the last of it vanished, Wong laid aside his chopsticks, and said, "Did you have a pleasant time at the party, my son?"

Li Tsang looked down unhappily. Then realizing he must show the proper courtesy in response to his father's question, replied, "Yes, Father."

"Tell me about it," said Wong. He glanced at his wife and her three daughters. "You may listen too," he added.

"The party started very properly," said Li Tsang. "After you left me I stood with the other guests waiting for something to happen. Our hosts did not come forward to greet us, or bow three times as you have explained is the proper custom. They remained in a group at one side, seemingly not particularly interested in us. Frankie, a guest, too, who sits beside me at school, pinched me as he always does. 'Hello, kid,' he said, which is his way of addressing me. He is a very ill-mannered little boy. Since this was a party, I made no reply, but moved quietly away.

"But I expected trouble from Frankie, Father, as he has been troublesome before. And often I have to close my eyes tightly and think of other things to keep from hitting him. But today, wishing to appear well-mannered and not to disgrace you, I politely avoided him. Then one of the ladies came up and said, 'Follow me, children,' and we followed. We were then instructed to sit down and I saw that a play was to be given for our entertainment."

"That was nice," said Wong. "Some day when we all return to China, we shall see wonderful plays; plays that have been given ever since the Ming Dynasty, hundreds of years ago. They are very beautiful with exquisite poetry. Was this play poetical?"

"Yes, Father. As the lady explained to us, it was a Christmas play, all about a shepherd who went to see a baby who was born in a manger. And wise men came bearing gifts."

"A lovely subject," said Wong, and Mrs. Wong nodded in agreement.

"The boy who acted the shepherd looked rather uncomfortable, however, Father. He is that friendly boy who rides about town in the big automobile with the black man driving, and who, when I bow to him, always puts his thumb on his nose and wiggles his fingers politely at me."

"It is a gesture implying great respect among the Americans, my son," explained Wong. "But why was he uncomfortable?"

LI TSANG cast a cautious glance at his mother and sisters. Then he spoke softly. "He didn't have many clothes on—if he had properly speaking any clothes at all. He had draped about his middle what looked like a piece of fur. His legs were quite bare, and he was practically naked clean to the waist."

"Were there women present?" asked Mrs. Wong.

"Yes, Mother." And Li Tsang blushed. "I cannot understand the Americans," said Mrs. Wong.

Wong was silent a moment. Then he said, "Their culture is different from ours."

"But I don't believe the boy enjoyed himself," continued Li Tsang. "He stood mostly on one leg as if he were trying to conceal the other. And I think, too, flies bit him, for he kept scratching himself."

"In public?" Mrs. Wong wanted to know. "Yes, Mother."

"It wasn't modest," said Wong, explaining to Li Tsang his mother's question. "The Americans are difficult to understand."

Mrs. Wong nodded in agreement, not because she wished to keep her husband in good humor, but because he was right.

"While he stood there scratching himself," Li Tsang went on, "the wise men came in wearing what looked to me like nightgowns."

"Still in public?" asked Mrs. Wong.

"Yes, Mother."

"Things like that happen in plays given by the Americans," said Wong. "Was the play amusing, my son?"

"Yes, Father. One of the wise men stumbled and fell, and then got up and slapped the boy who tripped him. The other children all laughed, but I did not even smile, Father."

"I am glad that you have learned the correct manner of concealing your emotions in public," said Wong.

"After the play was over," continued Li Tsang, "our hosts sang songs for our amusement. Then we were led into the house and all seated at a long table. It looked as if they were going to give us things to eat."

"And did they?"

"We had ice cream and cake. It was very nice. Our hosts waited upon us like servants. I should have enjoyed myself thoroughly if it hadn't been for Frankie. He sat next me and kept pinching me. It was difficult to eat my ice cream in composure and at the same time keep from being pinched. 'Why don't you say something?' he kept asking me. 'What is there to say?' I replied politely. Then he would pinch me again to see if I would wriggle."

"Did you?"

"No, Father. I moved away from him as best I could. But he was most insistent."

"His manners were very bad," said Wong. "How did you quiet him?"

"Finally when I could endure it no longer, I leaned toward him and said politely in my best American, 'If you don't stop, you little bastard, I'll scratch your worthless eyes out.'"

"Tch, tch!" said Wong, clicking his teeth. "That was a mistake, as he will probably believe you meant it."

"Should I go and apologize to his honorable father?" asked Li Tsang.

"No. His father might think you meant it too. I am afraid they must continue to think of us as heathens." And Mrs. Wong, appreciating the joke, laughed. "But did he stop pinching you?"

"Yes, Father. He was so startled by my manner and my tone, which I am afraid was unfriendly, that he fell over backwards."

"From the table?"

"Yes, Father, and right on the floor with a loud noise. It was most unfortunate, for one of the ladies saw it. She came up to me and said, 'You mustn't push your little friends off their chairs. It's not nice.' I rose and bowed politely and started to apologize. But she never heard my apology. For as I was bowing, someone pulled the rug I was standing on from under my feet. Trying to prevent myself from falling awkwardly to the floor, I clutched the table cloth. But as I fell to the floor, the tablecloth went with me, and all the dishes on it. It made a frightful clatter, and the ladies screamed. I rose as best I could and started to bow and apologize again. Someone very rudely pushed me. I tripped again, Father, and fell into the lap of a lady who was drinking tea. She made funny noises and dropped the tea cup. She gave me a violent push away. I turned to bow and apologize when someone struck me. It seems, Father, they were not willing to be (Turn to page 85)



Many TROUBLED WOMEN FOUND THE ANSWER in the pages of this little book



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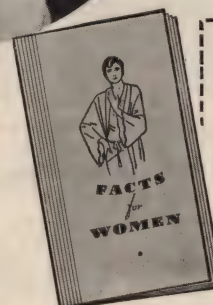
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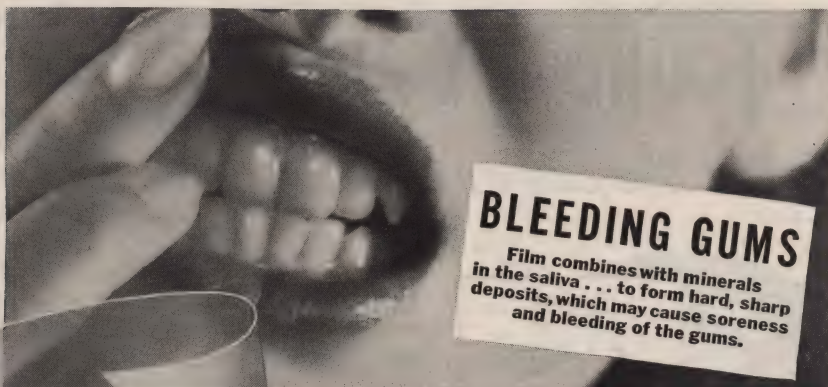
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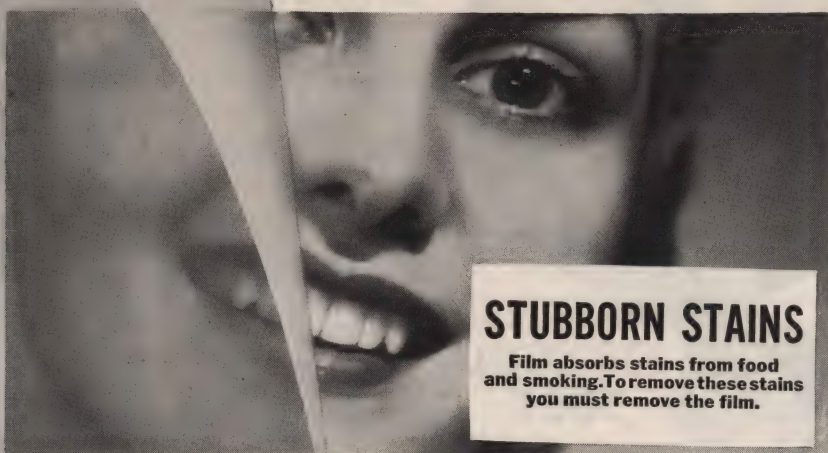
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Film combines with minerals in the saliva . . . to form hard, sharp deposits, which may cause soreness and bleeding of the gums.

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Invitations, announcements, formal and informal weddings. This beautifully bound book answers every puzzling question for you and helps you to plan your wedding perfectly.

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Li Tsang's First Party

(Continued from page 83)

patient and allow me time to offer my humble apologies. It's very difficult to describe just what happened next. Someone threw a plate at me. Then they all started to throw things. And the boys began to hit each other as if they enjoyed it."

"You did not, my son?" asked Wong.

"No, Father. I felt that as I was a guest I should not interfere. I should have hit Frankie, however, had I been a host and so privileged. But since it wasn't my party and I was invited only to enjoy myself, I bowed politely to everyone and made my apologies. But I was somewhat excited myself and so said them in Chinese. I think everyone misunderstood my good intentions. I tried to keep out of the way, but I was always being pushed. Since it is hard to be pushed without resisting even a little, I am afraid that I did occasionally push back. It was during this pushing I tore my clothes. The boy who acted the shepherd, now properly dressed, came up and deliberately hit me."

"Did you strike him back?" asked Wong, anxiously.

"For a moment, Father, I forgot my manners. So I hit him as hard as I could. Then we got mixed up together and rolled about on the floor. The lady in charge of the school came up and managed to get us untangled. I bowed again and apologized profusely. But she would not listen. She took me by the ear and led me to the door. 'Get out, you little heathen,' she said. 'I knew something like this would happen.' When I tried to explain to her that it was all most unexpected, she closed the door in my face. I hope, Father, I have not disgraced you. I really tried to make my humble apologies."

Wong patted him on the head. "It's an experience I'm glad you've had. I, too, have had similar experiences at American parties called 'brawls.' I shall some day, when you are older, explain them to you. I regret that your good manners were not understood. And should you ever again be invited to an American party, the polite thing for you to do would be to decline."

"Yes, Father." And Li Tsang smiled for the first time. "That's the end of the story, Father, for I came home bringing my presents with me."

"It was nice of them to give you presents too," said Wong. "How did that happen?"

"That was before the refreshments were served. I should have spoken of it." (Li Tsang had secretly hoped he would not be forced to tell this part of the story.) "A boy dressed in a red costume with a white beard, whom they called Santa Claus, distributed gifts to all of us. I overheard one of the ladies saying it was a nice custom, and they were training their children to share with the poor boys. The gifts were their broken toys which they had saved for us rather than throw them away."

"Did she say, 'The poor boys?'"

"Yes, Father."

Wong rose and picked up the presents.

"We, too, should share," he said. And leaving the room he went out to the street and deposited the gifts in a neat row on

the sidewalk. Coming back, he said, "Perhaps some children will see them there and understand that we, too, are playing Santa Claus."

Then noticing the look of disappointment in the eyes of the three daughters of Mrs. Wong, he turned to her and said, "Tomorrow you will buy each of your daughters an American doll with pretty dresses and other toys and sticks of candy. And now I shall tell you a story about the home of our ancestors in China near the river Ho-Chun. There in our home are forty rooms and courtyards. Two bronze dragons guard the Door to the Outer World, and in the Court of the Flowering Tree are one hundred Buddhas carved in jade."

After the story was finished Wong wrote a letter to a Chinese friend in New York, who was an importer and had three shops in various parts of the city.

That year the Chinese New Year came early in February. It is the time when all debts must be paid. And Wong felt that since he was alone with his family in this foreign city, and could not celebrate in the proper manner with his cousins and Chinese friends, he should make some gesture of goodwill toward his American neighbors. On the eve of the New Year's Day he dressed himself in his best. At first he had considered putting on a Chinese embroidered gown, but then he felt that since he was going to make a journey through the streets, this might make him too conspicuous, and he was misunderstood enough as it was. So he wore the proper American clothes.

Getting into his car he drove to the In-the-Open School. He had with him two heavy baskets. He deposited them on the doorstep and rang the bell. Miss Austin appeared and stood glaring at him.

Wong bowed. "You gave my small son great pleasure at the Christmas party," he said. "Tomorrow begins what is a holiday to the Chinese, and I wish to be at peace with my neighbors and friends. I should be highly honored if your gracious self would accept these gifts from a most humble person, who is grateful for the kindnesses you have done my son." He bowed again and into her hands placed a beautiful tablecloth of heavy linen with three dozen napkins to match. "For you," he said.

Again he bowed and from the basket took several smaller packages. "Scarfs of silk for each of your female teachers, and for the male teachers, each a silver cigarette case." Then he placed the remaining basket at her feet. "For each of the little gentlemen of your school a box of candied ginger and a package of firecrackers, which go pop in their dainty hands if they aren't careful. I am honored that you accept my humble gifts."

And he bowed yet again, his hands folded and his eyes on the ground. Then he got into his car, leaving the amazed Miss Austin standing gasping in the doorway.

As Wong drove down the winding driveway he smiled to himself. When he reached the gate, however, he paused a moment and then spat reflectively upon the lawns.

REGARDLESS OF WHAT?

Webster Groves, Missouri

Dear Sirs: Please omit cigarets placed in women's fingers. I don't like to see the weaker sex made common or give the impression that it looks smart. It is not. It's a curse to men or women to fill their minds with dope and illusions.

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I wonder how the big
MANUFACTURERS of
WOOLENS manage to
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Shall we let the nice lady into our secret?

FOR years women have *hunted* mothworms, *fought* mothworms, and tried to hide away their woollens *from* the mothworms. And how all these methods have failed! But the big textile manufacturers know better. They go in for *mothproofing*.

How many women know what "mothproofing" is? The secret lies in the word itself, and mothproofing is now available for *household use* as well as the big textile manufacturers.

"Mothproofing" doesn't mean doing anything at all *to* the mothworm! It means treating the fibers of the wool so that mothworms cannot eat. Do this treating with Larvex and your moth worries are over. No fear that you have missed a mothworm or two. No fear that moths may come

later on and lay their eggs. *Your worries are over!*

With Larvex you can hang your clothes right up in the closet. No packing; no wrinkling; no odor. If the weather changes, you can wear a coat or suit again, *after* it's mothproofed and hung away for the summer! And you do not need to keep the closet sealed or air-tight.

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Ask for Larvex at drug and department stores. Odorless; non-injurious. It's a scientific triumph, in a class by itself. The Larvex Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y. (In Canada: The Larvex Corporation, Ltd., Sainte Therese, P. Q.)

NO ODORS; NO PACKING AWAY;
... ALWAYS READY TO WEAR.

I GET AHEAD
of the Moths



LARVEX

PREVENTS MOTH DAMAGE

They Know Their Jokes



by
FIVE EDITORS

THE editors of five of the wittiest magazines in the country select for DELINEATOR their own favorite jokes or anecdotes, and here they are:

From George Eggleston,
Editor of "Life"

I have your note and I hope this is what you want:

Favorite stories come and go but a current favorite of mine concerns a class in freshman English at Princeton—The professor, hoping to start his charges off with a few important don'ts, concluded his first lecture as follows:

"And now, young gentlemen, there are two words we shall never use in this class; one is 'swell' and the other is 'lousy'."

There was a moment of silence. Then one lad in the rear of the room scrambled to his feet and asked, "What are the words?"

A news story selected by Henry
R. Luce, Editor of "Time,"
"containing," as he says, "the
most interest in the least space."

The London *Daily Express*, enterprising stunter, invited its readers to state what people they liked to read about most (and least). Public Bore No. 1 was George Bernard Shaw. After him in order of boredom: Amy Johnson Mollison, Sir Oswald Mosley, James Ramsay MacDonald, Greta Garbo, Adolf Hitler, Leslie Hore-Belisha, Lady Astor, Douglas Fairbanks, Max Baer, the Mdivanis.

No. 1 Public Favorite was David Lloyd George; No. 2, Winston Churchill; No. 3, William Maxwell Aitken, Baron Beaverbrook, the tireless master of the *Express*.

From Frank Crowninshield,
Editor of "Vanity Fair"

Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol" was published in 1898, shortly after he had finished his prison sentence there. The next

two years of his life were passed on the continent—mainly in Paris—where he lived under the name of Sebastian Melmoth, and where, in poverty, illness and distress, he died on November 30, 1900.

As his illness progressed, he became afflicted with a serious growth on his cheek, a disability which became more dangerous and more menacing. Toward the end, his friend, Robert Ross, came from London in order to be with him when he died. On first seeing the condition of Wilde's face, he suggested that a distinguished London surgeon be sent for, thinking that, if he could be induced to perform an operation, he might save Wilde's life.

The poet inquired as to the surgeon's probable charge for such a commission. On hearing that the cost would approximate a hundred pounds, he turned on his bed and said, a little sadly: "No, no, don't send for him; I should hate to die beyond my means."

From Jack Shuttleworth,
Editor of "Judge"

I don't believe that I have a favorite joke. For ever since the first amoeba, starting from his oozy home, observed "amoeba for years and amoeba forever," jokesmiths have been hammering out thousands of new witticisms and twisting, welding and sharpening the points of countless old ones.

Of the more recent jokes, however, there are several I consider exceptionally good. For instance, the one that won first prize in England last year. It had to do with an insane asylum where the inmates were having so much fun diving into their new swimming pool that the officials decided to put some water in it!

Then there is the story of the hill-billy who left his cabin home for an eastern city where he learned, among other things, the rudiments of hygiene. So with the first money he earned he bought a bathtub, had it crated up and sent home to his parents. Not long after, he received a letter from his father thanking him profusely but asking,

"Where are the oars?"

An older favorite has to do with the farmer who cut five holes in the door for his five cats. When this farmer said "Scat!" he meant "Scat!"

Then there were the three drunks who wrecked their car and were brought into court charged with exceeding the speed limit, running through red lights and driving while intoxicated. "Which one of you was doing the driving?" asked the Judge. "None of us," was the reply. "We were all in the back seat!"

Then there's Ed Wynn's description of a dining room which had such a low ceiling that all they could serve was flounder. Stoop and Budd's request to their radio audience to tear off the tops of two Chevrolets and mail them in. And the statement of the feminine motorist who had smashed the car she was driving and sent two other machines hurtling into a ditch—"The car isn't mine. I have no driver's license and I wash my hands of the entire affair."

But if one must be chosen as a favorite, I think I'd select the one about the hill-billy and the bathtub.

From Arnold Gingrich,
Editor of "Esquire"

My favorite anecdote is a Whistler story, hence so old that it is barely possible that there may be some to whom it is new. One day Whistler was stopped on the street by Charles Condor who slapped him on the back and wrung his hand. Whistler blinked at him blankly.

"But surely you know me—I'm Condor. We met the other night at the home of Lady Such—"

"Oh, yes, to be sure. Goodbye, Condor."

I can't help it—that's my favorite anecdote, and that's what you asked me. Maybe you should have asked me for my favorite conundrum:

Why are Santa Claus and Coolidge alike? (I suppose it should read why "were," but anyway, this dates it.)

And the answer:

Because they're both fat and jolly and have long white beards—except Coolidge!

What value there may be in this confession is hard to determine, except that I suppose it does explain, to some of the bewildered readers of *Esquire*, how certain pages in our magazine happen to be designated as humor.

And speaking of explanations, perhaps an explanation is needed for the recording, in the pages of a magazine for women, of the opinions of the editor of a magazine for men.

Well, I remember that one of our readers, upon entering the lift to his apartment, noticed that the girl-operator was reading a copy of *Esquire*.

He said, "What are you doing with that? Don't you know that's the magazine for men?"

"Of course," she said. "I like men!"

Footnote: Why not send us your favorite joke or anecdote? If it's not heavily moss-grown and familiar, we may be able to use it, and for those we do use we shall be glad to pay. Address Anecdotes, Delineator, 161 Sixth Avenue, New York City.

Read 'Em
and
Laugh



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EVERYONE WILL RAVE



CANAPÉS & SANDWICHES

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Secrets of smug hostesses who serve those ravishing new salads are revealed in this 100-page book of daring recipes *


THINGS have happened in the art of saladry. Almost overnight a new technique has flashed upon the scene, which creates in the salad course a memory to toy with.

The whole thing becomes simplicity itself on the pages of this newsy book of salad wizardry—the Heinz Salad Book. See what's in it. Thirty-six thrilling dressing recipes, created from *three* basic formulas—amazing *photo-recipes* which checkmate any chance of failure.

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And so we invite you into the fast-growing circle of Salad Wizards. This saucy coupon brings the Heinz Salad Book to your door. Mail it with a dime, to H. J. Heinz Company, Dept. 114, Pittsburgh, Pa. 

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